

Don't Be Nice

Watsky

Don't be nice

My policy is to call em as I see em no filler
Quality people lift me up like the coliseum pillars
Some go from pitching religion to sipping on kombucha
Politicians switching positions like it's the Kama Sutra
Our narcissism has got us caught up like bars in prison
Claim we're winning gargling seven dicks and a jar of jizzum
Your mommas a true beauty
Butt makes me weep, I call it a "boo-hooty"
Truly a hot mom
Other moms are doing their squats wrong
And if you don't dig it when I spit it like an open spigot and I'm doing my
duty
To drop bombs
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False modesty is a guilty habit
Some people simply have it
But the fact is I would not have spent a decade doing this
If I did not believe I was at least tiny bit ridiculously filthy at it
Wrote a book to branch out
After tour let's have a singalong and camp out
Cause I came here for a single reason
And that's for friendship
And for drinking til I can't count—now

If you're Jesus then we break bread
If you're Beavis then we butt heads
If you're a butthead, or a fake friend
I smack ya back to Hollywood enough said
Skin cream jars
Thin teen stars
Wanna hear a laughier?
A white rapper walks into 16 bars
I am large, I contain multitudes
I'm in charge of a strange cult of dudes
Infinity versions of me in parallel universes from total teddy bear to ultra
rude
True, I don't measure power by bravado, libido
Or by popping bottles with Hefner in the grotto in speedos
I'm never sharing my moscato if you suck like mosquito
So “open up” said the taco to the burrito, motherfucker

Don't be nice, don't be nice
Drop all the fuckery, stop it you ugly ignoramus
Don't be nice, don't be rude and brainless
Don't be super basic
Don't move if you're contagious
Don't be nice la-la-la-la-la
Don't be nice I'm not listening
Don't be nice, don't be nice
Got nothing nice to say then—don't be nice
Gather the wicked to sacrifice
Sucking the dick of the antichrist
Kicking the bucket is vital to life I know that's the price
Don't be candy striped
Don't be parasites

Don't do me dirty
Don't think you're worthy
Don't hurt me
Mercy is not a courtesy currently that occurs to me
I turn up eternally, you will not stop it
True my crew hotter than hot pockets
(This dude Watsky too cocky, let's cock block it)
We do what we do because it's true to us
While few puppets in suits up at the top profit
And if you got a new coup then I do not knock it
But I bukkake your Bugati with snot rockets