

Scoundrels

"Loud N Proud"

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I was born in the city,
I sported teeth that never fit my mouth, oh
Havin' warts n' titties meant my confidence was
headed south.

And you start at the bottom when your heart is in the
sound,
Cause no one ever listens,
They're just following the crowd.

So you play it loud,
Play it loud and then you play it proud, oh
Cause when you play it loud you push the scenesters
from the crowd.

Cleanse me of their misdirection,
Call me on jive-ass pretension,
Cause I'd love to be a part of their fickle, fake scene,
I'd love to be a part of the ticker tape dream,
I'd love to make you my African Queen,
I'm in this sh*t to make the b*tches love me.

So now go, go,
Go sell your soul.
Go, go,
Go sell your soul.

So play it loud,
Play it loud and then play it proud,
Cause when you play it loud you push the scenesters
from the crowd.

So now go, go,
Go sell your soul.
Go, go,
Go sell your soul.
[x2]

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