

# I'm Awesome

## Spouse

I don't necessarily need to be here for this  
I'm going to keep the headphones upMotherfucker, I'm awesome, no, you're not, dude, don't lie  
I'm awesome, I'm drivin' around in my mom's ride  
I'm awesome, a quarter of my life gone by  
And I met all my friends onlineMotherfucker, I'm awesome, I will run away from a brawl  
I'm awesome, there's no voicemail, nobody called  
I'm awesome, I can't afford to buy eight-balls  
And I talk to myself on my Facebook wallYou know my pants sag low, even though  
That went out of style like ten years ago  
Spouse, I got the swagger of a cripple  
I got little biceps, getting fatter in the middleAnd lyrically I'm not the best  
Physically the opposite of Randy Moss and yet  
So preposterous, feel the awesomeness  
The most obnoxious guest up at the sausage-festOh yes, the girls are repulsed  
So I hide in my hood like I'm joining a cult  
I'm as nervous as my cat Ol' Dirty Curtis  
All my writtens are bitten and all my verses are purchasedMe? I'll never date an actress, got too many back zits  
Plus my whole home-aroma is cat piss  
Every show I do is poorly promoted  
And if you like this it's 'cause my little sister wrote itI'm awesome, no, you're not, dude, don't lie  
I'm awesome, I'm drivin' around in my mom's ride  
I'm awesome, a quarter of my life gone by  
And I met all my friends onlineMotherfucker, I'm awesome, I will run away from a brawl  
I'm awesome, there's no voicemail, nobody called  
I'm awesome, I can't afford to buy eight-balls  
And I talk to myself on my Facebook wall, I'm awesomeCheck it out, I'm from Maine and I don't hunt  
(Nope)  
And I can't ski, smoke weed but I can't roll blunts  
Find me whipped by my wifey, my neck not icy  
Eatin' at McDonalds because Subway's priceyAnd my unibrow's plucked  
Just asked my mom if I could borrow ten bucks  
She's like, "For what? Blunt wraps and some Heinekens?  
You skinny prick, go get a gym membership and vitamins"I'm like, mom, please don't blame it on me  
I got my bad habits from you, Dad, and Aunt Steve  
My attitude's sour but my futon's sweet  
And the hair on my ass, it is JumanjiSuit untailored, ringtone Taylor Swift  
Can't tweet up on my twitter 'cause I haven't done shit  
Bank account red, body un-groomed  
The only good thing about me is I'm off stage soonI'm awesome, no, you're not, dude, don't lie

I'm awesome, I'm drivin' around in my mom's ride  
I'm awesome, a quarter of my life gone by  
And I met all my friends onlineMotherfucker, I'm awesome, I will run away from a brawl  
I'm awesome, there's no voicemail, nobody called  
I'm awesome, I can't afford to buy eight-balls  
And I talk to myself on my Facebook wall, I'm awesomeFurthermore, I'm cornier than ethanol, cheesier than  
provolone  
I spent ages eight to ten living in a motor home  
With an ego the size of Tim Duncan  
Even though I got shit for brains like a blumpkinI'm twenty-four serving lobster rolls  
Because I spent a decade filling Optimals  
And I'm not even the bomb in Maine  
On my game, I'm only about as sexy as John McCainNow put your hands up if you have nightmares  
If you wouldn't man-up if there was a fight here  
If you got dandruff, if you drink light beer  
I'm out of breathI'm awesome, no, you're not, dude, don't lie  
I'm awesome, I'm drivin' around in my mom's ride  
I'm awesome, a quarter of my life gone by  
And I met all my friends onlineMotherfucker, I'm awesome, I will run away from a brawl  
I'm awesome, there's no voicemail, nobody called  
I'm awesome, I can't afford to buy eight-balls  
And I talk to myself on my Facebook wallI'm awesome

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>