

I got dibs on drums and first say on the mic,
Rule number 6 for life is stay on the bike.
And as soon as you can you get rid of the training wheels.
There's no way to explain how good entertainment feels.

It's better than nothing and it's more fun than pinball,
When it's done poorly, it's enough to make the skin crawl.
It's like chewing on tinfoil and the only thing worse
Is when kids pedal drums without paying a few dues first.

So don't ask what my drums are 'cause I either won't tell you,
Or else I've got a list of phony records to sell you.
'Cause see, no one helped me and as a matter of fact,
There's a thrill in the hunt for a platter of wax.

It's called searching for the perfect beat, the honor is prestigious
To those with the knowledge and to cheat is sacrilegious.
I'm talking bootlegs and re-issues, I avoid them like the plague,
But don't ask where I look, cause I'll lie or be vague.

I'm on the look out for beats, every little second,
Check country and western, even heavy metal records.
Leaving no stone uncovered, for every 10 taken,
You may find none with 10 hours spent looking.

But that's what makes a good score so rewarding,
Even if you spend 20 bucks on a rare recording.
So don't ask what my drums are cause I either won't tell you,
Or else I've got a list of phony records to sell you.

My beats aren't familiar so you can't put your finger on it.