

Gym Class Heroes, Martyrial Girl\$

I'm officially going in
And refusing to come out
Unless I'm bloody
Let's go

I'd like to think I pride myself on being humble
And let these other motherfuckers lose touch like a fumble
Cause you can keep a level head and have fun too
But I came to promote the game till they saying uncle
At least till my name's in the same lane as
You gonna have to respect me for making being uncool cool
With no capris and sandals, ray bans, skinny pants and flannels
So insecure I'm tugging at my t-shirt
Cause I swear the girl behind me staring at my love handles
I just wanna change the channel or delete them
Where the fuck is adam sandler when you need him?
Or christopher walken
On my papercut shit again, thank god for walkmans
And I gotta thank God often
Cause otherwise I'd be like these other guys

This type of scene just ain't my thing
And everybody too cool for school
And yet somehow I never felt so alone
In a room full of people
So now I'mma seat on this stoop
And I'mma gonna lace up my boots
And keep on walking till I make my way home

Can someone tell me how I got here in the first place
Cause honestly in my opinion this the worst place
I mean I even said hello to a few girls
I feel like brad pitt stuck in cool world
Cause everything so foreign
And all the conversation is boring
I mean I'm practically snoring
Cause somebody please show me the door man
Cause I don't think that I can take it
Everybody here is desperate hit like replacements
That's probably why I ain't sayin' shit
Oh what the hell I might as well get wasted
Cause I'd rather be sedated
Than conversate about whose sneakers are more outrageous
Or whose outfit's the latest
I think I'll blow jokes on you, greatest

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Ladies and gentlemen
Boys and girls
I'd advise you all
To the papercut chronicles ii
It don't get much better

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