

Hell yeah
It's time to head out
All the kids with the back eyes grin
It's time to shred out
If you know what I mean
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Yeah, oh my god, I swear
When hell kicked us out
At least we knew who we were
And I always wished we were half way there
With the state-side lights and the concrete air
I swear
Young bucks get conscripts
Kids are searching on the radio
And ask yourself, you'd have done the same
Tough luck for new tricks
Kids are searching for the antidote
And ask yourself, we're all the same
All right now
This right here
This here is our context outbreak
Our ten-to-one creation
This valvoline project allstate
Our force fed reaction
And this is our good sense undone