

Make-Out Music

12 Rods

i wish i didn't grow up
in the town that i grew up in
kept me silent
kept me stupid
never fought back
never fought back

where were my friends
to keep me up, down
that's all it took to keep me on the ground
rubbing mud in my eyes
rubbing mud in my eyes

don't want to live today
was taught to tell
walk away not fight
i wish to me
muhammad ali

good morning sun
good morning light
each day it's nice to see that you've come back
to give us all
give us all
another chance

installing pride to make a glory ride
i want to love you
but i must save my hide
and these fists that hang beside my side
i realize what i gotta do
na-nanny-boo-boo
nanny-nanny-boo-boo

i'm feeling better today
i kicked his ass
it wasn't hard
i beat him down
it wasn't hard
this vibrate sound
adrenaline

what will mother say?
blackened both his eyes
busted but with twice the pride

i was mad 'cause i was sad
now there's a smile on my face
knuckles hurt he's in the dirt
feels like i'm taking a girl to second base (second base)
this disrespect is what is wrecked
just like the nose on that jerk's face
i earned my place

shaking mad
oh so glad
sweet, sweet gift

i never had