

KILL A HIPSTER ft. Chinaka Hodge

Music by Daniel Riera & Dominic Villeda
Lyrics by George Watsky & Chinaka Hodge

INTRO

A min A min E aug

Vocals

Piano

Guitar

Guitar

A min G F E

Vox.

Pno.

Gtr.

Gtr.

CHORUS

A min A min E aug

Vox.

to Bridge after 3rd Chorus

SAVE YOUR HOOD!

Ren't's up That shit's no good Star-bucks where the skate-rink stood It's a fix-ture it does no good It's a fix-ture I know Kill a hip-ster

A min G F E

Vox.

end after 4rd Chorus

Wrote con-gress It did no good Read scrip-ture It did no good You could take a pic-ture or knock on wood Fuck that Kill a hip-ster SAVE YOUR HOOD!

KILL A HIPSTER
ft. Chinaka Hodge

Chorus:

Rent's up (That shit's no good)
Starbucks where the skate rink stood
It's a fixture (it does no good)
(I know) kill a hipster (Save your hood!)
Wrote congress (it did no good)
Read scripture (it did no good)
You could take a picture or knock on wood
(fuck that)
kill a hipster (Save your hood!)

Verse 1:

I'm getting Hummus, hummus
I'm getting Hummus, hummus
I'm at the park playing dodgeball
Drinking San Pellegrino like it's crystal
Yeah, I like fancy alcohol
Living no rules—Calvinball
You wanna brawl? Ho please
I sprinkle you with some goat cheese
I get it straight from the fuckin farm
I even put goat cheese in my lucky charms
I'm at the taco truck looking like a mack
I roll my Rs hard like I'm busting off a gat
It's like, "hola mama, I'm your papa"
May I please have dos Horrrrrrrrchatas?
I'm like brap brap brap!
When I smack your ass fast with my back-
pack strap

Verse 2 (Chinaka)

Pencil to the neck, razor to your innertube
Bullet to your disrespect, I hate your hipster
attitude
Your whole chassez, acting like you own us
with your whole passé
Dance around the issue patna, no plié
But you'll get broke for that French shit, so
cassé
And you can put that in your lit mag and
your Tumblr blog
Eat it with the bacon off your farm fresh hog
Sip it like Kombucha, hope your last meal
suit ya
Do-gooder types, commuters on bikes
Brooding 20-somethings with the coolest of
"likes"
You be loving on my city like johns
Rubbing on her titties leaving money in
palms
Our rumbling guts can only hunger so much
Plus we redundantly blunted in lieu of giving
a fuck
We'll cut you for the scratch
Leave in on a tee
And if we've done it properly you're cop-
ping it from Treat, cause

Verse 3 (George):

It's clear I've become one of em
Kill me please if I'm one of em
I walk the block like I'm hot shit
I gentrified the corner store just buying hot
chips
But now I'm caught red-handed
With this land so make me a dead bandit
And if you see me sipping at an open keg
Put me down like a horse with a broken leg

Cardboard Castles

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