

## Focal Point

### "Rodney the Geek"

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[ VERSE 1 ]

Let me tell a little story 'bout a friend that I got  
His name's Rodney, a geek, he hangs at the spot  
You know the type, real shy, thick glasses and all  
Goofy, kinda pudgy, 'bout 5 ft. tall  
He was a moron, a pest, but his ways were good  
I know you probably had this kind in your neighborhood  
If you do you should listen and listen well  
To the story 'bout Rodney I'm about to tell  
Frat party at the college, Rodney got ill  
Uninvited but excited so he had to chill  
Two kegs inside and a posse of girls  
While Rodney stood goofy like Rocky the Squirrel  
Couldn't dance, couldn't wiggle if you want the truth  
About his fogged up glasses and a missing tooth  
He was a failure, and it showed in his face  
But he was always on time and never late  
To the grooves, but they wouldn't let him in  
And Rodney'd get ill when the party began  
I'd always hear strange stories of the things he'd say  
He got mad and threw his glasses at one DJ  
But the party went on and so did Rodney's life  
Who walked home in a blur and didn't sleep that night

He's Rodney  
He's Rodney the geek  
He's Rodney  
Rodney the geek

[ VERSE 2 ]

Rodney kept a B average, he was good in school  
But his one and only problem was bein cool  
While everyone drove Cougars Rodney drove a bug  
And often got into fights with the flatland thugs  
There was at least ten of them in the flatland bunch  
And they all forced Rodney to buy them lunch  
They took his Rolex, man, a Christmas gift  
That's when Rodney decided to make a shift  
School transfers didn't work and neither did the cops  
But Rodney knew one day this would have to stop  
So a newspaper ad brought Rodney some life

Be cool plus learn karate and the class is at night  
So he dialed the number but he failed to see  
The three fat zeros where it stated the fee  
Rodney's bank account empty now he's outta luck  
Cause to take the course it cost a thousand bucks

He's Rodney  
Rodney the geek  
He's Rodney  
Rodney the geek

[ VERSE 3 ]

He tried a new wardrobe and a brand new hat  
And for the flatland thugs he carried a gat  
It was peace shooter, just a .25 automatic  
But anything was cool just to calm the static  
He went to school the next morning, he was feelin  
great  
And for the flatland bunch at lunch he'd wait  
With his Fila suit he was way too live  
Standin in the cafeteria with his chrome .25  
But there was somethin about the thugs he did not  
know  
Under all of those coats were big .44's  
So when they strove to take a stand  
Pain, strife and trouble in his life again  
But yet he pulled his gun, his hand shiverin and shakin  
His Fila suit and his hat were taken  
He fired in the air once but then he paused  
And ran to the office in his polka dot drawers

He's Rodney  
Rodney the geek  
He's Rodney  
Rodney the geek

[ VERSE 4 ]

He was expelled from school for carryin a gat  
Got to the parking lot and his tires were flat  
Polka dot underwear and his vehicle stuck?  
No triple A car, boy, you're outta luck  
He hopped in his car, rolled his windows tight  
And that's where Rodney slept that night  
I went to school the next day, they towed his car away  
And in the back of my mind I hear Rodney say...  
"I'm not a geek!"

Rodney the geek  
Rodney the geek

I hear he's doin well, he's moved out the hood

He's got a couple of friends, and man, that's good  
Cause even though he was a geek he's stil my pal  
And Rodney, if you're out there, I wish you well

He's Rodney  
Rodney the geek  
He's Rodney  
(Hahaha)  
Rodney the geek

Yeah  
Rodney was a partner of mine, you know what I'm  
sayin?  
I wanna send this shout-out to all the geeks  
all the squares, you know what I'm sayin?  
Don't attempt to be hard, be what you are, man  
Be yourself, cause that's what time it is  
Peace

He's Rodney  
Rodney the geek

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