

Sum 41, It's What We're All About

Never the less am I dressed for the occasion, it's number 32 now here's the situation.
If the beat moves your feet then don't change the station.
Pack you bags 'cause we're leavin' on a permanent vacation.
Well, I'm a disaster, a micro phone master.
Put on the tape and rock the ghetto blaster.
It's not about spendin' money at hotels and resorts
It's about sweatin' on the bitches in the biker shorts.
I'm Hot Chocolate and you see me runnin' late
'cause I'm always makin' time to make your girly feel great.
And I'm Bizzy D from way down town
I know how to rock a mic like the king and his crown.

When I'm on top I'm gonna ball back booty hustlin' deals like Mickey Moncotie. When I wake up I lil
Rock, it's what we're all about, it's what we live for come on shout it out(x4)
See me in 3d I'm comin' line-in direct with a dialect most men in science can't dissect.
Thoughts interwoven and letters interlocked
sellout fiend to blow off steam and get my cream.
Sum 41 gettin' wild, I get frantic.
Every time we spin it the world panics.
I may have lost my mind but I ain't flew the coop
Sum 41 just ain't about a loop.
Ring a ling ding dong tick tock shit, it's all about that, and maybe all about rock.