you know you got to slow it down I am talking, cause I'm right. you're getting in my hair we are soon to start a fight f**k you 4x remember football in the streets, remember fighting over me the day you fell out of that tree, tree all these times we had a ball he's my brother, we're a band but my patience is running out. he's a really nice guy, I'd like to punch him on his mouth f**k you 4x if you really need him you can take it easy if you really need him we're driving through these drunken nights angry looks filled with pride silence is broken by a laugh, laugh we knew this from the start f**k you 4x f**k you 4x