

Good Charlotte

"Followers *"

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* "Pet Peeves" part three

(Chorus)

Followers, dick swallows
No power over themselves, blindness
Don't take it as a diss, take it as an act of kindness
We wanna be in front while you fools is behind us
Are you gonna live your whole life with blindness on
your eyelids?
Pretty boys fakin like they grinders

[Del]

First off, you a buster so mind us
On the street with your crack thinkin your a timer
Co-signin, findin it ain't workin
Fiends is perkin, I seen you on Perkins
Fools chirpin around the blocks with glocks
And you, really ain't ready for the plot they got
It's unbelievable the way the leave your skull on the
pavement
Snatch up your scrilla as soon as you made it
You could be layin dead, instead you play dead
So they would quit whoopin your ass; you get, put in the
past
Tryin to keep up with the Jones' like the mass
N.C. baby, means you got no class

[Poser speaks]

"Aw what nigga? Man, I be on the flat lands all the time,
nigga.

I-I ain't even trippin!"

[DEL]

"Man you from the hills though man, what you doin"

[Poser]

"Aww nigga you don't know nigga. Nigga, I'm following
niggaz."

[DEL]

"You trippin' man."

[Poser]

"Man I be grindin' and chillin'
Nigga, I was rolling dice the other day nigga."

[DEL]

"You need to take your ass to school."

[Poser]

"Aww"

(Chorus)

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("Dude, that ain't me, dude")

[DeI]

You bite somebody's style, it's invitin like a child

You cling to it; I hear it, hmmm

It's got a ring to it - if that's your thing do it

At least you claim you ain't down with that hiphop
shoobeedoobie

Which is fine cause my click say you booty

You a white kid, your mom said I'm a mooley

Now you talking 'bout pass the doobie and the toolie

Got your raps and your gat pointed at yours truly

Talking 'bout you gonna school me, who me?

Here's a little jewel like a ruby

since you talkin like you knew me

Playing a role that's straight out a movie

Acting unruly, and your neighbors call SOO-WEEE

to the pigs then they fling you in the brig

Leave gang bangin to the real gat holders

or real black soldiers who you don't know of

Who don't show love with all you sun and your thun

Cause they know where you from,

You from Oakland, you rich and you ain't from the
slums

Your pops is a politician

So why bein a criminal is your three wishes

used up, do what comes naturally

Quit playing a role that don't even have to be

You slippin

[Poser 2]

"Dude, I ain't slippin, man I'm from the town too,
man I'm from the Oakland hills dude.

That's East Oakland, blood. You don't even know,
man."

[DEL]

"Man, you trippin man."

[Poser 2]

"I ain't trippin dude.

Why you trying to step to me like, you know, you somethin man?"

[DEL]

"Yap, yap, yap, yap."

[Poser 2]

"What up? Whatever dude, whatever."

[DEL]

"All in my ear with that yappin, man. You trippin."

[Poser 2]

"I'll keep at it to! Wassup?"

[DEL]

"What!? [laughing] You gonna get hard?

What you talkin about fool?"

[Poser 2]

"Hey, you never know."

(chorus)

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{*music fades out*}

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