

Sour Patch Kids

Bryce Vine

When I was growing up, I had a lot of dreams, my momma told me
"Son you could be anything"
Long as you spread your wings, I know one day you'll be great
Just wait, soon you'll aim up at the sky and I'll watch you flo
at away
But, now that I am older, I'll admit that I am over all the str
ess and shit that comes from holding life up on your shoulders
It's a chore, I'm sick of being bored, I'm sick of always stres
sin over shit I could ignore
I guess it's just my own immaturity, burnin' through me interna
lly, take imagination and making it a reality
So, pause. Yo, fuck it, I'll be right back
Pay a visit to the past, tell them all to kiss my ass for a sec
ond

I don't wanna worry bout nothin for a while, I just wanna play
around livin' like a child
With old tunes jammin on my Walkman, and some Sour Patch Kids a
nd a Coke can
I don't wanna think about anything at all, I just wanna run aro
und doin what I want
With a pretty ass girl and a slow jam, and some Sour Patch Kids
and a Coke can

I just wanna go back to the old school, old news, road rules, f
resh prince, cartoons, good raps, dope tracks
I'm not tryin to be on it, I'm just tryin' to be honest
Packed lunch, school crush, Bus home and play Sonic
I have been there, I have done that, made my mark up on the tow
n
Been stupid, I've been lucid, been a menace and a clown
Wow, I'm chillin watchin' Rocko's modern livin' wishin I could
find a way to bring back Music Television
No more Jersey Shore'n whorin' or horribly borin' versions of s
hows from Great Britain, they're written with no vision
Damn, so fuck it I'll be right back
Pay my tribute to the past, you can all just kiss my ass for a
second

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