

Gym Class Heroes

"Peace Signs Up / Index Down"

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[Gym Class Heroes:]

Gym Class Heroes.

Cool & Dre.

(This is)

You silly for this one.

It's Travie.

(Why you doin' this to me?)

[Gym Class Heroes:]

I started rappin' back in the class scribblin' tracks

In hopes that one of my jokes would have the pretty
young things laughin'

The chubby little bastard with a knack for Little Debbie's
snacks

But what I lacked in looks I made up for it in passion

No advance & plus we make it happen

And your conscience more obnoxious than that Laffy
Taffy snappin'

Goodbye yesterday's rags, hello high fashion

Hands before you's a man that built a castle with sand

With no regards for tidal waves & finally established

'Til the water comes in gallon drums & wipes away my
palace

But now I'm sittin' lovely off in Wonderland with Alice

With purple people passin' me the caterpillar's chalice.

Ha. Your probably thinkin' I'm wrong, right?

Like I should quit writin' these songs, right?

Tell you what, do it better I just might

Take it back to '86 you want a lick, psyche!

Don't let the TV mislead you

Me & you dude, we are not equal

Fuck you, this is for my people

Fuck you, this is for my people

Don't try to hide like I can't see you

Your parents must've been trans & so see through

Fuck you, this is for my people

Fuck you, this is for my people.

Put up your Peace Sign, put your Index Down.

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[Busta Rhymes:]

Bust it.

Before I utter words & before I start to begin
Let me make sure you clear I'm about securin' the win!
I puzzle up my words while I piece another concoction
'Cause I'm stubborn with the thought that failure is
never an option
I grinds like a carpenter until my callouses bleed
With the passion from my heart to the many mouths
that I feed
That's why I look at most of you stupid I know it's odd
Because you can't really do nothin' to me unless you
God!
But bein' that, none of you ain't him
You can't fuck with me, now watch me erase them
Now trust me, see I'm so determined
I'm walkin' through the heap of gauntlets while the fire
is burnin'
Or how the tires turnin' on the rim of the V
I laugh & shake it off the shit they be doin' to me
Wit all the yappin' & talkin' & so & so.
You think that you can ever stop the kid? Oh no!

[Busta Rhymes:]

So if you get in my way you know your done, son
You best believe what I say, you better run son
Fuck you, because I do this for my loved ones
Fuck you, because I do this for my loved ones
You better kneel down & pray 'cause where I come
from
We goin' hard everyday that's how the fights won
Fuck you, because I do this for my loved ones
Fuck you, because I do this for my loved ones.
Put up the Peace Sign, put the Index Down.
Put up the Peace Sign, put the Index Down.
Put up the Peace Sign, put the Index Down.
Put up the Peace Sign, put the Index Down.

[Gym Class Heroes:]

Look mom no hands (No hands)
Your little boy's a man
Everything you said is finally settin' in
Trainin' wheels fell off & I kept pedalin' (Kept pedalin')
Now I'm ridin' wheelies on this industry
Say the word I'll ghost ride this bitch instantly
Good lookin' pop on the strength that you givin' me
Wasn't for you, Gym Class would be history
I'm on my upstate shit
I was Brooklyn broke but now I'm upstate rich

Gettin' brains from 2 dames with French accents
Now I mess with local chicks I get 'em upstate shit.
You probably thinkin' I'm wrong, right?
Like I should quit writin' these songs, right?
Tell you what, do it better I just might
Take it back to '86 you want a lick, psyche!

Now it's alot of y'all that can't stand me
Cause my resemblance to Prince is uncanny
But fuck you, this is for my family
Fuck you, this is for my family
Upstate New York to Miami
Up late, recordin' in my jammies
I do it for my family
Fuck you, this is for my family
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