

## Riot Nrrrd

### 2 Skinnee J's

This song goes out to those with coke bottle glasses  
To all you lonely kids who were the last pick in gym classes  
We got your back - detract your malefactors  
All you up in the back unite like Thundercats  
Get up, get up, 'cause we're fed up, fed up  
Try to rise and keep your head up, head up  
Leave the kinging to Kong, we'll be singing our song  
Bring it on, bring it on, bring it on  
It's a sentimental journey  
Presenting sentiments of resentment that would burn me  
Unearthing archives of sharp knives turning blunt  
My road is to unfold, so I gotta face the front  
I used to spend my days dazed and confused  
16 year underdog still donning Under-roos  
Sorry Busta, I know my flow sounds used  
Written and directed by the likes of John Hughes  
Recycled recitals of rewritten idylls  
Are scrawled in the hall like Anthony Michael  
I lack land and title, just one of the boys  
On islands and islands of misfit toys  
CHORUS

My field of dreams was a parking lot  
With hot shots doing donuts and pissin' off the grown-ups  
Me on the side writing unrequited love letters  
That I would send to my imaginary girlfriend  
I had to pretend 'cause I never played football  
The kid drafted last pick at the roll call  
To ease the monotony of everybody mockin me  
I spent time to tend rhymes like botany  
Now what I want to be? What you want to be?  
Maybe famous, I claim this, try to gain this  
But sometimes it's heinous the way the shameless  
Surround me like a tide and drown me  
So I'm looking for intelligent life forms  
I'm looking for a blip on the screen  
So I can reach out and touch somebody, anybody  
Everybody

Oooo Wah Oooo Wah Oooo Wah, Oooo Oooo Oooo Oooo