

Yeah, ouh, mhm
Yeah, yeah
We see straight and right through ya
We see straight and right through ya, ayy, ayy
We see straight and right through ya
We see straight and right through ya, yeah
You can't hide your insecurity behind your fucking Gucci tee
We see straight and right through ya
You can't hide your insecurity behind your fucking Gucci tee
People with a brain see straight and right through ya (okay, okay, okay)

Now pause-
First things first, where's the fucking applause?
Yeah, ayy, misfits watched us, popped up, make them drop their own jaws
Yeah, ayy, not givin' fucks makes it all feel so subtle and soft
Yeah, watchin' homies go off, that's how we roll

Guess who got the whole crowd bouncin' like the Gummy Bear Gang (who?)
And the clone mob salty, 'cause we're runnin' their game (who?)
Got their own damn country tryin' to vanish their names (who?)
And they just got motherfuckin' started (we!)
Got the whole crowd bouncing like the Gummy Bear Gang
And the clone mob salty, 'cause we're runnin' their game
Our own damn country tries to vanish our names
And we just got motherfuckin' started (yeah)

Fuck a scene, I stay true to me, ashes cup of weed
Bashing through the shield, that's the loop that repeats for them
[?] to me, pack of wolves with me
Ready to release, all the energy needs to bang
Self-fuckin'-made, you fucks should be ashamed
If you really, really, really wanna hate on this
Self-fuckin'-made, no third party got paid to create
Now come tell me, what have you done, bitch?

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We see straight and right through ya
We see straight and right through ya, ayy
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We see straight and right through ya
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People with a brain see straight and right through ya

We see straight and right through ya
We see straight and right through ya, ayy, ayy
We see straight and right through ya
We see straight and right through ya, ayy
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People with a brain see straight and right through ya

All eyes on us (we know, they know), all eyes on us
But those fuckers won't admit it, homie, they pretend it
But we live it and we scare 'em, so they act like we are not even existin'
But in every backstage of every damn festival

Sheeps keep starin' like we're extraterrestrial
'Cause in that flock, everything has to be casual
They can't believe that the swagger is natural
And they concentrate on compensating
We focused on overtakin' our older versions
To grow as a person, too busy to stroll in a circle
Man, if light appears, you see them always closin' their curtains
So damn (oh, damn), killing beats is our bread and butter
Oh, we still nice guys, though, your mother would love us
Yeah, we civilized savage beasts, nothing can stop us

If we'd channel all the power, then we haven't let it out
And then we'd bang, bang, bang
If we'd channel all the power, then we haven't let it out
And then we'd bang, bang, bang
If we'd channel all the power, then we haven't let it out
And then we'd bang, bang, bang
If we'd channel all the power, then we haven't let it out
And then we'd bang, bang, bang
If we'd channel all the power, then we haven't let it out
And then we'd boom

Mhm, ey, I'm swaggin' in my vegan shoes (mhm)
Painted by myself, I'm feeling cool (mhm)
Always nice, never being rude
'Cause it doesn't look good on me, I'm a sweet-ass dude (yeah)
Feelin' swaggy in my vegan shoes (mhm)
I'm a hot boy, but I keep it cool (mhm)
You ain't even in my field of view
We see straight and right through you