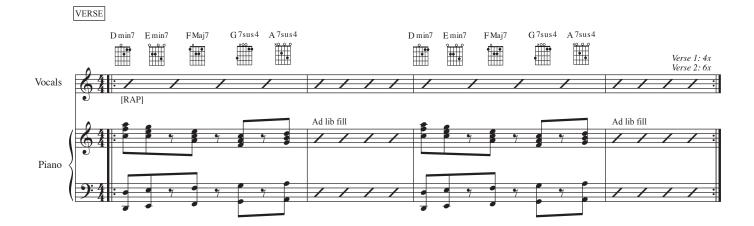
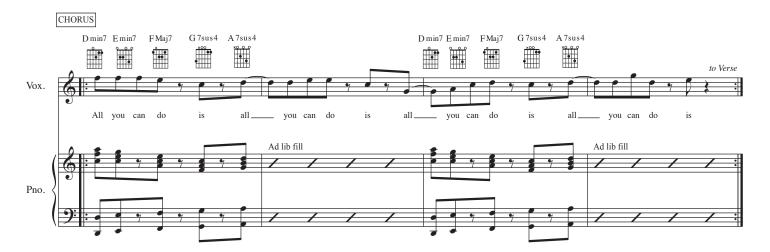
ALL YOU CAN DO ft. Jimetta Rose

Music by Vicky Nguyen & Brandon Paak Anderson Lyrics by George Watsky





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Verse 1

Happy's not a faucet that'll flow when a handle is turned

I wanna handle my shit, but it hasn't occurred I need the stamina, keep on like my grandma-ma

When I'm not on camera I gotta be a man of my word

And be a greater guy, not some thin-as-paper guy

Like the times that Georgie Porgie kissed the girl and made her cry

Saying "see ya later, bye." Shit I say is pretty strange

Coming back for Christmas and we bitch on how the city changed

Fuck it, man, we're changing too. Look at what we're going through

Mama used to buy me shirts she said that I would grow into

But it's draping on me like an apron or a cape, a great tsunami wave of cotton that I'm caught in that she bought at Ross—I know the cost of it was probably awesome but my style is sorta sloppy

I'll fit it when I blossom like a California Poppy The tears are freezing on my cheek in Boston out in Copley

And I don't really know why, no I don't really know why

Chorus

All you can do is all you can do is all you can do is all you can do is...

Verse 2

So pour that liquor out. I never chickened out But if got to make a second pick I'd take a different route

But a grip of my decisions pretty Mickey Mouse

I tried to join the 27 Club, they kicked me out It was like I'm limpin into heaven while my dick is out

And there's Amy Winehouse sittin on a cloud and drinking stout

But she spits it out the moment I come gliding in

She's all like, "come on Joplin, who the fuck invited him?!

Hide all of the Heinekens!" No, they don't know my name

My heart is lowkey broken so I'm takin Novocain

And Jimmy Morrison (the Doors), and Brian Jones, you know, the Stones

are joking, toking on a roach playing poker game

I know that I'm a bastard. The walls are alabaster

Jimi plays his Stratocaster jamming out with Kurt Cobain

They're playing Purple Rain, or maybe Purple Haze

And Kurt says, "How the fuck they let this jerk in with his hurtful ways?"

I try to jump and spread my wings like I'm a bird of prey

But I hit the earth and break a mothafucka's vertebrate (hey)

I guess I'm fucking up the blueprint for success Woke up in the hospital with Jimi's bootprint on my chest

This recklessness, no common senses
I Kamikaze, there's consequences
I don't condone it, but I did it, I'ma own it
I've been living for the moment gotta go (go!)