

I Dont Know

Serengeti

[Verse 1]

Fuck. Like your girl's cooch dried out.
Or you get cut from the second hoops tryout
Or you get laid off from a company buyout
Or your girl's like, "get the fuck out of my house?" shit
At least you write better the words to get
Turn your troubles into a million dollar rhyme hit
Or move on like, "oh well my girl's gone?"
Gone like a fad or a tribal tat on your upper arm
But shit, might not really think about the ink
It's like the same things like left turns at roller rinks
Or rappers, Say goodbye a little longer
Get a little closer don't be shy like Arrid Xtra Dry
or a foiled plot, by kidnappers
Just go in the bedroom and grab that little bastard
Or having bags across statelines federal matters
you wanna slow down, but it keeps going faster

[Hook]

How are you doing? Where are you going?
The path you're on, it's a slow one.
Is everything fittin' right?
Oh please somebody tell me is it like,
Yes, No. I don't know. Yes, No. I'm Emo.

[Verse 2]

Ah, man. You got kicked outta school.
And you broke your tooth tryna' skate a damn pool
And, shit, you don't even skate,
you were just trying to impress your indie chick date. Then
You realize you don't have real friends,
Would these people be there? That all depends
If you had cash, if you had a car,
If your CDs were selling if you became a star, like

[Hook -2]

How are you doing? Where are you going?
The path you're on, is it slowin'
Have you stopped growin'?

Have you done enough?
Or do you wish that you were doing other stuff?
How is it going? Are you happy yet?
Or is all your time livin in retrospect?
Is everything fittin? right?
Oh please somebody tell me is it like,
Yes, No. I?m okay. Yes, No. I don?t know
Yes, No. I?m okay. Yes, No. I?m emo.

[Verse 3]

Ah man, you got dropped from your record label,
Or you get arrested for the usage of pirated cable
And you get rap battled by that dude Abel,
and he serves you in front of your loved girl- Mabel
Mabel?s so fine, Mabel studies wine,
But now Mabel?s wit? MC Abel all the time
And you care, and all you eat for dinner is pears,
Every year the Cubs lose, so do Da Bears, like

[Hook -3]

Yes, No. Shit! Are you okay?
Tell me. Yeah.
Say it! You?re emo.
Shit! Yeah. I?m okay.
Tell your parents, Tell your people, tell the preachers. Tell the pastors. You?re emo.

[spoken.]

Yes. Emo. Imo. Ipod. Nemo. Nemo. No. Ipod. Garage. Nemo. I think So. Nemo. Emo. Ipod. Garage. I?m Emo.

Lyrics submitted by Matthew Jeske.

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