

# Rootbeer "Under Control"

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To many fools trippin and people been trippin on me all  
the time  
I know what I know I gotta have control or I lose my  
mind  
And when I'm at work, they think I'm a jerk but I'm down  
to get it done (Say What)  
Don't need to talk back, overreact, homie hold your  
tongue  
I'm talkin 5, 10, 15, 30, 45, 50 to (OHH)  
Making moves no need to hurry I got this in the bag fo  
sho  
Ain't gotta hear your big fat mouth  
I'm walking out the door

Come on!  
They can't figure me out on why I run away  
Don't hold me back I gotta do my thing  
I got it under control (x3)

When I'm out-and-about hang with the rift raff  
Ain't got nothing to do!  
Might kick back at a Wal-Mart parking lot and sip some  
rootbeer (Yeah)

Here come mom talking about "Jon you need to go  
back to school"  
Well mamma listen here haha  
I ain't gotta answer to you NO!  
U-G-L-Y you got no alibi  
Still looking dumb none from the drum  
We bang against your head  
So move your feet like a zombie  
Thats raised up from the dead

COME ON!  
They can't figure me out on why I run away  
Don't hold me back I gotta do my thing  
I got it under control (x2)

They can't figure me out on why I run away  
Don't hold me back I gotta do my thing  
I got it under control (x4)

I got it under control

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