

Sum 41

"Dave's Posessed Hair It's What We're All About"

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Ever get the feeling no one's got your back
Caught up in themselves livin' lies besides the fact
Somehow you're going on an opposite track
As we recover from another social heart attack

You think you see between the lines
But you can't see through dollar signs

So sick and tasteless now
Immature and faceless how
Can I even sleep at night, you ask
You say you're a pacifist
Instead you wave your fist
And all the while it becomes the end again

Make up your mind cause I can't decide
You think uniqueulism makes you dignified
You can't see with half opened eyes
You think you're standing up instead you're falling far
behind

You think you see between the lines
But you can't see through dollar signs

So sick and tasteless now
Immature and faceless how
Can I even sleep at night, you ask
You say you're pacifist
But you wave your fist
And all the while it becomes the end again

What I do is what I choose which makes it my decision
If your life was a book your story would be fiction

IT'S WHAT WERE ALL ABOUT:

Nevertheless am I dressed for the occasion
It's number 32 now heres the situation
If the beat moves your feet then don't change the
station
hope you're ready 'cause were leavin' on a permanent

vaction

Well, I'm a disaster, A microphone master
Put on the tape I'll rock your ghetto blaster
It's not about the money, cars, hotels, or resort
It's 'bout sweatin all the bitches in the biker shorts
I'm Hot Chocklit and you see me runnin' late
'Cause I'm always makin' time to make your girlie feel
great
And I'm Bizzy D from way downtown
I'm known to rock a mic like a king with a crown
When I'm on top I'm gonna borrow that booty
Hustlin' deals like Mickey Macootee
When I wake up I like a pound of bacon
Start off the day with my arteries shakin'

Rock! It's what we're all about
It's what we live for, come on shout it out
4x

See me in 3-D I'm comin' outta direct
With a dialect most men in science can't dissect
Dormant sense of worry, and then a sense of loss
And I fiend to blow off steam and get my cream
Sum 41 get wild, I get frantic
And every time we spit it the world panics
I think I've lost my my mind
While I'm aiming for the coup
And Sum 41, just ain't about a loop
Ring-a-ling-ling, Ding-Dong, Tic-Toc
Shit it's all about rap, and we be all about rock

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