

# Bo Burnham, Bo fo sho

Yo

Walkin' my poodles,  
Man it never gets old  
With dogs on my leash, I got bitches on the hold.  
A first AID's kit?

That's a rhesus monkey.  
I bust more nuts than a pistachio junkie.  
Alright?

I get more ass than a giant donkey stable.  
Got more lines than Whitney Houston's coffee table.  
I get more head than grammar school lice.  
I'm like a walking glacier I'm so decked out with ice.  
Did you poop a virgin?

'Cause that shit is tight.  
Jack ain't black and Barry ain't white.  
I do drugs in the bedroom,  
Lie on your back  
'Cause I got the pipe and you got the crack.  
Though I'm sexually straight, you're bound to find  
I'm mentally gay

'Cause I'll blow your mind.  
The parents be snickerin', 'He shouldn't have written it.'  
But I'm constipated, couldn't give a shit.

Yo

[Chorus]

My name is Bo fo sho.  
A born Bostonian  
Aryan librarian at the word SMITHsonian.  
The rap is scattered,  
It has it's ingenuity,  
I gave it this little part to give it continuity.  
And the fellas say,  
'Hey, moron, pass the gin.'  
'Cause I'm an OXYmoron breathing OXYgen.  
Give me the bottle, I'll chug two-thirds.  
'Cause you bitches know fractions speak louder than words.  
And the ladies say,  
'Hey, fellas, I'm keeping it tight,  
And if you play your cards right you can have me tonight.  
Should I blow you or beat you?  
Brass or percussion?'  
Oh, stop. Period. End of discussion.

[Chorus]

Walkin' through the garden with food at my feet.  
Picked up the celery but dropped the beet (beat).  
Oh, and then I picked it up.  
Let's end this thing right.

Yo

We're in the hood,  
I'll take what you give me.  
Was Einstein's theory good?  
Relatively.  
A smart queen's kingDUMB.  
It doesn't mix.  
A liter of literates.  
A bunch of Moby Dicks.  
'Get thee to a punnery.'  
O-just-to-pheelia  
Take you with a condom.  
'Stainless-steel' (steal) ya.  
Half a pound of turkey breast.  
Half a pound of chicken tits.  
Why are only crackers stayin' at the Ritz?  
Poverty, racism, isn't it strange

That only the homeless are beggin' for change.  
A shocked Sherlock.  
What, son? (Watson)  
Rosa Parks didn't call &quot;shotgun!&quot;;  
Well here's a bit of irony  
A Ford Focus driver's got ADD.  
How'd I come to master all these things?  
Like a tampon thief, I had to pull some strings.  
I had to pull some strings.