

## Watsky

# "Stupidass"

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### Chorus

If could go back then (back then)  
If I could go back when (back when)  
And step into the past (way back)  
I'd do it all again (again)  
If I could go back then (back then)  
If I could go back when (back when)  
I was a stupidass (dumbass)  
I'd do it all again (again)

### Verse 1

I might have a weak chin, but i don't have a glass jaw  
so watch your fist glance off my cheek skin and back  
off  
i cut my teeth on the blacktop, i'm used to something  
cruel  
cause in my youth, my teeth were crowded as the  
public schools  
where we moved above the rules  
where the currency was percocets  
where i showed up early rocking headgear and  
turtlenecks  
this nerd'll flex and you won't see this man pout  
cause the traits that got us beat down, are what make  
us stand out  
so let your tongue hang out if you got lips like Mick  
Jagger  
plant and stand proud with that little kid swagger  
the subtle it factor of the baddest individuals  
cause adamant originals don't end up in pigeon holes  
which gets my thinking it's a damn shame dorks  
don't pop their pimples like they're champagne corks  
I work the quirks, cause if I didn't start sloppily  
I'd never clean up this cotdamn properly

### Verse 2

I never threw like Elway  
or overthrew like El Che  
so i moved to LA, to the land of milk and self hate  
But one day, I'll strip and then strut buck down the  
sunset strip as it was a runway

I'm thinking maybe Sunday  
and if you need sensei for sexy, just text me. I stay by  
San Vicente and La Brea where the rent's cheap  
so you can't tempt me, with a Beamer, Benz or Bentley  
that's complete with penis envy, and even keyless entry  
'cause see, I'm making ends meet, care to be  
friendly?  
And make ends meet? In my backseat in an awkward  
frenzy  
Once in a parking lot while practicing anatomy  
I was knocking elbows till the music zapped the battery  
and dammit it was bad but I'm not mad I brought my A  
game  
even we sat there naked the man from Triple A came  
and it was way lame, but I've got on good authority,  
she boldly told the sordid story to her whole sorority

### Verse 3

Some days I wake up and i wonder 'what would Buddha  
do?'  
And then I jump into my fruity little Subaru  
some dudes'll front 'how do you do, mama?'  
because some women see the mula, and say 'ooh lala'  
but i say 'woo-sah'  
i don't smooch on muchachas who need mucha  
to mooch off. i'm cool for like a futon out in Utah  
a yurt up in the yukon  
when hurtin but i'll go back to herding stupid yaks in  
Bhutan  
or cop a coupe with coupons  
but when you get a F.U.P.A. like a dugong  
i'll treat you supa dupa we can't do wrong  
cause beauty is a dude who puts the moves on, then  
moves on  
we're all moving as true pawns  
and get chewed in the food chain  
we're all nude in the new dawn  
brain screwed on  
with a plain birthday suit on  
so let's graduate human, summa cum laude, huge  
honors,  
so you goners should do the do and do wander the  
blue yonder  
cause trying to fool the future takes too long

(Grazie a Lorenzo Nobile per questo testo)

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