VOLUME 6. *STUDIO CHUMP*

“COUNTRYCORE” *by FOREST CHUMP*

“EGO” *by FOREST CHUMP*

“FEELIN’ RECKLESS” *by FOREST CHUMP*

“DON’T SCOOTER BRAUN ME” *by FOREST CHUMP*

“DOUBLE WIDE ROCKET” *by FOREST CHUMP*

“KISS KISS BANG BANG” *by FOREST CHUMP*

“PILLBILLY BLUES” *by FOREST CHUMP*

“MAGNUS’S THEME” by *FOREST CHUMP*

“ALL I DO IS EAT & WEAR MY MONEY” by *FOREST CHUMP*

“TROUBLE IN MIND” *by RICHARD M. JONES*

“BUSY LIVIN’ OR BUSY DYIN’” by *FOREST CHUMP*

“ROUND TOP DAYS” *by FOREST CHUMP*

“COUNTRYCORE” *by FOREST CHUMP*

Sittin’ on my tractor, eatin’ spaghetti
Got Bud Light ice down in my Yeti

John Deere rollin’, LA trollin’
Applebee's for dinner — that's where I'm going

You're a country pop, top 40 hit song
Droppin’ blue collar name brands all day long

Swapped your Maserati for an F-150
No clue about Hank, Strait, Haggard, or Willie

Droppin’ bars with more brands than the Dutton Ranch,
makin’ those Ivy League ad execs cream in their pants.

CountryCore
CountryCore

Cus’ your rodeo reppin’, two-steppin’ in the land of the free
red, white, and blue, sippin’ that whiskey and sweet tea

CountryCore
CountryCore

Rodeo Drive Walmart rollin’
In your cyber truck

I'm not hatin’ — just wonderin’
Where you get the pen to sign up

Cus’ I've done much more for much less
the dollar’s got my soul

I'm goin’ all in on all this
gonna give those dice a roll

“EGO” *by FOREST CHUMP*

Knock, knock
It's your ego here
Thought you ought to know
That you’re a fake and a fraud
And everybody knows

Knock, knock
It's your ego again
One thing I want to add
Don't bother chasing
Those dreams that you have
Cause you're gonna fail and end up looking really fucking sad

E-E-E-go, go fuck yourself
E-E-E-go, go fuck yourself
E-E-E-go, I ain't got time for (mother fuckin’) your shit

Knock, knock
It's your ego here
One thing I want to say
I’m that voice of
Doubt in your head
Showin’ up everyday

Knock, knock
It's your ego again
Just consider this
There's no point pushin’
Tryin’ or grindin’ cuz
You ain’t gonna amount to shit

“FEELIN’ RECKLESS” *by FOREST CHUMP*

TEXAS
TNT
RECKLESS
Well I guess that’s me

Turn down life’s troubles
And pump up that bass
I’m about to get down like a rodeo clown
And I’m gonna need my space

I’m feelin’ reckless
Got that devil in my soul
Don’t give a damn my man
Cus’ I’m outta control

Turn it up loud, I’m redneck proud
Only came here to do two things
Kick a little ass and drink some beer
Cus’ I’m a one man wreckin’ machine

HOUSTON
HURRICANE
RECKLESS
Might as well be my middle name

A little more drinkin’
A little less thinkin’
GOOD TIMES
Are my philosophy of mind

“DON’T SCOOTER BRAUN ME” *by FOREST CHUMP*

Remember all those nights
You made me stay up till five
Writing draft after draft of love song for you
Because of your fragile ego inside

Since I write all the music
And if you don't have a gun, the lyrics too
I'll take these chords you loved
And write some dumb ass lyrics just for you

Don't scooter Braun me
Or force someone to write love songs for you
Don't scooter Braun me, abusin’ and usin’ someone
Is a scooter thing to do

“DOUBLE WIDE ROCKET” *by FOREST CHUMP*

Boogie Down H town, Deep Space Cowboy
Most wanted man in the galaxy
Flying through space in his double wide rocket
Giving zero F’s in zero G’s

Let her rip. All systems go
Okay, 3-2-1, blast off

5150 at the cowboy disco
Houston to base, yeah, we're losing control
5150 at the cowboy disco

Boogie Down H town, Deep Space Cowgirl
Most wanted gal in the galaxy
Flying through space in her double wide rocket
Giving zero F’s in zero G’s

31st century’s Bonnie and Clyde
Disco dancing, outlaw romancing through space
Life's ride’s short, so find your P-I-C
Turn down life's trebles and turn up that bass

“KISS KISS BANG BANG” *by FOREST CHUMP*

She makes coffee nervous
She's a con man on the go
Can sell water to a faucet
Ice to an Eskimo

She's hotter than a furnace
Making grown men nervous

She says kiss kiss bang bang

And she moves to the groove
Till she just can't stop

She says kiss kiss bang bang

She rolls like a boss
And she flexes like Rick Ross

And she's about to…set it off
She says kiss kiss bang bang
Kiss kiss bang bang

Kiss kiss and bang bang baby
She's the worst kind of wrong for you

Kiss kiss and bang bang baby
Better run when you see her come for you

This book's got some pretty covers
But you better make sure that you read it too

Cuz at the end of chapter one, you're gonna find out
That she's the worst kind of wrong for you

Drippin’ charm, cool & calm
Hips that just don’t quit.
Can take the shirt right off your back
She’s got more game and slick than Rick.

“PILLBILLY BLUES” *by FOREST CHUMP*

Well, I'm tryin’ to stay out of that three-piece cage
It's hard to make a livin’ slingin’ rhythm these days
When you sell the music that you make online for fuckin’ free

But bless your heart, don't you worry ’bout me
I make two cents for every thousand YouTube streams
So at this rate, I guess I'll break even in a thousand years

When I get what I want, I don't want it no more
If I got three pills, I wish that I had four
Cus’ pills and late bills are this pill billy's elegy

God forbid that I should drop one on the floor.
I'll be like Sherlock Holmes on Molly with my four on the floor,
Cus’ pills and late bills are this pill billy's elegy.

I tried to take my life back in ’21
Woke up in a psych ward, brother, that ain't fun
But I guess my wife's right though
I do half-ass everything

Who knew that rock bottom had a basement
I'd ask God for more time
But I'd probably just waste it
Sittin’ on my ass, drinkin’ beer, and watchin’ TV

“MAGNUS’S THEME” by *FOREST CHUMP*

“ALL I DO IS EAT AND WEAR MY MONEY” *by FOREST CHUMP*

All I do is eat and wear my money
Caviar, champagne, foie gras and Balmain

Can't take a chance — it might burn a hole right in my pocket
And if you're about to buy it, well, then I've already got it

All I do is eat and wear my money
To fill this deep emptiness I have inside

Ain’t got any time for any introspection
I'm too busy committing financial suicide

Eating and wearing my money is wearing me out
I make them blue collar dollars, and I ain't Richie Rich

And when it comes right down to it, I have to be honest
I buy the absolute dumbest fucking shit

Like a cashmere shirt with a sloth on a stripper pole
It's like nothing I buy will fill this massive hole

I ain't got any time for any introspection
I'm too busy committing financial suicide

“TROUBLE IN MIND” *by RICHARD M. JONES*

Trouble in mind, I'm blue

But I won't be blue always

'Cause the sun's ain’t gonna shine

On my back door some day

Well I’m gonna lay my head down low

On that lonesome railroad line

And let that midnight special

Pacify my mind

“BUSY LIVIN’, BUSY DYIN’” *by FOREST CHUMP*

Time is passing me by
Time is never on my side
Even when I'm with others, I'm all alone
Just like a cowboy, I was meant to roam

Minutes into hours, into days
Weeks into months — it's all the same
If I could tell you, I would be lying
Am I busy living or busy dying

How do you know what you're supposed to do
Am I just meant to play Bob Wills and sing the blues
Well, it's not like I can do anything else
I'm down too far on this road of life to put it in reverse

Minutes into hours, into days
Weeks into months — it's all the same
If I could tell you, I would be lying
Am I busy living or busy dying

“ROUND TOP DAYS” *by FOREST CHUMP*

I'll never forget
Our first time we went away
Falling in love all the while
During those Round Top days

Losin’ ourselves and each other
Time seemed to stand still
I wish I could go back
To those Round Top days

Round Top days
Created by God from above
Memories that fill two lifetimes
Where we fell in love

Round Top days
Twin souls on fire in a blaze
I'll never forget those memories we made
Those Round Top days

Gee, ain't it funny
How time slips away
And what it does to love
Along the way

Now the only thing left
That survived the theft of time
Are the fading memories of
Those Round Top days we left behind