

Somewhere In The Middle

Futuristic

Yeah, way too cool for the misfits
Way too weird for the cool kids
Way too short for the tall girl
Who sit three rows up in the blue chair
I don't smoke enough for the stoners
I don't pop enough for the ragers
I'm not smart enough for the brainiacs
And I can't skate, there goes the skaters, damn
I don't like drama, I can't act
I don't like to sing, so I rap
I don't like to fight, they wanna scrap
I don't sell drugs, they in a trap
Man, I like to ball, but I ain't grow
I look good in pants, but I can't throw
Man, I will play chess, but I don't know how
Shoot, I'ma 'bout to figure it out

I'm somewhere in the middle, yeah
I'm a little bit weird, I'm a little bit cool
I'm a little bit smart, I'm a little bit slow
I'm a whole lotta me, you should just be you
Somewhere in the middle, yeah
You a little bit off, you a little bit much
You a little bit strange, you a little messed up
You're a whole lotta "What the fuck?"
Somewhere in the middle, yeah
You can find me-somewhere in the middle, yeah (You can find me)
You can find me-somewhere in the middle, yeah
You can find me-somewhere in the middle, yeah (You can find me)
You can find me

Yo, grew up, ain't a thing change
Too rich for my old friends
I wanna do cool shit with you, but you can't leave your job
It sucks having no ends, so I paid for 'em
Too far from my dad's house
I catch a flight then I'm right there, hm
I flew over my grandma's house, then remembered she's not there (damn)
In the club while they play my songs, see
People never heard it, they hating on me
I'm way too drunk, I got a temper like, "Fuck everybody that don't know me!
Blow me, bitch!"
Bad influence, so they say
But I know that I changed lives (changed lives)
Kids need truth, and I'm Paul Pierce (Paul Pierce)
Kids need answers, I'm AI (AI)
And I don't like the industry (fuck that)
That's 'cause they never show me love (fuck that)
I just count my money up, live my life, and take trips with a shoulder shrug
You couldn't hold my buzz if you was Andy (sheesh)
But yet they wanna judge me like Randy? (What?)
I'll take your American Idol who wanna rap and eat his ass like candy
Pause
Girl, this is the new edition, who you kiddin'?
Do envision, turn it into a daily sighting
Supposed to be rapping about drugs, but watching Survivor is more exciting
And I ain't hype no more, so I'ma be sure if you need me that I'm right here

I'm in a gray area with my girl and the beer
She spread her legs, I'ma 'bout to be

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You can find me (you can find me)
You can find me
You can find me
Somewhere in the middle