

Riot Nrrrd

2 Skinnee J's

This song goes out to those with coke bottle glasses
To all you lonely kids who were the last pick in gym classes
 We got your back - detract your malefactors
 All you up in the back unite like Thundercats
 Get up, get up, 'cause we're fed up, fed up
 Try to rise and keep your head up, head up
Leave the kinging to Kong, we'll be singing our song
 Bring it on, bring it on, bring it on
 It's a sentimental journey
Presenting sentiments of resentment that would burn me
 Unearthing archives of sharp knives turning blunt
 My road is to unfold, so I gotta face the front
 I used to spend my days dazed and confused
 16 year underdog still donning Under-roos
 Sorry Busta, I know my flow sounds used
Written and directed by the likes of John Hughes
 Recycled recitals of rewritten idylls
Are scrawled in the hall like Anthony Michael
 I lack land and 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 donuts and pissin' off the grown-ups
 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 pick at the roll call
To ease the monotony of everybody mockin me
 I spent time to tend rhymes like botany
 Now what I want to be? What you want to be?
 Maybe famous, I claim this, try to gain this
But sometimes it's heinous the way the shameless
 Surround me like a tide and drown me
 So I'm looking for intelligent life forms
 I'm looking for a blip on the screen
So I can reach out and touch somebody, anybody
Everybody Oooo Wah Oooo Wah Oooo Wah, Oooo Oooo Oooo Oooo

Songwriters

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