

## 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  
Put up your peace sign, put your index down  
Put up your peace sign, put your index down  
Put up your peace sign, put your index down

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  
Fuck you because I do this for my loved ones  
Put up the peace sign, put the index down  
Put up the peace sign, put the index down  
Put up the peace sign, put the index down  
Put up the peace sign, put the index down

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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