The Hipster

Black Joe Lewis

You a strugglin artist
You wanna move to the ghetto
Hey, look at me everybody
Wanna fit in with the minoritiesYou don't want a job
But he don't need one either
Cause his bills is covered
His daddy's got them paidHe's like, "Come on man"
Fuck that shitYeah, don't want nothing new
Shoppin every day at Salvation Army
Cause if he did
His friends will call him a zombieHey Sister can I wear your jeans
Gotta have my uniform on to hit the scene
Hey Momma let me drive the Benz
Wanna get out and see some friendsHe's like, "Come on man"
Fuck that shitYeah I got invited
To your social affair
And I felt so lucky
Lucky to be thereAll the girls had crazy hair
There was tattoos everywhere
I offered up a joint
They said, "hell no, we only want to bring him"I was like, "Come on man"
Fuck that shit
Fuck that shit

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