

Father

Hobo Johnson

Hi, uhhh, what's up? My name's Frank, Hobo Johnson. I hope you like t
his song. I made it up for my dad. It's for you, Dad!

My dad taught me 'bout
The story 'bout the birds and the bees
When the bees turn into wasps and take half of everything
He sounded sure, that a bird doesn't need a full nest
But a bed for our bird heads to rest
He told me son you'll never dunk (WHAT?)
It's family tradition basketball is not for us
Our legs just aren't that springy
My great great uncle almost did but he didn't
He told me son beware, of the monsters
That roam the depths of your head
Sometimes they'll make you real sad or
Or real real mad, or real real jealous and
That's real real bad, boy breathe
Nicotine until you fall asleep like all of our family, breathe
Nicotine until you fall asleep like, like
Like all of our family, like all of our family, like

I'm the new Will Smith
I'm Will Smith mixed with Michael Cera
I'm- I'm Will Smith, Michael Cera, Kevin Spacey (it says Kevin Spacey
, I wish it didn't. real fucked up. - hobo)
Michael Cera

My father's married to a shape shifting monster
Who can sometimes take the form
Of a really really really nice woman
And although it seems super fucking frightening
Sometimes this scary monster makes
A really really great vanilla pudding, he has courage
But sometimes your courage isn't quite the kryptonite
As the monster runs rampant through the house
Sometimes your courages makes you feel strong
But it seems as if the monster eats your muscles all along
Fucking pickin' out your self-respect right out its scary teeth
Her breath smells like pride of self
And other men she used to meet
And the monster doesn't sleep - just schemes and fiends
On the next tasty meal it gets to eat
It gets to eat
It gets to eat

I'm the new Will Smith
I'm mixed with Kevin Spacey
I'm Will Smith, Kevin Spacey, Michael Cera