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
CHORUSMy 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
EverybodyOooo Wah Oooo Wah Oooo Wah, Oooo Oooo Oooo Oooo

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