

Gym Class Heroes, Peace Sign/Index Down

"Gym Class Heroes"

Gym Class Heroes

Cool and Dre

(This is)

You silly for this one

It's Travié.

(Why you doin' this to me?)

I started rappin' back in the class scribbling tracks
In hopes that one of my jokes would have the pretty young things laughin'
The chubby little bastard with a knack for Little Debbie's snacks
But what I lacked in looks I made up for it in passion
No ifs, ands or buts, we make it happen
Your conscience more obnoxious than that Laffy Taffy snappin'
Goodbye yesterday's rags, hello high fashion
Hands before you's a man that built a castle with sand
With no regards for tidal waves and finally established
Til the water comes in gallon drums and wipes away my palace
But now I'm sittin' lovely off in Wonderland with Alice
With purple people passin' me the caterpillars chalice
You probably thinking I'm wrong right?
Like I should quit writing these songs right?
Tell you what...do it better I just might
Take it back to '86 you want a lick, psyche!

Don't let the TV mislead you
Me and you dude we are not equal
Fuck you, this is for my people
Fuck you, this is for my people
Dont try to hide like I can't see you
Your parents must've been trans and so see through
Fuck you, this is for my people
Fuck you, this is for my people
Put up your peace sign, put your index down
Put up your peace sign, put your index down
Put up your peace sign, put your index down
Put up your peace sign, put your index down.

"Busta Rhymes"

Bust it.

Before I utter words and before I start to begin
Let me make sure you clear I'm about securin' the win!
I puzzle up my words while I piece another concoction
Cause I'm stubborn with the thought that failure is never an option
I grinds like a carpenter until my callouses bleed
With the passion from my heart to the many mouths that I feed
Thats why I look at most of you stupid I know it's odd
Because you cant really do nothin' to me unless you "god!"
But bein' that none of you ain't him
You cant fuck with me, now watch me erase them
Now trust me, see I'm so determined
I'm walkin' through the heap of gauntlets while the fire is burnin'
Or how the tires turning on the rim of the V
I laugh and shake it off the shit they be doin' to me
Wit all the yappin' and talking and so and so,
You think that you can ever stop the kid? "Oh no!"

So if you get in my way you know yer done, son
You best believe what I say, you better run son
Fuck you, because I do this for my loved ones
Fuck you, because I do this for my loved ones
You better kneel down and pray, 'cause where I come from
We goin' hard everyday thats how the fights won
Fuck you, because I do this for my loved ones

Fuck you, because I do this for my loved ones
Put up the peace sign, put the index down
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"Gym Class Heroes"

Look mom no hands
No hands
Your little boy's a man
Goddamn
Everything you said is finally settin' in
Trainin' wheels fell off and I kept pedalin'
Kept pedalin'
Now I'm ridin' wheelies on this industry
Say the word Ill ghost ride this bitch instantly
Good lookin' pop on the strength that you givin' me
Wasnt for you, Gym Class would be history
Im on my upstate shit
I was Brooklyn broke but now I'm upstate rich
Gettin' brains from two dames with French accents
Now I mess with local chicks I get em upstate shit
You probably thinking I'm wrong right?
Like I should quit writin' these songs right?
Tell you what do it better I just might
Take it back to '86 you want a lick, psyche!

Now its a lot of y'all that can't stand me
Cause my resemblance to Prince is uncanny
Fuck you, this is for my family
Fuck you, this is for my family
Upstate New York to Miami
Up late, recording in my jammies
I do it for my family
Fuck you, this is for my family
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