

Oh Bo

Bo Burnham

I feel like hip hop
Used to be a voice for the voiceless,
And now it's become, at least in the mainstream,
A symbol of misogyny, gay panic, fiscal irresponsibility.
So I figure,
If you can't beat 'em,
Join 'em.

Hittin' the club up VIP
I got a fake mustache and a fake ID.
I look like Woolly Willy
With a really woolly willy.
And I bypass the bouncer,
Pass by an ex and I flex and bounce her, wowser.
Look at all of Bo's hoes
Looking for a ride on Bo's hose.
And I spot a little Latino, booty so big call it Oprah's ego.
We go to it, through it, she says, "Dios mio mi amigo!"
Pull it out, stick it in your mouth, and I bust in the back of ya.
Swallow bitch, there's people starving in Africa!

Single every single day
Do it every single way
Make the single ladies say
Oooh Bo
And if I were gay,
Though I swear I'm straight,
I'd make them fellas say...

You're an ice cream sundae with a cherry on top,
But careful, cherry, 'cause I'm the King of Pop.
Pop pop pop goes my weasel,
Now ya looking like Jackson Pollock's easel.
My suggestion is:
You don't blow 'til you know what congestion is,
Swallow when you know what digestion is.
Follow Bo, the only question is:
Have you been splattered before
By the mad-hatter matador?
Cake-batter never more
It don't matter whether you're
Spanish, French, Swedish or Cambodian,
I'll slime you so hard you could be on Nickelodeon!

Single every single day
Do it every single way
Make the single ladies say
Oooh Bo
And if I were gay,
Though I swear I'm straight,
I'd make them fellas say
Oooh Bo
Oh Bo-o, ooh Bo, Bo
A-a-Oooh Bo, Oooh Bo, Oooh Bo

You think that you can handle me?
Girl, don't make me laugh.

I said my junk is bipolar
It will split you in half (yea).
And if you're lucky,
I might just bring you home,
And I'll have you going down
Like you're growin' an extra chromosome.
And when you love me,
Don't grab me by the buns
'Cause I got a bad case of the ruunnnns.
I got the runs
I got the ru-u-u-uuuns

Single every single day
Do it every single way
Make the single ladies say
Oooh Bo
And if I were gay,
Though I swear I'm straight,
I'd make them fellas say
Oooh Bo

I wanna break it down for ya'll
I came from the streets, with nothin'
Now I'm makin' hit records
For my people still livin' in the streets,
Still livin' in poverty, I wanna tell you
I'm doin' this for you.
My success is your success.
And I know you may be thinkin',
Hey, if you really believe that,
Why don't you use some of your money
To help rebuild the neighborhood
Instead of putting spinning rims on a gold jet ski?
And to that I say (uh, chorus is comin' out):

Single every single day
Do it every single way
Make the single ladies say
Oooh Bo
And if I were gay,
Though I swear I'm straight
I'd make them fellas say
Ugh Ugh!

You gotta fume like a tuna,
I'll smell ya later.
I met a fat chick
And fucked her in an elevator.
It was wrong on so many levels.
It was wrong on so many le-le-le-levels.
It was wrong on so many levels (ugh).
It was wrong on, it was wrong on, it was wrong on

Single every single day
Do it every single way
Make the single ladies say
Oooh Bo
And if I were gay,
Though I swear I'm straight,
I'd make them fellas say
Oooh

Single every single

Do it every single
Pop that single like a Pringle jingle
Ooh Bo

This song's almost completed
All this little ditty needed
Instrument that's double needed:
The oboe

(Yea)

Oh, Bo
Play that oboe