

The Trend

by The Bubba Joe Poetry Band
a parody of "In the End" by Linkin Park

I've got just one...
One thing to say --
You'll be more gangsta if you talk this way.
Strive to keep the jive alive
On your disc drive.
Check it out --
I listen to rap every day,
Learnin' new words in every way.
Hangin' with my homies and cruisin' through the hood.
It's all good.
I'm just so bad...
You know what I want to do?
You know what I'll do when this song is through?
I'm gonna find the losers who ain't got a clue
And kick 'em in the knee
With my shoe.
Then I'll hop in my ride, head out to the west side to the place I reside
I've come to see it's a tragedy that to some degree...

...I've talked so long
And thought so hard
About this trend
Of tryin' to be a rapper.
I don't know why
I'm not that guy.
I'm just really
Not much of a gangster.

Yo, ain't got nothing to prove.
Maybe gangsta just ain't my groove.
Maybe I should be a little more me
And try to see where I
Really fit in.
I could be a garbage man,
Rollin' through the city emptyin' the trash cans.
Or what about bein' a farm hand?
Or forming a world-class
Poetry band?
I can see it now --
I'll get up on the stage and I'll take a bow.
I'll start readin' poetry to the crowd.

Now I know what to do, I just
Don't know how.

I could move to the Midwest, buy an easy chair and kick up the footrest,
Grab an old guitar and a beat-up car and get away from the life where I...

... talked so long
And thought so hard
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I don't know why
I'm not that guy.
I'm just really
Not much of a gangster.

I was born to be Bubba Joe.
That's the one thing that I know.
I'm content
To play my old banjo.

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