

# Bo Fo Sho

Bo Burnham

Yo, walkin' my poodles, man, it never gets old.  
With my dogs on my leash, I got bitches on the hold,  
A first-AIDS kit? That's a rhesus monkey.  
I bust more nuts than a pistachio junkie.  
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 walkin' 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, my name is Bo, fo sho, a born Bostonian,  
Aryan librarian at the wordsmith-sonian  
The rap is scattered, it hides its 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

Hey, look at that, okay  
And the ladies say,  
Hey fellas, I'm keepin' 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.

My name is Bo, fo sho, a born Bostonian,  
Aryan librarian at the wordsmith-sonian.  
The rap is scattered, it hides its ingenuity,  
I gave it this little part to give it continuity.

Walking 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 kingdom (dumb), it doesn't mix.  
A litter of literates, a bunch of Moby Dicks.  
"Get thee to a punnery," o-just to-pheelia  
Take you with a condom, "stainless-steal" ya.  
Half a pound of turkey breast, half a pound of chicken tits,  
Why are only crackers staying at the Ritz?  
Poverty, racism, isn't it strange,  
Only the homeless are beggin' for change?  
I shocked Sherlock

What, son? (Watson)  
Rosa Parks didn't call "shotgun"!  
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.