

Bo Burnham, 3.14 Apple Pi

Let's do this
Yeah, yeah, yeah yo yo what's up
Word to my n-words

Don't got bros, don't hang on the streets
I don't beat my hos, I only beat my meat, yeah
Don't womanize cause you know it's true
that when you look in their eyes you see they're people too
Mother effin' suffrage!
I said mother effin' suffrage!

You know I'm a gangsta, you know I do Coke,
but I had to go to diet, cause it burnt my throat.
I've been doin' drive-bys all of my life,
except the bullets are newspapers, the car is my bike, yeah
I said the car is my bike.

yo yo
3.14 apple pi,
I say I whip it out, I clean it off, I stick it in her eye,
and by "it" I mean contact lens.
It must have got dirty.

yo yo yo
3.14 apple pi,
I got rhymes and flows that make Hitler cry.
George Bush won't, he'll just yell and rant
but he's a presiDONT who ameriCANT.

Oh my lord, the kid is on, he is clever, c'mon give it to him.

I spit gangsta hymns, cause I'm a gangsta straight,
I think of 20 inch rims when I masturbate.
We're gonna be late, there's no time to waste,
cause the girls that I date, have a particular taste.
The taste of my weiner!
The taste of my weiner..

Yo
3.14 apple pi
Why was I born white no one quite knows why,
Gangstas sell their rocks, I got a collection.
You couldn't get a rise out of a yeast infection.
Ooh, what does that mean? Yeast rises

Yo
I'm a lyrical heretic, but I'll make you laugh
I'll hit you with rhetoric, then I'll cut you in half.
I don't need to be a clown, I don't need to be nice,
How bout you sit down and I serve you a slice...

of my 3.14 apple pi
My voice is so smoky it'll make you high...
Yo, here's a confession, it's all about me,
Here's my impression of a broken jet ski..

Pu da da da da da ...
Fill me with gas.
I'm a jet ski.

Here come the puns
Here come the puns
Here come the puns
Here come the puns

All you little thugs wanna mess me with me,
know that I've been doin' drugs since the age of 3.
I took my cereal, stabbed it open with a knife.
Snorted that shit and I got high on Life.
Yo A guy asked me for change, saying my mind was too dense.
I said you won't make cents if you don't make sense. Oh, look at that.
Big finale, let's hit it...

You know I flow it and show it, you know that Bo know it,
Yo, your lawn I'll mow it and grow it cause he's a sho' poet.
Yo my rims be spinning I winning, like Adam I be sinnin'.
Potato skinnin' and knittin' and separate those linens.
And in my eyes you see flies, and though you people tries
Just to disguise all your lies, but baby I be wise.
you know I did it and shit it you brothers couldn't hit it,
Then you try to rid it, too late! I already spit it.
Patooley

I already spit it.

I said apple pi.