

WHOA WHOA WHOA

Music by Miles Douglas
& Brandon Paak Anderson
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

D min C/E F C B \flat G m7

Vocals

Piano

CHORUS

D min C/E F C B \flat G m7

Vox.

Whoa whoa ___ whoa What do you take us ___ for?

D min C/E F C B \flat G m7

Vox.

Whoa whoa ___ whoa What do you take us ___ for? ___

VERSES

D min C/E F C B \flat G m7

Vox.

[RAP] *8x then to Chorus*

WHOA WHOA WHOA

Chorus

Whoa, whoa, whoa, what do you take us for?
(x2)

Verse 1

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 Auto-
bahn
Fast—like Ramadan—and I battle young Pad-
awans all the damn day
I'm getting nekked and I'm hopping on a
wrecking ball
So hot I get that 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
xyliophone
Yes, that was highly fucked up but my skills are
highly honed
And if I was highly hyphy I might be more wide-
ly known
Se 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)
Every time I get a beat you know I gotta beat it
up
I bend it then I break it and I chop it then I eat
it up
And PETA would never approve of the way I
been treating the music
I bleed it, I bruise it
I kick it to the curb and then and I'm sipping on
my bourbon
I be freaking it, doing it, keeping it moving
I'm picking apart the muscle when I'm thinking
about the hustle but I'm nice

Verse 2

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 never tend to give me 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 were 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 mothafuckin 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 attack-
ing 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 bit-
ter night and I'm out. Poof.

All You Can Do

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