

Hell Of A Ride

Bo Burnham

We've had a hell of a ride
I said that it would take us to heaven,
Well, I motherfucking lied
Now I'm crankin' up this shit to eleven
('leven, 'leven, 'leven)

Photosynthetical, I want 'em botanical
And I'm kind of theoretical
Quantum mechanical
Alphabetical, a word puritanical
Not a hypothetical
I rule tyrannical
Tyrannical-saurus-rex
Fuck the system
Solar plexus
A lone star Texas, yeah,
Too smart to be sexist, hey

Slow it down; the shit's too quick
Fuck it. Stick with it
The kid is too sick to quit
Haters: suck my dick.
Handle the candle, lick the wick.
No, stop. Better than that.
C'mon, "mail" definition, there's a letter in that
Spell "male" then repeat the second letter in that
"AA" If you got a girl, let her in that.

I said I've got a green light, Jay Gatsby
You know leaking's just for maxi
Leak my tracks, they're tax-free
The way it should be if you ask me.
Take this music
Choose it, use it, fuse it,
Abuse it, lose it.
Some of you like it sweet,
But if it's just me, then B, let's ride the beat.

Fuck it, get a bucket
My stomach is gonna upchuck
Texas ranger, no walker, get up, Chuck
Pixar's dicks are slick 'cause they fucked up
What? I only fuck up stuck up suck ups
Say this shit is crap
Write me off 'cause I'm a white kid, tryin' to rap
Because I'm willing to quit, I'm just gettin' the kill
Keep killin' this shit, oh

We've had a hell of a ride
You thought we were ridin' to heaven
Well, I motherfucking lied
So crank that funky shit to eleven

We've had a hell of a ride
You thought we were ridin' to heaven, heaven
I motherfucking lied
So crank that funky shit to eleven, baby

Lyrical acrobat
This is the lyrical mathematician, the lyrical aftermath
Is it part due to the fact that rap's elastic addict acts dismissive?
Too smart to be dismissed
It's hard to miss the bist
Kids can't cut it but they try a wrist, shit
Got nothin' on me, I'm a nihilist

Come on, Bo, flow
Blow like the wind go
Flow like the wind blow
Blowin' out the window
Amnesia, I remember a window in Indonesia
Pleased to meet ya

I don't believe in Jesus
Please don't speed the cheese
It's, please, it's just what I believe
It's not Jesus. It's Jesus, right?
Not like it's Jeremiah Wright
Ugh, too tight, and it's makin' you fight
Like a knife in your wi-fi
Lord of the Rings, but I'm the Tolkien white guy
Too dense, federal minded
Ain't no brain, but she's single minded
Well, there's a rule among this song
But you're too dumb to find it, uh.

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So crank that funky shit to eleven, baby

We had a hell of a ride
But I thought we were ridin' to heaven, heaven
You motherfucking lied
So crank that funky shit to eleven, 'leven

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