

Maybe it's you, maybe it's me
Maybe the whole world knows it, wait and we'll see
Look and I feel like a million bucks, playing for keeps
Today is the oldest we've ever been and the youngest we'll ever be
Forever be, fresh

Don't need no queen of my castle
I'm still king of the dad jokes
No, I'm not a Picasso
More like William Sasso
OK, I'll start from the origins
Back when I started performing
They'd rip me up like carpeted flooring
Now I kill 'em and harvest their organs

I was raised with different values
Hiding in different shadows
Don't bite the forbidden apple
Or lie in a Christian chapel
We're fighting in different battles
So keep your opinion in your asshole
Got 'em hooked up, line and sinker
'Cause I came up on fishing mackerel

I ain't the one
That you people should bet against
Whether I'm in it or out of my element
I am official, will always be relevant
I'm always working but not overselling, no
I'll give 'em the benefit. Don't ever question or test my intelligence
Yes, I'm a gentleman
Came from the dirt but grew up so elegant
Look at the evidence, bro
And don't belittle me, I did the work you didn't do diddly
I never needed that negative energy anywhere close to my vicinity
I have no sympathy for an enemy going to war
Like out in the Middle East
Telling you tales, picture it Sicily
You want the truth, why don't you get at me now

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They got me praying for the
Sinners and beginners
Cheapskates and the tippers, don't care what you're considered
A hick or a city slicker
But kid, do I deliver
Sketching these vivid pictures
And broadcasting live through radio transmitters

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So keep your opinion in your asshole
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'Cause I came up on fishing mackerel
Now I scuba in Bermuda, shooting barracudas
Blowing Buddha supas through the hookah
Ain't no crew cooler
We're rolling through with a group of cougars
Luke is too much
Get the music cued up
Recognize the sarcasm
And note the crude humor

Now give me a second to catch my breath
Shaking the rump like Rex in effect
Then disappearing like etch-a-sketch
I'm getting vocal with my feelings
I don't do the texting sex
I'm old school, I need to feel it
Give me that little flesh on flesh 'cause

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