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

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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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