

Peace Sign / Index Down

Gym Class Heroes

Gym Class Heroes
Cool and Dre (this is)
You silly for this one
It's Travie (why you doin this to me)

I started rappin back in the class
Scribbling tracks
In hopes that one of my jokes
Would have the pretty young things laughin
The chubby little bastard
With a nack for little debbies snacks
But what I lacked in looks
I made up for it in passion
No advance and plus we make it happen
Your conscience more obnoxious
Then that laughy Taffy snappin
Goodbye yesterdays rags
Hello high fashion
Hands before you's a man
That built a castle with sand
With no regards for tidelwaves
And finally established
Til the water comes in gallon drums
And wipes away my palace
But now I'm sittin lovely off
In wonderland with Alice
With purple people passin me
At the catapillar's chalice
Ha ha, you probably thinking
I'm wrong right?
Like I should quit
Writing these songs right?
Tell you what do it better
I just might
Take it back to 86
You wanna lick, sike!

Don't let the TV mislead you
Me and you dude we are not equal
Fuck you this is for my people
Fuck you this is for my people
Don't try to hide like I can't see you
Your parents must've been trans
And so see through
Fuck you this is for my people
Fuck you this is for my people
Put up your peace sign, put your index down
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Before I utter words
And before I start to begin
Let me make sure you clear
I'm about securing the wind
I puzzle up my words
While I piece another concoction

Cause I'm stubborn with the thought
That failure was never an option
I grinds like a carpenter
Until my caleceous's bleed
With the passion from my heart
To the many mouths that I feed
That's why I look at most of you
Stupid I know it's odd
Because you can't really do
Nuttin to me unless you GOD
But bein that none of you aint him
You can't fuck with me
Now watch me erase them
Now trust me see I'm so determined
I'm walkin through the heap of gauntlets
While the fire is burnin
Or how the tires
Turning on the rim of the V
I laugh and shake it off
The shit they be doin to me
Wit all the yappin and talking
And so and so think
That you can ever stop the kid
OH NO

So if you get in my way you know yer done son
You best believe what I say you better run son
Fuck you because I do this for my loved ones
Fuck you because I do this for my loved ones
You better kneel down
And pray cause where I come from
We goin hard everyday that's how the fights won
Fuck you because I do this for my loved ones
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Look mom no hands (no hands)
Yer little boys a man (goddamn)
Everything you said is finally settin in
Trainin wheels fell off and I kept peddling
Now I'm ridin wheelies on this industry
Say the word I'll ghostride
This bitch instantly
Good lookin pop on the strength that you givin me
Wasn't for you Gym Class would be history
I'm on my upstate shit
I Was Brooklyn broke but now I'm upstate rich
Gettin brains from two dames with French accents
Now I mess with local chicks
I get em upstate shit
You prob thinking I'm wrong right?
Like I should quit writtin these songs right?
Tell you what do it better I just might
Take it back to 86 you want a lick, sike!

Now it's a lot of yall that can't stand me
Cause my resemblance to prince is uncanny
But fuck you this is for my family
Fuck you this is for my family
Upstate new york to Miami

Up late recording in my jammies
I do it for my family
Fuck you this is for my family
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