

# 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 minorities You don't want a job  
But he don't need one either  
Cause his bills is covered  
His daddy's got them paid He's like, "Come on man"  
Fuck that shit Yeah, don't want nothing new  
Shoppin every day at Salvation Army  
Cause if he did  
His friends will call him a zombie Hey 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 friends He's like, "Come on man"  
Fuck that shit Yeah I got invited  
To your social affair  
And I felt so lucky  
Lucky to be there All 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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