None of you Even have a clue

Aviator fly, take 'em really high Never even see my competition in the sky Aviator fly, super duper high Take the mask away and kill the oxygen supply

The sky in June, it looks dark maroon I shovel out pieces of my heart with a spoon I'm in my El Camino, I park on the moon See, these are fucking tears of joy, just tears of joy I'm saying fuck this, no congratulations from the people I came up with All of them are hating on me, saying I'm a punk bitch Fuck it, though, I ain't even looking twice Y'all should have worked hard, been humble, and took advice Ugh, I gotta lotta alcohol inside me I love my fans cause I know that half of y'all are like me And even if you don't like me, please show respect to the fact I'm trying to liberate your psyche Freed up, I mean I'm trying to free up people And if you know an artist, tell him that need a people It's time to readjust the kick in the snare level It's like (wincing at a rock killed hair metal)?

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So happy New Year's, motherfuckers

It's looking like I've never gotta work at Fuddruckers It's looking like the only thing I gotta do is be creative That's the reason that I do it, I don't do it to be famous Do I thank God for giving me my talent? Or do I thank my chemical imbalance? The generously gentle and degenerate jackass Hate is not the new, it's just primitive backlash Yes sir So readjust your bow tie, readjust your suit Every single one of you still needs us, this the proof And death can't stop me, it's a beautiful obsession I'm going past the light like a funeral procession Freed up, I mean I'm yelling kingdom come I always walk to the beat of my own drum I always walk to the beat of my own drum And I stand by the words that come from my own tongue

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From Abbie Hoffman to Andy Kaufman
I'm gonna be buried in the candy coffin
I'm gonna rap hard hoping it'll pay bills

Or I'll blow birds up like I'm Randy Johnson Looking in the mirror saying, "Damn, he's awesome