

Bomb The Music Industry!, Old And Unprofessional

I got seven gallons in my tank.
That's enough to get me back to Queens so I can write this song.

I got \$300. I can pay rent this month.
Oh my god! It's just enough.
Oh my god! I'm all grown up.

Burritos, malt liquor, Katamari, broken tuner.
Two days. Three bones times one oh oh.
Oh my god!

HOORAY for the young professionals!
We'll stay out of your way. We will give you the world.
We will find an easy way to live life far away from you.
Give head. Get ahead. Play dirty, not fair.
Be a billionaire. Be a jillion... uh... aire.
But you'll all be same until you're old and unprofessional like me.

- Get a job.
- Try having fun.