Butch Walker, Get Down

So you had a lot of friends, big black Benz,
Rockin' like "Dokken" til the party ends.
Pink champagne, can't complain, everyone's there for you.
Messed up hair, messed up nose,
Cocaine habit that no one knows about.
Even thought the lies get told, everybody knows the truth.

Can ya get down?
I don't wanna be around
When you come down
Get your feet back on the ground
Can ya get down?
You ain't acting like you're suppose to
When you fall down, will it even make a sound

'Cause you're a boom batter and your wallet's getting fatter,
fatter
Livin' for yourself thinkin' no one else will even matter
Skeezin' and you sneezing, your allergic to the normal crowd
I heard you were from Cartersville
(Oh my God, don't say that too loud!)
So afraid that they're gonna know, that you're gonna show that you're normal
Normal? [normal!]
Shit I'd better fight, overdose, date a model I suppose
Everything'll be alright

Can ya get down
I don't wanna be around when you come down
Get your feet back on the ground
Can ya get down
You ain't acting like you're s'posed to
When you fall down
Will it even make a sound?

Can you get down?
I don't wanna be around
When you come down
Get your feet back on the ground
Can ya get down
You ain't acting like you're suppose to
When you fall down, will it even make a sound?

Keep it down
I don't wanna be around
Keep it down
I don't wanna be around
When you come down
Get your feet back on the ground.
Can ya get down
You ain't acting like you're suppose to (s'posed to)
Will it even make a sound?