

# Timmy Yo

## M.D.C.

This is a song for one of the godfather's of punk  
All the rock star bullshit he wasn't afraid to debunk  
Labeled himself a musical commie  
When in fact he was everyone's mommy Gave the kids a good place to go  
And the unheard of bands somewhere to show  
Now he is dead for over five years  
Where are all the tributes for all your careers NOFX for years made their way  
Laughing at what the political punks had to say  
Taking the piss out of everyone's anger and passion  
While being a shill for the warped sneaker tour fashion Epitaph, you make us cry and laugh  
As you kick back and rake in the cash  
You're the chief magnate of the music money machine  
Yeah and you could say you fucked up the scene Raking in fucking millions in dough  
What does the scene have to show?  
Shrewd business men, you made your big score  
For the bands charging thirty dollars at the door Well you fat cats slap yourselves on the back  
Your greed and piggishness are documented facts  
You all think you're special and swell  
Real punks everywhere hope you burn in hell So this song is for you Timmy you were true blue  
You could see where it was going, you already new  
Bad Religion hanging out with Britney Spears  
Pink and Rancid helping each others careers Sell yourself out for better distribution  
It's an old line, a shitty solution  
Now you're part of the music conglomeration  
Selling your punk attitudes to the whole nation So I am sorry if it all doesn't mean shit to me  
This music was supposed to set us free  
Not to buy houses up in the Hollywood Hills  
All you beautiful so talented people give me the chills

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