

They're Not Ready

Watsky

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I'm that dork up in the orchestra on oboe, trick
You're just trying to get some chickens on your pogo stick
But they'll be hopping off it when you stop the profiting, and
then with no dough you'll be like a Dodo when you go extinct
I'm in San Francisco sipping on a boba drink
Tapioca in my palm I talk how Yoda thinks
The voice is so distinct
I like to write my rhymes with lemon juice
And so if you don't get it it's in coded ink
Better believe this
I'm ready to meet Jesus
Either him or Willford Brimley when I die from Diabeetus
I've Never been defeated since da fetus days
Lead the way
Raged out my momma's VJ, crazed and freed the slaves
Wait I take it back, that's racist and I'd need a time machine
and I'm not pleased to be like T-Pain, a fleeting phase
But since My pre-Ks in PJs, I pre-date the Bieber craze
I've been rhyming crispier than Frito-Lays