

# George Watsky "Amplified"

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Chorus (Rafael Casal)

I get up, when you get down to this

Keep cool, but still get loud to this

When it drops just can't deny

The mic's turned off but I'm amplified

So if you want to ride

This young son will come out tonight

And this one tongue will give out the vibe

With this mic off I'm still amplified (amplified)

Verse 1

We don't just write poems, we got a mic jones (mike jones!)

giving a fuck, ripping it up in different time zones

I know it's so apropos that it's gotta be said

I was Flowing so hard in the car off the top of my head  
when I drove home

That my own flows gave me road dome

So go bone man Fuck it if you're celibate

Fuck the music if you do it cause you're selling it

well equipped, man We do it for the hell of it, never  
delicate hella ripped off the elements

earth wind fire water top rock echo box

Yo man we got Cosby doing jello shots

I've been tellin em the melanin's irrelevant I'm yellin  
and you'll feel it from the ceiling to the sediment

intelligent epic and reppin the Bay

you're tripping if youre thinking that you're getting  
away

because

Chorus

Verse 2

The sun is coming up and running through me

weather is getting better, don't be. gloomy

Let's get together, gather up and get it moving and If  
you don't like my motherfuckin music

Sue me

(&1& &1&) A new me. A new rea,son to be. so  
unseasonably fine

The ill summer grill serving supper with free sides

cut to the B Side

It's rafa covered in batter and butter and refried

The speakers are pushing the roof

the tweeters the woofers are proof

The meters are up in the booth

the subs, the mids, the highs the highers the lows the  
cones all bump

duh we're amped, that's the god damn truth

we flowing low in this moment only to sew and be  
growing over the roses and now that we broke it open  
we know that we're dope enough we're hoping no one  
just can't get live

This is how we get amplified

Chorus

Verse 3 (Rafael Casal)

Yeah I got something to speak on

On the kind of song once heard you just keep on

We out in Cali here keeping the trees blown

So lean on me, need more gain than Freeman

Turn me up a little I'ma get a reaction

Yeah the game's filled up with a little distraction

But I'm passionate, yes, somewhat of a Manson

Here to murder words, maybe hold the rest of em  
ransom

Wondering what I'm gonna do to blow all them lids  
back

I tell em to get back, that's how we leave an impact

In track-form, if you don't feel me then give me my disc  
back

And be ready to get you a diss track

Shit man I'm playing but somewhat of a monster

When I get down to laying these songs

So we'll be there at a concert

Playing as loud as the Bay will allow

Watsky, good thing you're around to lead the crowd

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