

One time for the little guy (little guy)
Two times for the Small Fry (Small Fry)
On an arc, like I'm Noah (Noah)
In the dark Supernova (Supernova)
Three times that I didn't cry (cry)
Four times, for times that I almost died (almost died)
On an arc, like I'm Noah (Noaaaah)
'Cause I'm gonna blow up

I guess it's true though
We're just like Pluto
We're dressed like average Joes with arms as thin as Udon Noodles
And we're so slept on
I slept on a futon from ages seven to twelve and you know what?
I gotta move on
So don't hold back from me
Small Fries make symphonies in my head
Watch me make history from my bed

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And I feel like that I could try to be the guy that blows up
I hope that though I'm small and insignificant I grow, but
It's not about the fame or money I just want to show my stuff to those who care, I'll keep you there, don't move, don't wanna mess up
So don't hold back from me
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