

Riot NRRRD

2 Skinnee J's

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

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