

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 soccermom
I get it quicker than the left lane on the Audubon
Fast; like Ramadan - and I battle young Padawans all the damn day
I'm getting nekked and I'm hopping on a wrecking ball
So hot I got that mothafucka 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 PYT!
Wanna see me speak? Then I go (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 and 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 freakin 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'll 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 em and I hit em in the sternum,
I don't even gotta enter but I'm gonna win the tournament
That's what I'm all about. Do what I gotta do and never gonna pout
And I hope that it woulda been the end of it and I'm out,
But they never tend to gimme the benefit of the doubt
Ever since I was a little I 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 been reading my scripture. Every photobomber wanna be in my picture
And ya betta bet I'm living every single day like it's the mothafuckin 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 a 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 attacking a fickle mind
I'm a jackal I'll rip his hid 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? (Whoa whoa whoa, what do you take us for?)
(Whoa whoa whoa, what do you take us for?)

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