

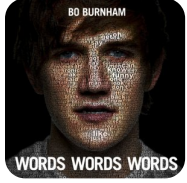
Oh Bo – Bo Burnham

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



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych