

The Freshmen

"Surf's Up!"

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I'm just sitting at home, going crazy
Mama won't let me go out with my baby
I just wanna get drunk on Saturday night, la la la

Why kill time when I can kill the brain cells?
And get dumb hot cause I don't handle fame well
Never take a L, you would think that I gave birth to
Satan
With the way that I can waste hell
Yeah, see I ain't never been an angel
Love a girl with ass, I pay attention to details
Hah, I'm so rocking, got pussy in my brain, now my pop
said
Yeah, I got callie in my motherfucking pocket
The sun is always up cause the rain's in my wallet
Yeah, so many guns here but none can get it popping
All the clips look the same, do anything for shops at
Dollar, dollar, I keep my money on trees
And half goons collect in the ,
California, but to the world I'm a problem
When girls see my dick, they bend and applaud him
You would think that I'm rich, pop a party for the hoes
That are looking for dick

First name Tom last name foolery
Looking for your girl she prolly gotta fool with me
Tell them surf's up, surf's up, surf's up,
Tell them surf's up, surf's up, surf's up,
Motherfucker surf's up

You haven't heard the news, it's what they call it fresh
So while you , get your foams out,
So without respect, y'all been writing too long
See your mouth water every time we write a new song
Really fall, move on
Me got it down to a tea like uh long
, haters get your boo on,
Funny how these girls gorgeous like ,
You're so earth, I'm so lunar
Chilling in the clouds, in my castle like Kumar
Game so fubar, house party chance

Taking all your girls, breaking all your lands
See I could use a little ,bro
Like puff, puff, pass, osmo
The coolest in the party, I know
So when you see me in the streets
Motherfucker surf's up

First name Tom last name foolery
Looking for your girl she prolly gotta fool with me
Tell them surf's up, surf's up, surf's up,
Tell them surf's up, surf's up, surf's up,

So then I fucking walked in the party,
Looking so charming
Owner of the crib is wishing he never called me
First name wolf but last name is raunchy
Got girls taking all the clothes up off me
Hey dude, I'm a young Paul McCartney
House full of zombies, tryna find the heart beat
Start it up, start it up, pass me the car keys
Party up front, put the babies in the car seat
Surf's up, drop low, juke box, rock roll

First name Tom last name foolery
Looking for your girl she prolly gotta fool with me
Tell them surf's up, surf's up, surf's up,
Tell them surf's up, surf's up, surf's up,
Motherfucker, surf's up.

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