

Fuck You.

The Arrogant Sons Of Bitches

I remember the days I used to laugh and play.
My friends were mostly girls and I got good grades.
That was a time I could look back on proudly and say "Hey, that's me"
but now the future pummels me with uncertainty.
Success I'll never grasp
A love I'll never find or notice
Maybe this is just a test
Success I'll never grasp, won't obey the status quo
Am I cynical, political or mental? I don't know.
In my head I've got all the explanations that I need
that not a motherfucker in the world would believe.
And I fail. Remarks misheard callously.
The notes we passed in class never had an effect on me.
You win. You've beat me at my own game.
But you're not gonna be there when I've won.
I'm sure I'm not as bad as I think, but I feel like I've done nothing
and now I'm at the brink of zero
And I ain't got no (great grammar there, kids)
souvenirs from the last few years that could fucking show.
that I've attained some form of success
a love I'll never find or notice
how much of this makes any sense
Sellout now or I'm never gonna win
Who needs to give a motherfucking shit about my fucking friends?
The hand on the clock reaches my end
Bop Bada Bop
It's not me.
I know that I made you see the directionless slacker I made myself out to be
Well you, win. It doesn't matter
I'm not gonna be there when you're gone
I don't need your advice and I don't need your help.
Why am I so lonely if I still have myself?
Why should I care if I don't have a chick
to take all of my ca\$h and hurt me till I'm sick?
It all makes such sense, its all loud and clear
I may have had a bad week, a bad month, a bad year but the future's there
and all I've got to do is concentrate on what I want.
And if you oppose me, fuck you.

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