

Though you might think you're cute  
It's not so giggly, when you prance around acting like you're a somebody  
Growing up in this good for nothing town  
Saying "I'm gonna make, I'll get out"

Well good luck, when all you'll ever be  
Is just a dreamer, stop convincing me  
Otherwise, with actions you hold with dignity  
Like dropping out of college cause it's quote unquote  
Getting the best of me

Free from the life that will be our demise  
Like searching around for some real occupation cause you say well  
"I've got connections man"  
I'll search long, I'll search long and hard for you  
But you'll just be at home  
Face -First in a bowl and I'll say  
"Well, where did he go?"

Working back-room at Staples just for the extra money  
Cause you already live off your parents and your friends weed  
Living each day by some new decree  
"Well if I just wait around things will surely come to me!"

Might as well just throw away your dreams and aspirations  
Cause truth be told they wont just fall in your lap  
Now I'm not saying I want you out of my life  
But I'll go grab your coat and hat

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I've been tryna think of ways to say this without spraying it  
But I can't cause I'm up in your face  
Talking to you  
Searching around for answers and clues  
Of why you have nothing to do

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Let the shotgun shells of your parents graduating class, light up your eyes

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Now don't call me cute  
And don't call me giggly  
Cause I'm getting the f\*\*k outta here, you'll all see  
I'm actually running around chasing my dreams  
You won't say "Where did he go?" about me