




AMPLIFIED ft. Rafael Casal

Music by Miles Douglas
Lyrics by George Watsky
& Rafael Casal

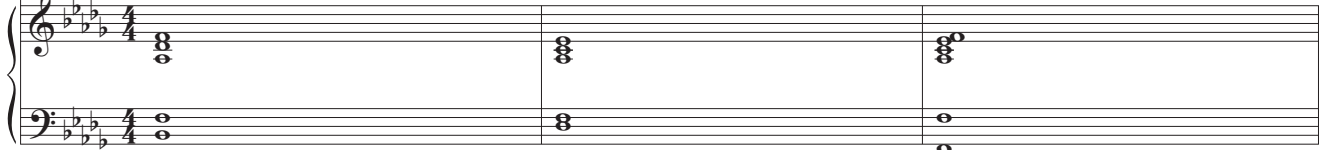
CHORUS









Vocals

I get up when you get down to this Keep cool but still get loud to this When it drops just can't de-ny The

Piano

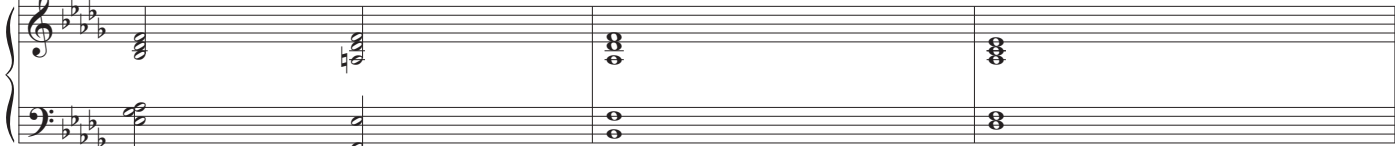









Vox.

mic's turned off but I'm amp - li - fied So if you want to ride This young son will come out to - night And this one tongue will give

Pno.















Vox.

out the vibe With this mic off I'm still amp - li - fied I'm still amp - li - fied

Pno.

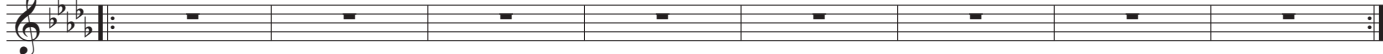


VERSES

Vox.

10 *to Chorus*



Watsky

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AMPLIFIED
ft. Rafael Casal

Chorus: Rafael Casal

I get up, when you get down to this
Keep cool, but still get loud to this
When it drops just can't deny
The mic's turned off but I'm amplified
So if you want to ride
This young son will come out tonight
And this one tongue will give out the vibe
With this mic off I'm still amplified (I'm still amplified)

Verse 1

We don't just write poems, we got a mic jones (Mike Jones!)
Giving a fuck, ripping it up in different time zones
I know it's so apropos that it's gotta be said
That I was flowing so hard in the car off the top of my head
When I drove home
That my own flows gave me road dome
So go bone, man, but fuck it if you're celibate
Screw the music if you do it 'cause you're sellin' it
Well equipped, man, we do it for the hell of it
Never delicate, hella ripped off the elements
Earth, wind, fire, water, top rock echo box
Yo man we got Cosby doing jello shots
I've been tellin' em the melanin's irrelevant
I'm yellin' and you'll feel it from the ceiling to the sediment
Intelligent, epic, and reppin' the Bay
You're trippin' if you're thinking that you're getting away

Verse 2

The sun is comin' up and runnin' through me
If weather is gettin' better, don't be gloomy
Let's get together, gather up and get it moving and
If you don't like my motherfuckin' music, sue me
A new me, a new reason to be so unseasonably fine
The ill summer grill serving supper with free sides
Cut to the 'B' side
It's Watsky covered in batter and butter and refried
The speakers are pushin' the roof
The tweeters the woofers are proof
The meters are up in the booth
The subs, the mids, the highs
The highers, the lows, the cones all bump
Duh, we're amped, that's the god damn truth
We flowing low in this moment only to sew and
be growin' over the roses and now that we broke
it open we know that we're dope enough we're
hopin' no one just can't get live
This is how we get amplified!

Verse 3: Rafael Casal

Yeah I got something to speak on
On the kind of song once heard you just keep on
We out in Cali here keeping the trees blown
So lean on me, need more gain than Freeman
Turn me up a little I'ma get a reaction
Yeah the game's filled up with a little distraction
But I'm passionate, yes, somewhat of a Manson
Here to murder words, maybe hold the rest of 'em ransom
Wonderin' what I'm gonna do to blow all them lids
back I tell 'em to get back, that's how we leave an
impact
In track-form, if you don't feel me then give me my
disc back
And be ready to get you a diss track
Shit man, I'm playing but somewhat of a monster
When I get down to laying these songs
Soon we'll be there at a concert
Playing as loud as the
Bay will allow Watsky, good thing you're around
to lead the crowd

Watsky

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