

La la la (rich kids),
La la la.

Yo, turn that shit up.

I coulda went to college like rich kids do,
Buying weed with the money that your mom sent you,
But I don't give a damn about no higher degree,
Cause you know in rock and roll, I got a PhD, bitch.

(That's right, kids.)

We got all that we need, packed it up in the van,
Put the pedal to the floor, gave the finger to the man.

I'm not a rich kid, maybe that's a good thing,
Ain't got shit, but I got this far.
Keepin it real and rhymin and stealin,
Doing what I want.

Oh, got no money but it's
always, always sunny honey.

(Yeah, that's right, I'm always sunny honey,
Here we go, second verse.)

I'm broke as a junky but I have a good time,
All the ladies think I'm cute cause they like the way I rhyme,
And the high school kids steal my mp3s,
Ain't no other mother(fucker) rock this mic like me.

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(I'm always sunny honey,
Ha ha ha (rich kids).
I'm always sunny honey,
(Rich kids)