

Hip Hop Kids
Portugal. The Man

Same chords throughout. Æber simple. Love the song. Don t fuck it up.

Intro:

Em **D** **A** **E**

Verse 1:

I went out to take a walk with my baby daughter.
Brought her coat from Paris; that one I bought her.
And we brought some bread to feed the swans,
But they were already gone, they were already gone.

Chorus:

Ya ya the punks are tough
Fuck those rock and rollers
All the hip hop kids
Think we give a shit, well
We don t, we don t, we don t.
We don t, we don t, we don t.

Verse 2:

I m your mother s son, that fucking holy roller
And I just stand still
Watch the world grow colder
And I can t change, I can t change.

Chorus:

Ya ya the punks are tough
Fuck those rock and rollers
All the hip hop kids
Think we give a shit, well
We don t, we don t, we don t.
We don t, we don t, we don t.

Outro:

And I got work to do when
I ll play with your head in your hands
I ll just lay with my head in my hands.

I m not afraid to die.
Don t care if I get older.
Cry, cry, no I don t cry,
I just take it over.
I just take it over.

You love those rock and rollers.
You love those rock and rollers.