Now, when you come to apply for a job Don't tell 'em you're homeless 'Cause I promise they won't hire you And if they like your songs Just nod your head and play along Never tell 'em what inspires you I bet my fans know me better than my friends do Because my friends don't pay that much attention The fans memorize every single sentence Which makes them far too smart to ever start a friendship I need to start writing pieces about other people's problems 'Cause strangers are starting to get worried I'm in a hurry to try to slow the system down a bit And find happiness before I hit thirty OK, OK, I've said too much I wear my heart on my sleeve When all I need to do is write a hit Somebody shoulda showed me how to shut up and breathe 'Cause there's a time and place to bite your lip It goes peace to phobia For the boots made for walking Now if only Best Buy could break me off with a Walkman Everything would be fine I could spend time smiling Instead of pulling a sad clown around this island I've got no suggestions Well, maybe one Leave my type alone when you decide to touch that microphone See, me and you We're on different pages We're in different stages We've got different flavors I'mma let you do your thing Just as long as your thing Ain't got a single thing to do with me and what I'm trying to bring But if my name crosses your lips You better guard your tongue Pardon me, give me my respect, and keep it all in fun If I had extra time I'd walk around and shake everybody's hand (Like, how you doin' my man?) But I'm not allowed I'm trying to beat the clock now So I'm out, right after I rock this crowd It goes: ola ola olaaa (yeah) Ola ola olaaa (2x) It goes: one two three four five Six seven eight nine ten And all I ever wanted out of live was rhymin' Either from me or an innocent bystander I wasn't that picky, just give it to me quickly Whatever it takes, to cook these cakes You wanna hear your voice but don't know nothing 'bout the breaks And it's obvious you haven't found your place Got me askin', 'Who is he?" "How did he end up in my city?" I'm the crocodile that the trucker tried to wrestle

I'm the main ingredient from yesterday's special

Close the hole and push that level I'll chop the head off the devil and I'll throw it at you And I'll be damned if I ever climb another tree From here on, the squirrels and birds can come to me From sun to sun and from sea to sea (Girl, they call me Slug, do you wanna make love?) Now all the leaders in the place, throw your hands in the air All the feeders in the house, throw your hands in the air All the thinkers here tonight, put your hands in the air Anybody we forgot, you can stand there and stare Yeah, you remember, tracksmart (?), off to a bad start The way I used to carry got buried in the backyard Caught between a scotch and a cinnamon Pop-Tart The bell doesn't work, foo, you better knock hard Line by line, I'm doing fine Ideas on my mind for my time Hail when my kind does leave behind They'll find that I was the one that died trying I would never trade the way I am for the way I'm not My crew is kinda popular, we get to play a lot And my son thinks that I am the coolest thing in the world 'Cause he's still too young to fall in love with girls It goes: ola ola olaaa Yeah, you're listening to the cool sounds of Atmosphere Ola ola olaaa From Minneapolis, Minnesota Ola ola olaaa Givin' a shout-out to the whole world Ola ola olaaa And we'd like to tell all of y'all, it goes: Ola ola olaaa To y'all Ola ola olaaa To us Ola ola olaa Now band, shut up, let the bassman do his thing, shush It's like that and It's like that and It's like this and It's like this and (2x)It goes: ola ola olaa Ola ola olaaa (3x)It goes...