

Former Fat Boys

"My Side Of The Tracks"

Visit "[My Side Of The Tracks](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

30 frat boys walk in collars popped
40 bangers walk in the collars drop
they stomped, its a romp
they about to call in the cops
then i come walking through Moses with a message
from god
so i part the seas of these two new jets and Capulets
egos hurting, pride needs swallowing, stop the
violence
don't try this kids, no one's tried this before i did
i about to teach tolerance open your eyelids
in the club its crowded, i'm about to puke my shirt
at least when rabbit tried this he was fucking poor as
dirt
but me standing here in my fucking Ralph Lauren
surrounded by a collapsing crowd of angry young
black men
and i'm slow at first bust, my cadence is rushed,
take a look at my face like Moulin Rouge i'm blushed
breath control hard feels like my chests been crushed
but i been ready to emerge so in myself I trust
i can hear the oohs and ahhs, believe it they can't
and they all screaming this white preppie can rap
and the verse is about done, finish with a chorus
and take my place as raps first Zack Morris

i've been long time time comin
and you've askin been for it
and i've been talking trash back
welcome to my side of the tracks
and you've been calling me out
wanna know what i'm all about
wanna see if i can bring the game back
welcome to my side of the tracks

not always formerly fat, spent my childhood chunky
daddy's called in daily cuz kids would kick punch and
jump me
principals believe stories, counselors said fight back
so this little fat friendless kid got on the attack
but then everyone wants a piece of the biggest kid in

class
and i'm 10 running from high schoolers kicking my ass
my backpack's open, books flying out of the sack
he lands a punch to my head, on the asphalt splat
bloody noses and eyes, daily asking god why
even kids in the suburbs got shit to deal with in their
lives
desperate and lonely, the wrong crowd's seeming right
stealing shit, feeling it, now i'm enjoying my life
mom always said my mouth was my biggest enemy
next to me
and i guess she was right about that we see
there i am laying praying for my life, car tires skid
and there's a gun a really one in the streets of Park
Ridge
and suddenly I'm wishing that I could still be a kid,
but the joke is I was trying to deal with all that shit
still we all got our growing pains, the Seavers proved
that
but it wasn't all white picket fences on my side of the
tracks

i'm tall, i'm white, i'm hood, i'm prep
i'm smart, i'm sexy, i'm contagious like strep
i'm blonde, i'm blue eyed, i'm passionate, i'm playful,
i'm dark, i'm crazy, i'm Cain crossed with Able
Mother approved they know i'll care for their girl
back in the sack, on her back, making the toes curl
cuz i took it
slow and steady i think I won the race
now i'm the guy you hate always lifting the weights
taking thetas on dates while you sit and masturbate
and i can see the hate, every time my song gets played
but you can't live in the past i got dreams to see
through
i'm here to represent a new face of the today's youth
I'll be riding with will smith, chillin with the prez
not sitting at the drug store popping cherry pez
but fuck that shit cuz its time to rap
throw on Underoos and a sideways white sox cap
and attack left hook, right hook, my hook in ya head
my song playing while you got the girl in ya bed
all i really wants ta sit on porches and reminisce
about the days growin up and the first person you
kissed
and to have kids, a dog, a yard, and a beautiful wife
and coach little league with my buddies, now that'd be
the life

