

# Kurt Cobain

## Astronautalis

All the cool kids in the North wishin' they were Southern  
So they wear boots and drink whiskey just like Waylon  
All the cool kids in the heart of Dixie try to shake they accent  
Before they move to Portland  
All the thugs dress like punks with studded leather belts  
Denim vests, and they start skateboarding, na na na  
While all the punks dress like thugs with New Era fitted caps  
Snapbacks, white ones, and some clean Air Jordans  
Kurt Cobain can smash all the guitars he like cause he was rich as fuck  
Just like John Lennon  
And these days no one ever drowns in quicksand  
Or dies from the plague, yup, the golden age is boring  
I swore I heard, Andre 3K, say one day, ay  
That "Rap was a young man's game,"  
I never thought I'd be pushing fucking 33 see? Still  
Making a living off the things that I say  
But hey, Rap is dead  
Punk is dead  
We all seen that T-shirt  
When the drugs kick in and it thumps like this  
Dancing 'til our feet hurt  
Some old man is swearing  
"Vote for me, it ain't gon' be worse!"  
But I hate to burst your bubble baby  
It's gon' be worse!  
So me first, leave first, Katrina breaks them damn dykes  
What would you do for some freedom and a Klondike?  
I'll screw with you when our bosses all just decide life  
Would be better for them if they laid you off and just said goodnight  
Gun pulled on me by a cop one time  
Four guns pulled on me in Atlanta last night  
What struck me as funny is that both damn times  
The conversation started with the exact same line!  
Put up your hands!  
C'mon and put up your hands!  
Put up your hands!  
C'mon and put up your hands!  
Put up your hands!  
C'mon and put up your hands!

Put up your hands!  
C'mon and put up your hands! I'm from the state of the 20g rim  
Sitting up under five hundred dollar lemon  
Pushing this whip, best be bringing your friends  
Because you'll be pushing this whip when it breaks down again  
I'm from the nation of that war on drugs  
40 billion a year, can't ball like us  
They, bring in the coca, and we bring in the guns  
Just kill a few soldiers push the coke price up  
It's all, lucrative business, lipstick-on-a-pig shit  
Yeah the, coupe is horrendous but the rims are stupendous  
Go ahead and just tell me you know how you can end this  
Middle of the mall ball till you fall with a fake-ass pendent  
While you waiting in line to cop an iPhone 5  
So you can blog some pictures of places  
You been in your life  
Go on and bump this on your Beats By Dre at work  
Staring at the sky  
My homies said, "fuck a business loan!"  
They stole copper pipes  
Rap is dead, Punk is dead, we all seen that t-shirt  
Drugs kick in and it thumps like this  
Dancing 'til our feet hurt  
Some old man is swearing  
"Vote for me! It ain't gon' be worse!"  
But I hate to burst your bubble, baby  
It's gon' be worse!  
So fuck them and fuck this!  
I'm off to live my own life  
What would you do for some freedom and a Klondike?  
I'm fucking through, so from now on I am on my  
All news is bad news  
Everything is alright  
Put up your hands!  
C'mon and put up your hands!  
Put up your hands!  
C'mon and put up your hands!  
Put up your hands!  
C'mon and put up your hands!  
Put up your hands!  
C'mon and put up your hands!  
Your hands!  
Damn!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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