

Kurt Cobain

Astronautalis

All the cool kids in the North wishin' they were Southern
So they wear boots and drink whiskey just like Waylon
All the cool kids in the heart of Dixie try to shake they accent
Before they move to Portland
All the thugs dress like punks with studded leather belts
Denim vests, and they start skateboarding, na na na
While all the punks dress like thugs with New Era fitted caps
Snapbacks, white ones, and some clean Air Jordans
Kurt Cobain can smash all the guitars he like cause he was rich as fuck
Just like John Lennon
And these days no one ever drowns in quicksand
Or dies from the plague, yup, the golden age is boring
I swore I heard, Andre 3K, say one day, ay
That "Rap was a young man's game,"
I never thought I'd be pushing fucking 33 see? Still
Making a living off the things that I say
But hey, Rap is dead
Punk is dead
We all seen that T-shirt
When the drugs kick in and it thumps like this
Dancing 'til our feet hurt
Some old man is swearing
"Vote for me, it ain't gon' be worse!"
But I hate to burst your bubble baby
It's gon' be worse!
So me first, leave first, Katrina breaks them damn dykes
What would you do for some freedom and a Klondike?
I'll screw with you when our bosses all just decide life
Would be better for them if they laid you off and just said goodnight
Gun pulled on me by a cop one time
Four guns pulled on me in Atlanta last night
What struck me as funny is that both damn times
The conversation started with the exact same line!
Put up your hands!
C'mon and put up your hands!
Put up your hands!
C'mon and put up your hands!
Put up your hands!
C'mon and put up your hands!
Put up your hands!
C'mon and put up your hands!
I'm from the state of the 20g rim
Sitting up under five hundred dollar lemon

Pushing this whip, best be bringing your friends
Because you'll be pushing this whip when it breaks down again
I'm from the nation of that war on drugs
40 billion a year, can't ball like us
They, bring in the coca, and we bring in the guns
Just kill a few soldiers push the coke price up
It's all, lucrative business, lipstick-on-a-pig shit
Yeah the, coupe is horrendous but the rims are stupendous
Go ahead and just tell me you know how you can end this
Middle of the mall ball till you fall with a fake-ass pendent
While you waiting in line to cop an iPhone 5
So you can blog some pictures of places
You been in your life
Go on and bump this on your Beats By Dre at work
Staring at the sky
My homies said, "fuck a business loan!"
They stole copper pipes
Rap is dead, Punk is dead, we all seen that t-shirt
Drugs kick in and it thumps like this
Dancing 'til our feet hurt
Some old man is swearing
"Vote for me! It ain't gon' be worse!"
But I hate to burst your bubble, baby
It's gon' be worse!
So fuck them and fuck this!
I'm off to live my own life
What would you do for some freedom and a Klondike?
I'm fucking through, so from now on I am on my
All news is bad news
Everything is alright
Put up your hands!
C'mon and put up your hands!
Put up your hands!
C'mon and put up your hands!
Put up your hands!
C'mon and put up your hands!
Put up your hands!
C'mon and put up your hands!
Your hands!
Damn!

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