

I'm Bo Yo

Bo Burnham

I don't know if all Boy Scouts are gays
They could probably tie the knot in, like, fifty different ways
I got a safe full o' cherries, 'cause I pop it and lock it,
A girl's like a fridge, once a week, you should stock it.

Girl, if you're into rimmin', it's only safe if you're swimmin',
But, girl, don't sit on that couch 'cause I treat my objects like women.
I spit fire like I just blew a demon,
My shit's so hot, I'll leave your toilet bowl steamin'.

I'm gonna tear it [tarot], like the cards of the gypsies,
You'll bleed for so long you'll get monthly ellipses.
If your pants are loose, I'll replete ya.
You're a first time vegan and it's nice to meet ya.

I'm Bo, yo,
And I'm the greatest rapper ever,
And I'll weather your weather whether you think I'm clever or not,
Think you're better, you're not,
Don't need a sweater, I'm hot,
I'm a real G-shawty that can really find your G-spot.
Woah, yeah...
...Hey, what the fuck's a G-spot?

Go to a vagina orchard, count one, two, three.
Spin that plant around you got a third-world country [cunt-tree].
That's right, consider yourself warned,
I'm offensive and creative like handicapped porn.

You're playing with your breasts, excuse me, can I try it ma'am?
You're pushin' 'em together like a titty venn diagram.
Look at that crack, excuse me can I buy a gram?
Right below your diaphragm,
Ass looks like you're hidin' ham.

First base, we're making out.
Second base, I'm getting faked out.
Said, third base, I'm getting take out.
And I'd try to take it home if I knew I'd take it out,

But I just don't know, I said I just don't care,
I said my flow's so cold I need a tampon from a polar bear.
And you can spell and smell my stink,
B.O. lingers and it makes you think.

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And I'll weather your weather whether you think I'm clever or not,
Think you're better, you're not,
Don't need a sweater I'm hot,
I'm a real G-shawty that can really find your G-spot.
Woah, yeah...
...provided that you point me in the general direction.

'Cause girls are like donuts when I be bustin' Bo nuts,
I can make 'em cream-filled or give them a layer of glaze.
I'm like Doug's friend Skeeter whenever I meet her,

Because I skeet her so hard people call her Patty Mayonnaise.
(Oh, Nickelodeon and cum, what?)

I'm blowin' up like I thought I would,
I'm circumcised 'cause i don't cum from the hood.
My girl is epileptic cause she's the one I'm jerkin with,
Come on, you Asian child-laborer, show me what you're workin' with.
Ooh, large machinery.

'Cause there's an inverse relationship between respect and sects
I'm talking 'bout religious sects like a Mormon sect,
That says you can't have sex with members of different sects, but you can't
have sex with members of the same sex,
So if the sects can't be different and the sex can't be same, then the only
sex left is some left-hand shame.
And girl I left you cause you left the game and if that don't feel right, th
en you can write my name.

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And I'm the greatest rapper ever,
And I'll weather your weather whether you think I'm clever or not,
Think you're better, you're not,
Don't need a sweater, I'm hot,
I'm a real G that can really find your G-spot.
Woah, yeah...oh, but I'm inadequate.
Have I gotten that point across yet? How original

Yo, my junk's so long that it hangs and swings,
So at the nude beach people think I'm lookin for lost rings.
Play the skin flute, your big boy sings,
And if you want to take it all, wear African neck-rings.
(They make your neck longer 'cause my... fuck it)

Haters call me gay, but that ain't hatin'.
'Cause im not homophobic, my morals are straight,
And if I'm in the closet, then you are below me,
Taking the B-A-T out of basement, homey

'Cause I'm Bo, yo,
And I'm the greatest rapper ever,
And I'll weather your weather whether you think I'm clever or not,
Think you're better, you're not,
Don't need a sweater,
I'm a real G that can really find your what now.
Oh, yeah... well I'm Bo, yo, what, I'm representin' you, I'm representin' th
e people from the 01982, yo.
Oh, yeah, what, yo motherfucker, tingle, yeah.