

Hopped in the getaway, left Santa Monica
Dan Monick in the back with binoculars
Ant's on the driver's side, I ride shotgun
Looking at the rearview, I think somebody's following
Helicopters clockin' the wrong clockers
I just dropped my kids off at soccer
It's gotta be awkward to walk and talk
With the defiant posture of a giant toddler

Hey, doctor, write me a script
So I can pop the top off and light me a spliff
Watch a documentary that I'll likely forget
Let's stop pretending we got some type of life outside of this
Gonna be okay, little homie
A hero ain't nothing but a hoagie
Don't ever let 'em put the baloney up in your bowl of macaroni
Push the button and put the Dolby in your Sony

Is it live or is it Memorex?
I'm tryna live my best life check to check to check
Never met a pessimist that plays chess
We breaking our necks trying to make it look effortless
And all I wanted was a Pepsi challenge
Staring at your screen like you're checkin' your balance
Like you finally figured out how to fight those fascists
Turned off the headlights, the whole world vanished

That's why, you know what my favorite disaster would be? And Je
sus, I pray for one of these
An asteroid, a big fucking asteroid
And I mean big, never mind this shit that destroyed the barn
I'm talking about a big hunk of rock the size of Minnesota
A flaming asteroid the size of Minnesota
Screaming through the atmosphere and smashing right into—
Hey, Minnesota