

Gym Class Heroes

"2nd Period: Shoot Down The Stars"

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'81 was the year shit hit the fan in a major way
I sat there for an inspiring artist
Almost 20 years after the fact I'm still on my hustle
Diggin' graves for an inspiring artist
Pushing daises up
And never compromise the arts and make a crowd clap
Shit on since the first show
But we turned feces to fertilizer
So when you diss it's just food for the flowers to grow
Sold 15 plus out of backpacks, no trunks
Too young to drive
But live hip hop
And the kids are upstate kids that thought rap was past
tense, hence the last name
Got name for playing basements and such and making
songs that our friends loved
And when the fish bowl got too small to hold the
goldfish
We filled our gills with water and ripped that mother
fucker like
So take a step back
And a breath in
Let it out now
Put your chin up
You can do it tiger
You a man now
And in your dream it's time to do the best you can now
So break ourselves down
And build ourselves up in disappointment
How fragile we are
So fragile we are, we just don't show it
Shake up this town
And shoot down the stars for our enjoyment
So sexy we are
So sexy we are, we just don't know it
This is what you wanted right?
How many nights were spent pouring out your guts
dummy?
How many punishments endured for fucking up in
school?
How many teachers proved wrong by writing songs
instead?

My point exactly
But you knew you had a spark, did you?
Something producin' to the dreams your pop's dreams
lent you
Stay focused when nothing seemed to make sense
Stealing verses with that cash's clay confidence
Sometimes you stubborn as shit, that's the McCoy in
you
You learn to be a man without losing the boy in you
Just do your thing man
So take a step back
And a breath in
Let it out now
Put your chin up
You can do it tiger
You a man now
And in your dream it's time to do the best you can now
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