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I'm walking in the street
With the lastest on my feet
And the hair that makes the people stop and stare
I got no money, but that's okay
Because I live from day to day
And I'm free to come and go just as I please
Wild, wild, wild, youth
Wild, wild, wild, youth
Wild, wild, wild, youth
My records are so load
I gotta hang out with the crowd
Because the usual crew are sus on what to do
Mom and dad says I can't win
Because it gets you in the end
The regale is the gun that shoots the man
Wild, wild, wild, youth
Wild, wild, wild, youth
Wild, wild, wild, youth
Wild youth
Wild youth
Wild youth
Wild, wild, wild, youth
Wild, wild, wild, youth
Wild, wild, wild, youth
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