

Never made it in the punk rock crowd, I
Beep-booped just a little too loud, I
Pet Semetary can't keep me down now
Hey Mr. sound guy, just make me loud guy

Google search, you can find me on a mission
With a stacked backpack full of wack ambition, now
The whole planet is my brand new kitchen, I'm
Mixing up fixings like it's Sunday dinner now

Soak it all in, but remember
A true butterfly knows that he come from a caterpillar
Let the fruit show where the root comes from
Some people earn wings, some find 'em in a trust fund

Old songs in a new key
Green Day sold a whole lotta Dookie
Got to switch up my routine
Nom-nom, me want a whole lotta cookie

Smash button, feel the game over
It's a lotta hard work staying woke, staying sober
If you can't take the loss don't lean for the kiss
Lot about living in a band van that I don't miss

Put a fist through a rich kid's mouth
Played a lotta rock shows nobody gave a shit about
Coulda took state, but the team backed out
Y'all hated on our tracks, don't act like you miss 'em now

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Take the good with the bad times
Take struggle like a vitamin
Sad times, invite 'em in
When the stress test puts pressure on your purse, know a
Paycheck ain't a measure of your worth, son
Let the love run through ya
Let your complicated past make a path to your future
You can find joy if you know where to look
Some people hide it down in another dumb hook, like

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