

Bo Burnham

"3.14 Apple Pi"

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Let's do this
Yeah yeah yeah yo yo what's up word to my n-words

Don't got bros, don't hang on the streets
I don't beat my hos, I only beat my meat yeah
Don't womanize cause you know it's true
That when you look in their eyes you see their people
too
Mother effin suffrage!
I said mother effin suffrage~!

You know I'm a gangsta, you know I do coke,
But I had to go to diet, cause it burnt my throat.
I've been doin drive-bys all of my life,
Except the bullets are newspapers, the car is my bike.
Yeah, I said the car is my bike

Yo yo 3.14 apple pi,
I say I whip it out, I clean it off, I stick it in her eye.
And by "it" I mean contact lense, it must have got dirty

Yo yo yo 3.14 apple pi,
I got rhymes and flows that make Hitler cry.
George bush wont he just yell and rant
But he's a presiDON'T to ameriCAN'T
Oh my lord, the kid is ah he is clever, come on, give it
to him

I spit gangsta hymns, cause I'm a gangsta straight,
I think of 20 inch rims when I masturbate.
We're gonna be late, there's no time to waste,
Cause the girls that I date, have a particular taste.
The taste of my wiener the taste of my wiener (snap)

Yo! 3.14 apple pi why was I born white no one quite
knows why,
Gansgstas sell their rocks, I got a collection
You couldnt get a rise out of a yeast infection.
Oh what does that mean? Yeast rises

Yo I'm a lyrical heretic, but I'll make you laugh
I'll hit with you rhetoric, then I'll cut you in half.

I don't need to be a clown, I don't need to be nice,
How bout you sit down, and I serve you slice...

Of my 3.14 apple pi my voice is so smokey it'll make
you high...

Yo here's a confession it's all about me,
Here's my impression of a broken jet ski.
Badadadadadadada fill me with gas, I'm a jet ski

Here come the puns... here come the puns... here come
the puns... here come the puns

All you little thugs wanna mess me with me?
Know that I've been doin drugs since the age of 3.
I took my ceral, stabbed it open with a knife.
Snorted that shit and I got high on Life.
Yo a guy asked me for change, saying my mind was
too dense.
I said you wont make cents if you don't make sense.
Oh look at that... big finale... let's hit it

You know I flow and show it, you know that Bo know it,
You're lawn I'll grow it and mow it cause he's a show
poet.
Yo my rims be spinning I winning, like adam I be
sinning.
Potato skinnin and knittin and separate those linens.
And in my eyes you see flies, and though you people
tries
Just to disguise all your lies, but baby I be wise.
You know I did it and shit it you brothers couldn't hit it,
Then you try to ride it, too late! I already spit it.
Potouie I already spit it I said apple pi~

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