

# It's What We're All About

Sum 41

Nevertheless am I dressed for the occasion  
It's number 32 now here's the situation  
If the beat moves your feet then don't change the station  
Pack your bags cause we're leaving on a permanent vacation  
Well, I'm a disaster  
A microphone master  
Put on your tape and rock your ghetto blaster  
It's not about the money, cars, hotels, or resorts  
About sweating all the bitches in the biker shorts  
I'm Dave Brown Sound and you see me running late  
Cause I'm always making time to make your girlie feel great  
And I'm Bizzy D from way down town  
I'm known to rock a mic like a king was a crown  
When I'm on top I'm gonna borrow that bootie  
Hustling deals like Mickey Mancootie  
When I wake up I like a pound of bacon  
Start off the day with my arteries shaking

(chorus)

Rock, It's what we're all about  
It's what we live for  
Come'on shout it out (repeat 4x)

Well I bring down the house in every city we play  
Just from pickin' up the mic' in a usual way  
We rock and talk with a bass that's funny  
We could even tear it up at a grade school party  
Well I can keep the beat but I can't break dis  
It's hard to look cool in crazy pants  
But I wear 'em anyway even when they look whack  
It's my personal way to bring the 80's back  
Gave up the life of servin' burger and fries  
High cholesterol gettin' grease in my eyes  
I was drinkin' underage I belong on stage  
Hello rock 'n' roll goodbye minimum wage  
I'm teachin' you a lesson in mic' control  
Makin' rhymes with my letters in my cereal bowl  
Lucky number seven every dice I roll  
Sum 41 to the power as the poon patrol

(chorus)

Well lets avoid confusion by makin' one thing clear  
The rock we're bringin' is gonna instill fear  
And the power we control should be revered  
We sold our souls to Satan two times last year  
Take a look to the point, to the point I'm makin'  
We'er rockin' MC's like a pound of bacon  
When we get outta hand and bust up the room  
JD is to blame for the Legion of Doom  
'Cause I'm the B-I double Z-Y  
You ain't better than me, I ain't your average guy  
I like to watch girls strip with a kung fu flick  
Well the goon platoon is on the brace again  
We beat down London, slayed LA  
Got an APB on the jams we play  
So when you're on the stage quit grabbin' your cock

Cause we're the new kings of rock

(chorus)