

Words, Words, Words (Studio)

Bo Burnham

I'm a feminine Eminem, a Slim Shady lady
But nice cause I texted Haiti
90 lady cops on the road, and I'm arrested for doing 80
Like hamlet, all about words, words, words
Divide a whole into thirds, thirds, thirds
I'm a gay sea otter
I blow other dudes out of the water I'm the man muffin, diving, muffin,
Cold and fly like an arctic puffin,
Puffin' whacky tobaccy
Hating other rappers like I'm Helga Pataki
And I've been rocking this mic before electricity
Way back in 1000 BCE
That's before the common era, era, era, era, (era era)
Oh I can't be stopped, flow so sick that it should be mopped up
Chick's got a dixie cup, I got a dick full of helium, I'll fuck you up
A boy, a girl, a middle aged bitch, botox in the third person
I give the perspective a switch and Bo talks in the third person
Just relax, if you want to know me, here's two facts: I hate catchy choruses and I'm a hypocrite
Hungry, hungry hypocrite
I hate catchy choruses and I'm a hypocrite Met a girl named Macy, had sex with her all day
But she was dyslexic, so I ended up doin the YMCA
We balling, asian, wii bowling, prostate cancer semi-colon
Find that hole like I'm Stephen Hawking,
Atticus Finch, killing, mocking Cry, like a child would, you raped my childhood
Just stroll in, rollin' your pole into Rolie Polie Olie's colon
To relax my mind, I take a walk by the clock and I pass the time and
Rhyming, mathematical timing, syntax impacts the intact hymen
I'm an internet provider, came from the web like a horny spider
Fucked a girl in an apple orchard, then came in cider
I thought AIDS was a butt virus like conjunction junction, conjunctivitis
I spit gold bars cause I was molested by my uncle Midas
Gay dads blow pops, another sucker
Oedipus was the first mother fucker I hate catchy choruses and I'm a hypocrite
Hungry, hungry hypocrite
I hate catchy choruses and I'm a hypocrite We the people of the USA
Jose, we're not talking to you, essé
We got a border in order to keep you out
It's what my NYU essay's about Cause we're, xenophobic warrior princess
Molested by my uncle sam, is that incest?
"I WANT YOU" to smell my finger
Does my nephew's scent still linger? South of queers, north of Hell
The queer ones suck and the brown ones smell

We guard the border and we guard it well
But some slip through the cracks of the liberty bell
Did I say liberty? I meant taco, Paco, hey you better let that rock go
Cause in real life Goliath wins
And then sells all the silk that the widow spins One more time I hate catchy choruses and I'm a
hypocrite
Hungry hungry hypocrite
I hate catchy choruses and I'm a hypocrite. Yeah, break it down now, what Bitches and hoes,
Bo's hoes, oh, bitches and hoes, bitches, hoes
Bitches and hoes don't exist, because the hoes know Bo's a feminist
Bitches and hoes don't exist, because the hoes know Bo's a feminist
So take off your bras and burn em, or you can let me burn em
Take off your bras and burn em, or you can let Bo Burnham burn em
Take off your bras and burn em, or you can let me burn em
Take off your bras and burn em, burn-em, or you can let Bo Burnham burn em

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