Words, Words, Words

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, divin', muffin,
cold and fly like an arctic puffin,
puffin whacky tobaccy
hatin other rappers like I'm Helga Pataki
and I've been rockin this mic before electricity
way back in 1000 BCE - that's before the common era.
I can't be stopped, flow so sick that it should be mopped up
chick's got a dixie cup, I gotta 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 wanna know me, here's two facts
I hate catchy choruses and I'm a hypocrite.
hungry hungry hippocrite.
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 ballin, asian, wii bowlin, 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, roll in 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
rhymin, mathematic timin, 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 (inside her)

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 motherfucker.
I hate catchy choruses and I'm a hypocrite.
hungry hungry hippocrite.

I hate catchy choruses and I'm a hypocrite.
we the people of the USA
Jose, we're not talkin to you, esse.
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 one's 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.
I hate catchy choruses and I'm a hypocrite.
hungry hungry hippocrite.
I hate catchy choruses and I'm a hypocrite.
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.

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