

# Oh Bo – Bo Burnham

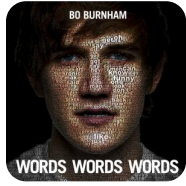
A voice for the voiceless, you know  
And now it's become,  
At least in the mainstream  
A symbol of misogyny,  
Gay panic,  
Fiscal irresponsibility  
So I figure,  
If you can't beat 'em,  
Join 'em  
Hittin' the club up VIP  
I got a fake mustache and a fake ID  
I look like Woolly Willy  
With a really wooly willy  
And I bypass the bouncer  
Pass by an ex and I flex and bounce her,  
Wowser  
Look at all of Bo's hoes  
Looking for a ride on Bo's hose  
And I spot a little Latino,  
Booty so big call it Oprah's ego  
We go to it, through it, she says,  
"Dios mio mi amigo!"  
Pull it out, stick it in your mouth,  
And I bust in the back of ya  
Swallow bitch,  
There's people starving in Africa  
Single every single day  
Do it every single way  
Make the single ladies say, oh Bo  
And if I were gay  
Though I swear I'm straight  
I'd make them fellas say  
You're an ice cream sundae  
With a cherry on top  
But careful, cherry,  
'cause I'm the King of Pop,

Pop, pop, pop, goes my weasel  
Now ya looking like Jackson Pollock's easel  
My suggestion is you don't blow  
'til you know what congestion is  
Swallow when you know what digestion is  
Follow Bo, the only question is  
Have you been splattered before  
By the mad-hatter matador?  
Cake-batter never more,  
It don't matter whether you're  
Spanish, French, Swedish or Cambodian  
I'll slime you so hard  
You could be on Nickelodeon  
Single every single day  
Do it every single way  
Make the single ladies say, oh Bo  
And if I were gay  
Though I swear I'm straight  
I'd make them fellas say, oh Bo  
Oh Bo, oh Bo, Bo, ah, oh Bo, oh Bo, oh Bo  
You think that you can handle me?  
Girl, don't make me laugh  
I said my junk is bipolar  
It will split you in half (yeah)  
And if you're lucky,  
I might just bring you home  
And I'll have you going down  
Like you're growin' an extra chromosome  
And when you love me,  
Don't grab me by the buns  
'Cause I got a bad case of the runs  
I got the runs, I got the runs  
Single every single day  
Do it every single way  
Make the single ladies say, oh Bo  
And if I were gay  
Though I swear I'm straight  
I'd make them fellas say, oh Bo  
I wanna break it down for ya'll  
I came from the streets, with nothin'

Now I'm makin' hit records  
For my people still livin' in the streets  
Still livin' in poverty,  
I wanna tell you I'm doin' this for you  
My success is your success  
And I know you may be thinkin'  
Hey, if you really believe that,  
Why don't you use some of your money  
To help rebuild the neighborhood  
Instead of putting spinning rims  
On a gold jet ski?  
And to that I say  
Uh, chorus is comin' out  
Single every single day  
Do it every single way  
Make the single ladies say, oh Bo  
And if I were gay  
Though I swear I'm straight  
I'd make them fellas say  
You gotta fume like a tuna  
I'll smell ya later  
I met a fat chick  
And fucked her in an elevator  
It was wrong on so many levels  
It was wrong on so many le-le-le-levels  
It was wrong on so many levels, uh  
It was wrong on,  
It was wrong on,  
It was wrong on  
Single every single day  
Do it every single way  
Make the single ladies say, oh Bo  
And if I were gay  
Though I swear I'm straight  
I'd make them fellas say, oh  
Single every single  
Do it every single  
Pop that single like a Pringle jingle, oh Bo  
This song's almost completed  
All this little ditty needed

Instrument that's double reeded, the oboe  
Oh, Bo, play that oboe

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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych