

Pumped Up Kicks Remix

Watsky

I've been on the blacktop
Steady throwing elbows
Ever since I was in corduroys and velcros
Ever since you did your impression of Melrose
Place
A giggling gaggle of Tickle me Elmos
I ate some wheaties and graduated to shell toes
Running from a bully, man I'm thinking hell no
Chain me to a tree, I'm waiting for the bulldozer
You only woulda seen skate away if hell froze
May not be bigger but you're never gonna pick on me
You're Cedric Diggory. I'm Nicholas Nickleby
You better pick a team
There's no in between
You want a nickelbag
You want some nicotine
You wanted a fix
I will never be your goldmine
Taking my kicks
And I'm hanging em over the phoneline
So you can find me, posted feeling so fine

Robert's got a quick hand.
He'll look around the room, he won't tell you his plan.
He's got a rolled cigarette hanging out his mouth, he's a cowboy kid.
Yeah, he found a six shooter gun in his dad's closet hidden with a box of fu
n things.
I don't even know what but he's coming for you, yeah, he's coming for you.

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All the other kids with the pumped up kicks you better run, better run faste
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At Buena Vista elementary in second grade
One whistle is when recess ends
Two whistles is an earthquake drill
Three means every kid better hit the deck
Unless you want to catch a stray bullet or a ricochet from a fight across th
e chainlink fence
I know that I don't look it but grew up in the middle of the city where only
the quick make friends
A kid in Frisco
Navigating Lombard
No On Star
I'm on BART
No lawn darts
Not saying I'm hard
But I got street val for my pokemon cards
Better put me onto Pawn stars
And I'll Barter like my gramma when she wants art
Every block or two I skate around another beggar

Leaning on a cop car
Baked as a pop tart

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