

Mustache

boy pablo

I dreamt I had a mustache
I was dope, I looked just like Tom Selleck
Was happy with myself
But sadly I woke up again
I think it's kinda wack
Twenty-one, still nothing under my nose
Except for when I sneeze
You know what I mean

You can keep trying, oh-yeah
I've been patient for way too long
Keep hanging in there, oh-yeah
I will get there and prove 'em wrong

Hijo, cuando yo era niño también quería tener bigotes
Y un hueón mayor me dijo: "Échate grasa de carretón y te salen"
Le hice caso, me llené la cara de grasa negra
Pero los bigotes me llegaron a los treinta nomás, compa

You can keep trying, oh-yeah
I've been patient for way too long
Keep hanging in there, oh-yeah
I'll be trying until I cry