

Dictator's Son

FFS

Born in a far-off land
A nation of heat and sand
A father who ruled by force
A mother who said, "of course"
A nation of fearful men
And women afraid of them
But learning the family trade
My interest began to fade

I'm a dictator's son
Born with a silver gun
In a country that's half insane
In a country that's banned the rain
He kept his eye on me
Knew I had plans to flee
Strangely today it rained
I hopped a midnight plane

Fasten your seatbelts
We soon will land
At LAX. hope to see you again
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Somewhat reluctantly
I tell her sit down with me
We order drinks and wait
Small talk it's getting late
One thing you ought to know
Before we up and go
Hope it don't spoil the fun
But I'm a dictator's son
I'm into 60's Soul
Nat King Cole
Harris Tweed
Bundesliga
I'm into wings and dip
Girls who strip
Diesel flicks
Party Mix
I'm into Hugo Boss
Dental floss
Party cruise
Jordan shoes
I'm into Instagram
Bands who jam
Coed knees
BLTs

This is how we roll, a dictator's son
This is how we roll, a dictator's son
This is how we roll a dictator's son
This is how we roll, a dictator's son

Someday I'll return with a rebel force
Overturn my father and change the course
Of history for all of my countrymen
But I cannot tell you exactly when
'Cause this is how we roll a dictator's son

This is how we roll, a dictator's son
This is how we roll, a dictator's son
This is how we roll, a dictator's son

Someday I'll return with a rebel force
Overturn my father and change the course
Of history for all of my countrymen
But I cannot tell you exactly when
I'm a dictator's son
I'm a dictator's son