Sour Patch Kids

Bryce Vine

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Verse 1: Bryce Vine]
When I was growing up, I had a lot of dreams, my momma told me "Son you could be anything"
Long as you spread your wings, I know one day you'll be great
Just wait, soon you'll aim up at the sky and I'll watch you float away
But, now that I am older, I'll admit that I am over all the stress and shit that comes from holding life up on your shoulders
It's a chore, I'm sick of being bored, I'm sick of always stressin over shit I could ignore
I guess it's just my own immaturity, burnin' through me internally, take imagination and making it a reality
So, pause. Yo, fuck it, I'll be right back
Pay a visit to the past, tell them all to kiss my ass for a second[Hook: Bryce Vine]
I don't wanna worry bout nothin for a while, I just wanna play around livin' like a child
With old tunes jammin on my Walkman, and some Sour Patch Kids and a Coke can
I don't wanna think about anything at all, I just wanna run around doin what I want
With a pretty ass girl and a slow jam, and some Sour Patch Kids and a Coke can[Verse 2: Bryce Vine]
I just wanna go back to the old school, old news, road rules, fresh prince, cartoons, good raps, dope tracks
I'm not tryin to be on it, I'm just tryin' to be honest. Packed lunch, school crush, Bus home and play Sonic
I have been there, I have done that, made my mark up on the town
Been stupid, I've been lucid, been a menace and a clown
Wow, I'm chillin watchin' Rocko's modern livin' wishin I could find a way to bring back Music Television
No more Jersey Shore'n whorin' or horribly borin' versions of shows from Great Britain, they're written with no vision
Damn, so fuck it I'll be right back
Pay my tribute to the past, you can all just kiss my ass for a second[Hook: Bryce Vine]
I don't wanna worry bout nothin for a while, I just wanna play around livin' like a child
With old tunes jammin on my Walkman, and some Sour Patch Kids and a Coke can
I don't wanna think about anything at all, I just wanna run around doin what I want
With a pretty ass girl and a slow jam, and some Sour Patch Kids and a Coke canI don't wanna worry bout nothin for a while, I just wanna play around, like a child
With old tunes jammin on my Walkman, Sour Patch Kids and a Coke canI don't wanna worry bout nothin for a while, I just wanna play around livin' like a child
With old tunes jammin on my Walkman, and some Sour Patch Kids and a Coke can
I don't wanna think about anything at all, I just wanna run around doin what I want

With a pretty ass girl and a slow jam, and some Sour Patch Kids and a Coke can--

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