

What's Funny

Bo Burnham

My show is a little bit silly and a little bit pretentious
Like Shakespeare's willy or Noam Chomsky wearing a strap on,
It's also a little bit gay and a little offensive,
Like Thanksgiving Day or Noam Chomsky wearing a strap on,
So put your cell phones to vibrate,
And put your vibrators to cell phone mode,
Welcome to the show it goes a little bit like this,
JOKE... (laugh)... exactly.

Welcome to my flow it flows a little bit like this,
With a rap a dist and a,
Swift rap on the wrist a wrap and a kiss,
Like Hershey's wrapping a kiss shit.
I got a show that'll test ya kids,
Then ask one question and the question is,
(CHORUS)

Whats funny?, whats funny? whats funny? whats funny?. (x3)

Oh yeah

Humor is often linked to shared experience,
Like a guy gets up an says,
"have you noticed that public restrooms have really inefficient hand dryers,
Oh my god, yes I have, HA HA HA,
Really good point, they should fix that,
Its good to know that somebody finally gets me,
because my wife divorced me which Sub-Consciously forced me,
to lose all sense of self.
So its nice to think about hand dryers and not that cheating whore,
Because stand up comedy is actually pretty easy,
If your an asian comic just get up and say,
"My mothers got the weirdest fucking accent"
then just do, a chinese accent, because everybody laughs at the chinese accent,
Because they privately thought that your people were laughable,

And now you've given them the chance to express that in public,
If youre a musical comic, just give 'em a little weird voice inflection
Then take a Viagra and slap 'em with a rock hard misdirection

(CHORUS)

Tourettes!

(CHORUS CONTINUES)

When the audience says,

When I was a baby, maybe I laughed at people jiggling keys,
Now I'm older and bolder,
And just get mad 'cause i notice that the keys are to a hummer,
Fuck my life I don't fuck my wife,
so fuck my wife and fuck my life,
and my son is gay, but not sitcom gay,
Daughters a whore like another girl who used to be her mother,
But the marriage made her miss merry americana,
I wanna a teen without screaming prima-donna,
But the radical feminists made my wife a man,
If i die happy the situation will be auto erotic-exfixiation,
I hate my life and it hates me back, and my friend is black,
But I don't know what to call him, so I just call him...
"What-up Jamaal", Even though his name is Steve,
I Hate my job I hate my life, hate my kids I hate my wife,
Jews would know I do it; Judas beat me to it,
I'm slowly slipping into a solopcystic coma,
And I masturbate because I'm the only one who's standards are low enough to fuck me....

(CHORUS)

(pop) It's a boy!

(CHORUS CONTINUES)

Hopefully this.....(fart)

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