

Angry Boy

Mindless Self Indulgence

Well, it's a Saturday, in July...

1992.

It's gotta be like 3 o'clock or some shit.

I hate everybody, and the more I think about it, the more I hate em.

And it's just people, mna.

It's the fucking people.

I mean, I looked in the mirror and I said

'that looks cool, man, you look like an ugly motherfucker.

Like a skinny little weirdo."

How can I walk around town the way I am, knowing that I know who I am and you people looking at me like I don't know who the fuck I am.

That u, I expect all of you to realize who I am.

And that's me being unreasonable.

I don't like to let people make me make the decisions by looking at them and saying "

I think they're saying this."

But they give me this attitude like...

Like I don't know what the fuck I'm doing.

Bug the shit out of me, man you know?

I keep moving and moving and trying to stay a step ahead of people, even if it's a step ahead in a direction that no one's going to go.

Not because they're frightened, but because no one's going to go that way.

And you need a lot of directions to go forward to go.

I can't stand it, I'm so fucking picky.

That's the way I am with my music.

My shit comes in, and I'm like, 'yeah man, that's a nasty song.' And now it's like "

Alright.

Done." In a sense of like, man, when I first did it, it sounded cool, and I know it sounds cool, and I know if I play it for people they'd go 'holy shit, that's a nasty song, man.

That sounds like fucking on steroids and shit." But it's not that.

It's the fact that I, I hear these new things every time I fucking do something, you know?

And then I lay them down and there they are, and then I move on.

And it's so fucking hard when you gotta be the fucking everything at once.

I mean, do anything, motherfucker, and get this shit out '92, how long have you been doing this shit?

You've been doing the shit you've been doing for a yeah.

And then, you've got some nasty shit, let me tell you.

You always had shit coming out of you.

That was never a problem.

The problem was being able to associate it with yourself.

Now you know what you are.

Next thing you do is to make everybody else know who you are, fucker.
you put things together that don't go together, that's what it's all about.
Creating is putting things together that don't go together, and you make something else.
Because it's all about progress, motherfucker.
I am progress.
Get off of your fucking lazy ass and make something better than I made.
That's the thing.
It's mostly-no, that's not me that I'm so worried about who I am more than I'm worried about who I'm not.
And I mean, you know, maybe I look like a fucking idiot, maybe it's not the next thing.
I'm not saying I'm trying to get hip...
on the hip thing.
It's all- its not a matter of fate, its a matter of coice.
I mean, thats one thing I got.
I think I will never lose that.
I may not always be Angry Boy.
My music may not allways be hard edged, or soft edged.
Or weird or not weird.
Or straightforward, you know?
But the one thing I will have, not to sound fucking hokey, is definite fucking compain-able sense of humor.
Definitely differnt, I'll give you that.
And besides all of that bullshit, is i know what I'm doing.
Nobody ever trusted that I knew what I was doing.
Ever since the beginning of fucking time, nobody thinks I know what I'm doing.
I know what I'm doing! "you know if you don't do your homework, you gonna fail, you know that?"
What do you think?
What do you fucking think?
If you don't go to college you're not gonna get a good job, you're not gonna be able to-you're not gonna get a
great education, nobody's going to hire you."
No shit!
I know this!
I know what goes on, and I've made my choices.
And it's frustrating to look at this world and say, "hey look, you fucking assholes, I'm just being me,
motherfucker." And I gotta tell you how I am.
It's like-- oh man, I could go on for days and days on this shit.
I'm not going to go on on that, I'm still fucking pissed at this shit.
But, I don't give a shit.
So that's the end of that.

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