Nerds

Bo Burnham

I'm a faggot, I'm a retard
I got a girl's bag and a v-card
I got three friends and a whack-ass ride
You can judge by the cover cause it's shitty on the inside
No girls want to fuck me, trust me
I don't give a fuck, don't adjust me
Just, please, shut your face hole for just one second"Fuck you, faggot. You're so fucking dumb!"
Dumb? I'm the dumb one?
Calm down, Bo. Just count to ten
Um, one, two, three, whore - I mean four
Three, four five, bitch - I mean six
Shit, I quit. I got no patience
You won, I face it
Your life peaks at graduation
Well, congradu-fucking-lationsNerds
The faggots, the spastic fat chicks who sit in the back with no one to do their lab with
Nerds
The kid with acne and tons of Proactiv packed inside his backpack
I got your back, kidAnd do you know why, kid, I can rap so mean?
I was reading while you were fucking the Prom Queen
Huddle up reading, no lacrosse team
"Huddle up, huddle up."
What? You lost meSorry, bro, did I interrupt the circle of jerks all circle-jerking?
I need saving? Fuck no
Quoth the Raven? No, fuck Poe
Ah, shit I'm bitchin', listen
They don't know what they're missing
For instance, I like poetry, I like instruments
Maybe we have similar interests
But it's no fall-balls, no balls fall
Just sit and scrawl on the stall wall
At three PM I pause
That shit sounds like applauseNerds
The faggots, the spastic fat chicks who sit in the back with no one to do their lab with
Nerds
The kid with acne and tons of Proactiv packed inside his backpack
I got your back, kid.She stood in line and got cut
Tried out, got cut
Loved art, but the budget got cut

Then she got numb and she only felt when she knelt and cutNerds
The faggots, the spastic fat chicks who sit in the back with no one to do their lab with Nerds
The kid with acne and tons of Proactiv packed inside his backpack
I got your back, kidI know it's bad, kid
I got your back, kid

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