

Bo Bice

"Words, Words, Words"

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I'm a feminine Eminem, a Slim Shady lady
But nice cause I texted Haiti
90 lady cops on the road, and I'm arrested for doing 80
Like hamlet, all about words, words, words
Divide a whole into thirds, thirds, thirds
I'm a gay sea otter
I blow other dudes out of the water

I'm the man muffin, diving, muffin,
Cold and fly like an arctic puffin,
Puffin' whacky tobaccky
Hating other rappers like I'm Helga Pataki
And I've been rocking this mic before electricity
Way back in 1000 BCE
That's before the common era, era, era, era, (era era)

Oh I can't be stopped, flow so sick that it should be
mopped up
Chick's got a dixie cup, I got a dick full of helium, I'll
fuck you up
A boy, a girl, a middle aged bitch, botox in the third
person
I give the perspective a switch and Bo talks in the third
person
Just relax, if you want to know me, here's two facts:

I hate catchy choruses and I'm a hypocrite
Hungry, hungry hypocrite
I hate catchy choruses and I'm a hypocrite

Met a girl named Macy, had sex with her all day
But she was dyslexic, so I ended up doin the YMCA
We balling, asian, wii bowling, prostate cancer semi-
colon
Find that hole like I'm Stephen Hawking,
Atticus Finch, killing, mocking

Cry, like a child would, you raped my childhood
Just stroll in, rollin' your pole into Rolie Polie Olie's colon
To relax my mind, I take a walk by the clock and I pass
the time and

Rhyming, mathematical timing, syntax impacts the
intact hymen
I'm an internet provider, came from the web like a
horny spider
Kissed a girl in an apple orchard, then slipped in cider

I thought AIDS was a butt virus like conjunction junction,
conjunctivitis
I spit gold bars cause I was molested by my uncle
Midas
Gay dads blow pops, another sucker
Oedipus was the first mother fucker

I hate catchy choruses and I'm a hypocrite
Hungry, hungry hypocrite
I hate catchy choruses and I'm a hypocrite

We the people of the USA
Jose, we're not talking to you, ess?
We got a border in order to keep you out
It's what my NYU essay's about

Cause we're, South of heaven, north of hell.
Buy, buy, buy, buy, buy, buy, sell
We guard the border and we guard it well
But some slip through the cracks of the liberty bell
Did I say liberty? I meant taco, Paco, hey you better let
that rock go
Cause in real life Goliath wins
And then sells all the silk that the widow spins

One more time

I hate catchy choruses and I'm a hypocrite
Hungry hungry hypocrite
I hate catchy choruses and I'm a hypocrite.

Bitches and hoes, Bo's hoes, yeah, bitches and hoes,
bitches, hoes
Bitches and hoes don't exist, because the hoes know
Bo's a feminist
Bitches and hoes don't exist, because the hoes know
Bo's a feminist
So take off your bras and burn em, or you can let me
burn em
Take off your bras and burn em, or you can let Bo
Burnham burn em
Take off your bras and burn em, or you can let me burn
em
Take off your bras and burn em, burn-em, or you can
let Bo Burnham burn em

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