Whoa Whoa Whoa

Watsky

Whoa whoa whoa
What do you take us for?
Whoa whoa whoa
What do you take us for?I'm a phenomenon
And I gotta bring pain in The Octagon
When I wanna spit game at a soccer mom
I get it quicker than the left lane in the Autobahn (fast!)
Like Ramadan and I battle young padawans all the damn day
I'm getting naked and I'm hopping on a wrecking ball
So hot I got the mother fucker a la flambÃ©
I go to Miley's house, I see that Miley's home
I play Miley's ribcage with my dick, like it's a Xylie-phone
Yes, that was highly fucked up, but my skills are highly honed
And if I was highly hyphy, I might be more widely-known
C'est la vie, better pay my fee
They kick it in Seattle in a Patagonia jacket
They get it in the Bay in a plain white tee
Hey mami! You a P.Y.T (P.Y.T)
You wanna see me speak, then I go, go, go, go, go
Every time I get a beat, I know I gotta beat it up
I bend it, then I break it, then I chop it, then I eat it up
And PETA would never approve of the way I've been treating the music
I bleed it, I bruise it, I kick it to the curb
And then I'm sipping on my bourbon, I be freaking it doing it, keeping it moving
I'm picking apart the muscle when I'm thinking about the hustle
But I'm nice (nice!)Whoa whoa whoa
What do you take us for?
Whoa whoa whoa
What do you take us for?I jump the freeway median, I'm savage
Cause my mode is that I'm meaner than the average
Like my teacher taught me, when I heard the crowd applaud
I thought I was an atheist until I realized I'm a God!
It could hurt a bit when I murder shit
In a moment I'll be tying off a tourniquet
When I burn them and I hit them in the sternum
I don't even got to enter, but I'm gonna win the tournament
That's what I'm all about
I do what I got to do and never gonna pout
And I hope that it would have been the end of it and I'm out

But they never tend to give me the benefit of the doubt
Ever since I was a little kid
I know that I've been looking for the hot, hot spotlight
And if you really wonder what I think about the competition
They were not-not-not tight
I've been reading my scripture
Every photo bomber wanna be in my picture
And you better bet I'm living every single day
like it's the motherfucking Catalina Wine Mixer
Bada bing, bada boom!
When I walk in, I'm the king of the room
And I get it locked in, like the king in a tomb
When I spit a toxin and they cough on the fumes
Cause I'm back in the nick of time
And I'm attacking the fickle mind
I'm a jackal, I'll rip his hide
I'ma tackle him, pick a fight
I be Dracula set to bite
In the black of the bitter night and I'm out! (poof)Whoa whoa whoa
What do you take us for?
Whoa whoa whoa
What do you take us for?Whoa whoa whoa
What do you take us for?
Whoa whoa whoa
What do you take us for?

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