

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
Now 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 Macoote
When I wake up I like a pound of bacon
Start off the day with my arteries shaking

[Chorus: 4x]

Rock! It's what we're all about
It's what we live for
see'mon shout it out

Well I bring down the house in every city we play
Just from pickin' up the mic' in a usual way
We rock guitars 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 dance
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: 4x]

Well let's 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 soul to Satan two times last year
Take a look to the point, to the point I'm makin'
We rock the oven when we're stone cold bakin'
And 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 shake with a kung fu grip (wah)
Well the goon platoon is on the flavor trip
We beat down London, we slayed LA
Got an APB on the jams we play
So when you're on the stage cold grabbin' your cock

Pledge allegiance to the sum the new kings of rock

[Chorus]