Hooligan

Big B

I am what I am and that's all that I am (what)
I am what I am, I'm a hooligan (hooligan)
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I am what I am and that's all that I am (what)
I am what I am, I'm a hooligan (hooligan)
I am what I am and that's all that I am (what)
I am what I am, I'm still a hooligan (hooligan)

I'm waking up at like eleven in the morning
Playing by the rules, yo, it's just so boring
I'm eatin' Captain Crunch for lunch
Do I got issues, yeah man, I go a bunch
Like late night fist fights, halfpipes and dirtbikes
Yo I love 'em all so they label me an outlaw, but I still keep it raw
You don't have to respect me, you can love me or hate me
But I ain't gonna change and you ain't gonna make me
The lyrical privelige, full player, living life on the edge
Straight outta control, self-proclaimed asshole, and I am what I am

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Thinkin' of my next hustle
Lookin' for the next sorry fucked ? muscle
Talkin' shit for the fuck of it
Runnin' amock and still loving it
A hoodlum role model chuggin' on a Jager bottle
Mesh hat, t-shirts and baggy pants
Puttin' in work over some bud plants
Oh it's a hard life we live but nothing's changed
Ever since I was a kid, so I fucked with somethin' that I still don't get
Maybe it's in my genes, maybe I was born to be spiteful and mean

But whatever it is, I wouldn't change a thing
It's all about living life in the fast lane

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The west coast rewser, five nine cruiser
One hundred per cent, natural born loser
That never sold out, not even once
Dedicate my life to rockin' mics, dirtbikes and knockin' out fronts
A menace to sobrierty with a variety of mental problems
I'm refusin' to quit till I hit rock bottom
Addicted to cadillacs, jumbo Jacks, twelve packs and fat tracks
The local bar superstar whose mind's scarred
From punchin' the time card
A strip club stalker, late night street walker
Alone or with the boner
Tryna make some money but my printer's out of toner

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