

## 2 Skinnee Js "Riot Nrrrd"

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This song goes out to all the ones with coke bottle glasses  
To all you lonely kids who were the last picked in gym class  
We got your back - detract your malefactors  
All you in the back unite like Thundercats

Get up, Get up cause we're fed up, fed up  
Try to rise and keep your head up, head up  
Leave the kinging to kong,  
We'll be singin the song  
Bring it on, Bring it on, Bring it on

It's a sentimental journey,  
presenting sentiments of resentments that will burn me.  
Unearthing our sharp knives turning slowly blunt.  
My role is to unfold so i gotta Face the front.  
I used to spend my days,  
Dazed and Confused.  
Sixteen year underdog  
still dawning underoos.  
Sorry bout my style  
i know my flow sounds used,  
Depicted and directed  
by the likes of John Huges.  
We recycle recitles of enemies and idols.  
Unscrawled in the hall like Anthony Michael  
I lack plan or title just one of the boys.  
On islands and islands of Misfit toys.

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We'll be singin the song  
Bring it on, Bring it on, Bring it on  
My field of dreams was a parking lot,  
With hot shots doing doughnuts  
pissin off the grownups.  
Me on the side  
writing unrequited love letters,  
That I would send

to my imaginary girlfriend.  
I had to pretend cuz  
I never played football,  
The kid drafted last  
pick at the wall.  
To ease the monotony  
of everybody mockin me,  
Spend time  
tootin rhymes like botany.  
Now what i wanna be -  
What you wanna be?  
To be famous,  
I claim this  
try to gain this.

But sometimes it's haneous  
the way the shameless  
Surround me like they're tryin to drown me.  
I'm lookin for all intelligent life forms  
I'm lookin for a blip on the screen.  
So I can reach out and touch somebody,  
anybody,  
everybody.

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