

## **Sum 41**

## "Daves Possesed Hair/ 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

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

Nevertheless am I dressed for the occasion It's number 32 now here's the situation If the beat moves your feet then don't change the station

Pack your bags cause we're leaving on a permanent vacation

Well, I'm a disaster

A microphone master

Put on the tape and rock yout ghetto blaster It's not about the money, cars, hotels, or resorts About sweating all the bitches in the biker shorts I'm Dave Brown Sound and you see me running late Cause I'm always making time to make your girlie feel great

And I'm Bizzy D from way down town
I'm known to rock a mic like a king was a crown
When I'm on top I'm gonna borrow that bootie

Hustling deals like Micky Macoote When I wake up I like a pound of bacon Start off the day with my arteries shaking

ROCK!

It's what were all about it's what we live for C'mon and shout it out [x4]

You see me

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