

Difference is the Differences

Watsky

Yeah you're hot but the difference is the differences is I've got
It's what I'm not
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Yeah the difference is the differences I've got

Suspended the same month I won the city science fair
I won most likely to succeed and teachers nightmare
guess I was quite scary, some hate a binary
Sent to the principals office straight from the library
But since my voice was about as high as Mariah Carey
When I had the douchey spiky hair like Guy Fieri
my flavor was a mystery you never knew what you were getting it could be some mild or some Wild Cherry
just read my diary, cause I'm wirey
But I'm irie, and I spit it firey, hire me
I wouldn't hurt a fly
Though sensitive you never heard me cry
but i got a certified dirty mind
So grab some turpentine, a dash of listerene
And splash my mouth out with a gallon jug of Mister Clean
i'm flashing on every asshole up in the classroom
I'm planning on coming sick I hope you had your antihistamines
before I split the scene, and we can puff pass
Cause I'm an honor roll kid who liked to cut class
A babyface but I tend to shave with a cutlass
and If you switch the picture to HD you'll see my mustache
I tend to slow it down when they want just fast
I'm a vegetarian who thinks that PETA sucks ass
I bring the ruckus, while shmucks be kissing my tuchus, I bookishly bust it
nasty, you should be rocking a dust mask
I like smoking dope, but won't pop a pill
I think Oprah's ill, but I loathe Dr. Phil
I got the props to a topple your whole metropolitis stomp an impossible obstacle I won't be stoppin to chill
From Chapel Hill to the big apple I travel the map just trampling bastards but then I handle their hospital bill
If there's bees in the trap I'm catching em
By the thorax and abdomen
and sanding the stingers down to a rough quill
Then I dip em in ink, and I scribble a bit
But if it they wriggle then I tickle em untill they hold still
Lemme say it again
In my land of pretend
I use bees as a motherfuckin pen (WHAT?)
But a lot of the guys I know
have been saying that I'm so so
they're not a believer
That I'm a keeper
b-b-But I don't know
Maybe it's cause I be looking like Leave it to Beaver they're thinking that I don't flow
even if I could be running in circles around em as if I'm gyroscope
I'll enter the draft and I'm thinking I might go pro
Running the jungle like I'm an albino rhino
deep in the undergrowth

Fuck a disaster, bring on the asteroids
Never gonna gonna be massacred like all of the dinos though
Bring on primal vinyl magic show
I'm turning a blind eye to the bullcrap, waving bye bye
zippity doo dah
suck on my booty
done with the bad luck
put on my brass knucks
And I cold cock any Pol Pot in the whole spot, with that boom
I'm Fiddler on the Roof hitting Hitler in his fruits of the loom
I'm Jew, on the right side but it's true
I'm a Christian on the left
side of my family crest, dude
I've been to public school and private, been unpopular and popular and I don
't think people pop from a test tube

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