

Whoa Whoa Whoa

Watsky

Whoa whoa whoa
What do you take us for?
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I'm a phenomenon. And I gotta bring pain in the Octagon
When I wanna spit game at a soccermom I get it quicker than the left
lane on the Autobahn;
Fast— like Ramadan— and I battle young Padawans all the damn day
I'm getting nekked and I'm hopping on a wrecking ball so hot I got th
at mothafucka a la flambé
I go to Miley's house. I see that Miley's home.
I play Miley's ribcage with my dick like it's a Xylie-phone
Yes, that was highly fucked up but my skills are highly honed
And if I was highly hyphy I might be more widely known
C'est la vie. Better pay my fee
They kick it in Seattle in a Patagonia jacket, they get it in the Bay
in a plain white tee
Hey mami! You a PYT!
Wanna see me speak? Then I go (go) go (go) go (go) go (go)!
Every time I get a beat I know I gotta beat it up, I bend it then I b
reak it then I chop it and I eat it up,
And PETA would never approve of the way I've been treating the music,
I bleed it, I bruise it, I kick it to the curb and then I'm sipping
on my bourbon I be freakin it doing it, keeping it moving
I'm picking apart the muscle when I'm thinking about the hustle but I
'm nice. Nice!

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I'll jump the freeway median, I'm savage
Cause my mode is that I'm meaner than the average
Like my teacher taught me when I heard the crowd applaud
I thought I was an atheist until I realized I'm a God
It could hurt a bit when I murder shit
in a moment I'll be tying off a tourniquet
When I burn em and I hit em in the sternum, I don't even gotta enter
but I'm gonna win the tournament
That's what I'm all about. Do what I gotta do and never gonna pout
And I hope that it woulda been the end of it and i'm out, but they ne
ver tend to gimme the benefit of the doubt
Ever since I was a little I kid I know that I've been looking for the
hot hot spotlight
And if you really wonder what I think about the competition, they wer
e not not not tight
I been reading my scripture. Every photobomber wanna be in my picture
And ya betta bet i'm living every single day like it's the mothafucki
n Catalina Wine Mixer
Bada bing bada boom, when I walk in I'm the king of the room
And I get it locked in like a king in a tomb, when I spit a toxin and
they cough on the fumes

Cause I'm back in the nick of time and attacking a fickle mind I'm a jackal I'll rip his hide I'ma tackle him, pick a fight, I be Dracula set to bite in the black of the bitter night and I'm out. Poof.

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