

KITSCH - IVE

english version by memoriia

[Verse 1]

It's our time.
Gettin' too loud.
Wind in my hair, pink clouds.
Oh what a good time!
Tap in, school's out.
I'm throwing the rules out.

I can't deny, I have a lot of pride.
I'm just one of a kind.
A bit too proud.
(That's my style.)

OOTD on your FYP.
One swipe, I'll BRB.
My favorites things: being young, having fun.
Say shit up-front, I'm too blunt.

'Cause I will never live another day
where I am not me.
Not my style.
(That's my style.)

[Pre-Chorus]

You can't kill my vibe. My Highteen's Kitsch.
Who could fill my shoes when they're a custom fit?
We create trends like it's '96.
Cannot join my circle if you can't commit.

They see me break standards every hour or so.
They can't help but stand up when they hear our song.

If life was a game I'd have the highest score.
What you call too flashy I call Highteen's Kitsch.

[Chorus]

You can't kill my vibe. My Highteen's Kitsch.
You can't, you can't kill my vibe. My Highteen's Kitsch.

You can't kill my vibe. My Highteen's Kitsch.
You can't, you can't kill my vibe. My Highteen's Kitsch.
Kitsch, Kitsch, Kitsch, Kitsch, Kitsch, Kitsch, Kitsch.
You can't kill my vibe. My Highteen's Kitsch.
You can't, you can't kill my vibe, no.

[Verse 2]

We're miles apart.
Not even near.
No way you'll find true love here.
Your goals are clear.
Don't even start.
Don't knock-knock on my heart.

'Cause I will never waste another night
in tears that can't be wiped.
Not my style.
(That's my style.)

[Pre-Chorus]

You can't kill my vibe. My Highteen's Kitsch.
Hot under your collar, mine's a custom fit.
Feelin' young and wild, like I'm nineteen-ish.
You can't join my clique, I guess we're too close-knit.

They see me break standards every hour or so.
They can't help but stand up when they hear our song.

If life was a game I'd have the highest score.
What you call too tacky I call Highteen's Kitsch.

[Chorus]

You can't kill my vibe. My Highteen's Kitsch.
You can't, you can't kill my vibe. My Highteen's Kitsch.
You can't kill my vibe. My Highteen's Kitsch.
You can't, you can't kill my vibe. My Highteen's Kitsch.
Kitsch, Kitsch, Kitsch, Kitsch, Kitsch, Kitsch, Kitsch.
You can't kill my vibe. My Highteen's Kitsch.
You can't, you can't kill my vibe, no.

[Verse 3 (Rap)]

Yah. Watchu gotta say?
I'm the best at what I do.
I do it everyday.
Huh, this ain't your life.
I'm just here to thrive,
You better go away!

Talk your talk, I'll walk my walk.
So don't get in my way.
You know there's no, no way that I'll back out.
Next big thing, I'll break out.
Blow a kiss and peace out!

[Pre-Chorus]

You can't kill my vibe. My Highteen's Kitsch.
Feel good in my skin and in my custom fit.
Leading the next gen like we're nineties kids.
Join the revolution if you think you'll fit.

They see me break standards every hour or so.
They can't help but stand up when they hear our song.

If life was a game I'd have the highest score.
Always keep it classy, keep it Highteen's Kitsch.

[Chorus]

You can't kill my vibe. My Highteen's Kitsch.
You can't, you can't kill my vibe. My Highteen's Kitsch.
You can't kill my vibe. My Highteen's Kitsch.
You can't, you can't kill my vibe. My Highteen's Kitsch.
Kitsch, Kitsch, Kitsch, Kitsch, Kitsch, Kitsch, Kitsch.
You can't kill my vibe. My Highteen's Kitsch.
You can't, you can't kill my vibe, no.