# Riot Nrrrd

## 2 Skinnee Js

This song goes out to all the ones with coke bottle glasses
To all you lonely kids who were picked last in gym class
We got your back,
Are you up with the fact?
You're never gonna catch us
Chorus
Get up, get up,
Cause we're fed up, fed up
Try to rise and keep your head up, head up
He's the king of the Kong,
We'll be singin the song
Bring it on, bring it on, bring it on
It's a sentimental journey,
Presenting sentiments of resentments that'll burn me
Unearthing our sharp knives turning slowly blunt
My role is to unfold so i gotta face the front
I used to spend my days
Dazed and confused,
Sixteen year underdog
Still dawning underoos
Sorry bout my style
I know my flow sounds used
Dejected and directed
By the likes of John Huges
We recycle recitals of enemies and idols
Unscrawled in the hall like Anthony Michael
I lack plan or title just one of the boys
On islands and islands of misfit toys
Chorus
My field of dreams was a parking lot
With hot shots doing doughnuts
Pissin off the grownups
Me on the side writing unrequited love letters,
That I would send to my imaginary girlfriend
I had to pretend 'cause I never played football
The kid drafted last picked at the wall
Cause it eased the monotony of everybody mockin me
Spend time tootin rhymes like botany
Now what I wanna be -

What you wanna be?
To be famous,
I claim this
Try to gain this
But sometimes it's haneous
The way the shameless
Surround me like they're tryin to drown me
I'm lookin for intelligent life
I'm lookin for a blip on the screen
So I can reach out and touch somebody
Anybody
Everybody
This song goes out to all the ones with coke bottle glasses
To all you lonely kids who were picked last in gym class
We got your back
Are you up with the fact?
You're never gonna catch us
Chorus
Around and round the world with you
Around and round the world with you
Around and round the world with you
Around and round the world with you
Around and round the world with you

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