

Michael Cera

Michael Christmas

I think I'm Michael Cera, I might be Jonah Hill
I might be awkward still, I might be out to kill
I might be at the arty, tryna score with a whore named Becca only had 2 shots and I'm throwing up liquor
George Michael Jr. she gone let me smash, maybe. After she see the video for Daily
After she see the money I ain't making. After she see the way I make my bacon
Smooth nigga rapping? That's not me, I could lose my car keys faster than Nando moving pianos
Ugh, y'all could still get duffed like Mclovin. I'm hard cousin y'all some egg McMuffins
Something, something, nigga I ain't bluffing, always money in the business that banana stand budget
Did you get that, you didn't? Well then you, didn't listen I think I'm Michael Ceraaaaaaaaaa 2, coming with that
OE brew, or a miller with my niggaaa, Buster got the juice
Gan Gan got enough L to serve the troops, she turn up more than me. We turn up more than you
They say I'm off that candy for your nose, but what do you suppose, losing all my major roles
It's like if Michael Christmas one day wasn't booked for shows. Imagine Suplex Steve not jumping off the
fucking ropes
Head bussin' like Bone Crusher, you bone suckers
Could never stop me, just steal thhe stream and watch me
And as I practice using all this force in my garage, having dreams bout throwing Maeby mixed with Ann in a
menage
4 bars hotter than songs by Doin-The-Most Jones, rolling stoned, getting messages like I got 4 phones
Hair grown I'm a man homes. Tryna bone bad bitches then I'm gone, I think I'm Michael Cera
(*Beautiful singing*)
... I think I'm Michael Cera Nigga I'm
Superbad, sup-superbad aye.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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