

Sick Sad World

Allday

Got a fistful of dreams
Trying to trade that for a fistful of cream
Pause, cash rules every little thing
Wu-Tang taught me as a young bitter teen
See, now I am a young spitting king
If you disagree then come intervene
Buzz, I'm going through your stuff
I work real hard I can never do enough
Doom 95, I Duke Nukem up
Was a mutant in the sewer as a teen screwing up
Now we're doing us, looking the through the past
Had a long night now the lights luminous
Squintin', I'm the rhyming Tim Winton
All the fit women like what I'm spittin'
They say it's great, thinking it's Britain
I kill every track don't think it's different

I won't give you no instructions for your bottoms, see I fear
That you don't know how to shake it yet you know the Macarena
And the Nutbush is your thing but arse-shaking you don't need to
Just quit leaning on the wall like the fucking Tower of Pisa

Aha, you know my Steelo
I goes in like a Steve Nash freethrow
He's that kid always talking about weed smoke
No Ls make Elmo to an emo
See those girls so I tell them G.O
Push your tushy like a fatty with a remote
We know nothing about saving the whole world
I make songs, don't call me no hero
Oh well, I'll be that if you need though
Girls say I'm like a less hot Leo
Dad says I'm just like a less smart him
Retards say I'm like a less smart them
Maybe cause I smoke those fresh gardens
And excuse my French, I mean I beg pardon
You escargot you taste excellent
Trying to wee on me, better guess again
(Hey hey hey)

In a dream that never ends
I don't give a F, my Fs for friends
I'm Tom, so why am I in Special Ed
Cause all my assignments say F in red
But fortune favors all the hairless heads
Never did shit for the hesitant
I never did shit but go on MSN
Hitting on girls I wouldn't ever get
Hey babe, yeah back in my heyday
I would say hey they'd be all like hey wait
Got to go way late, trying to be Ray J
Now I get way laid out of my pay grade
Everything grade A back in like grade 8
I was on play dates blowing my mayonnaise
Eat my shorts, young El Barto
Rap for peanuts so you get nutso
Let's go

Man, fuck you all
I got it on lock like a bathroom stall
Woah, funny how much you talk
But you're missing bits out like 1, 2, 4
Lol, quit climbing my lolcano
Before I spaz out drinking old draino
My head spins round like a tornado
And my eyes roll back in a full K.O
That's Allday, better check his pulse, ay bro
I'm already in heaven with a gold halo
Got pretty hair like Samson man
But my strength is in my handgun man
Damn, every song's an anthem man
Diet of Oreos and Jameson
Bickies and whisky, that's sickly
How long could I really be living