

Suburban Legends, High Fives

Don't stop
Get it out
Don't leave a brother hangin' when he's holdin' out
I can't believe this rock show's totally bitchin'

And I know that you want to be like me
But you look so out of place
And I know
You got no style

Everybody come on
I got a raised truck that's totally bomb
When you're hangin' with the bros it's guaranteed
Look at your mom

Givin' high fives to all the guys
High fives to all the guys
High fives to all the guys
Props to the homies in the field
Whoa-yeah
So rock it out

After school
Parking lot
Its party time, good tunes bumpin' from my truck
I can't believe we look so totally bitchin'

And I know that you want to be like us
But you look so out of place
And I know
You got no style

Everybody come on
I got a raised truck that's totally bomb
When you're hangin' with the bros it's guaranteed
Sex at the prom

Givin' high fives to all the guys
High fives to all the guys
High fives to all the guys
You just forgot your girlfriend even existed
When the bros showed up and things got totally bitchin'
Whoa-yeah yeah yeah
We're rockin' out

And I see
You're lookin' to fight
But I don't care, how you're feelin' tonight
You and me
Let's step outside
Go, go, go-go-go, let's go!

Don't leave it hangin'
When you're holdin' out
Unless there's somthin' better to do

High fives to all the guys
High fives to all the guys
High fives to all the guys
Maybe I'll stretch my ears a little bigger
If I get a tattoo, the girls will come even quicker

Whoa-yeah yeah yeah
Whoa-yeah yeah yeah

And we're rockin' out
Yeah yeah we're rockin' out

(One two high five!)

High fives to all the guys
High fives to all the guys
High fives to all the guys
Giving props to
The homies in the field
Well your best friend finally copped a feel