

George Watsky

"Pale Kid Raps Fast"

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Oh, hi
I'm that guy
Built so fly in a silk bow tie
Don't know why I'm built so fly
But I am, no lie
Oh my
Rolled by on a lowride Huffy
Sitting on the pegs, shelltoes puffy
Cuff rolled up to my calf
Class out the ass
Bad with the swag like Buffy
Gotta be the one to bite the bullet
I'm a sinner but I bet I coulda been a better man
I wanna be Zen, but I go sipping on some medicine
Instead of meditating, but I get it when I can
I don't wanna wind up in the gutter with a bottle of malt
Liquor, bitter cause I never got a call
Telling me that it's all figured out
I'm sick of doubt, but I'm looking at the wall
Part of me was hoping to be caught up in the moment
And to be open to the good and the God in me
But I got a lobotomy
And I get that I oughta become a bit of an oddity
When somebody gets offended by the thought of me

"Who's he? "... You gotta be kidding me!
Do me like Gabourey Sidibe
If you see me with a chickadee
No diggity, it'll be giggity giggity giggity
Gonna send it like a letter from above
With a woman that I love, cause I get it like I live
But if my baby's gay, I'll say:
"You go, gay baby, work that crib!
Work that bib! Burp that kid!
Screw police, flip that car! "
I don't want a Jesus piece
But I want a Reese's Piece and a Kit Kat Bar
I want everybody focusing on getting me on Letterman
To kick it for the betterment of innocent Americans
Who never want to settle for their pop...
Or not... cause my bedroom rocks

And the beat still knocks when I sort my socks
I'm five-foot-eleven of sex
From the tip of my head to my gorgeous... knees

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