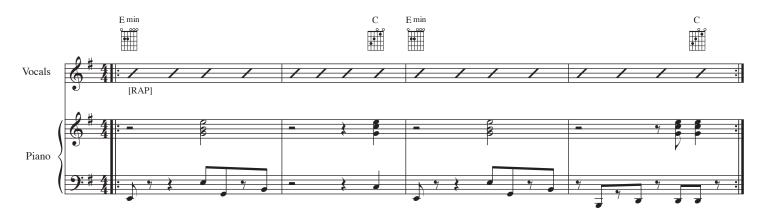
G.O.A.T (W.G.M.F.M.C)

Music by Max Miller-Loran Lyrics by George Watsky



Intro

Haha ha ha, that was funny man

That was funny?

Yeah. So what's the, uh, what's the real track 4, though?

The real track?

Yeah. That's- you're not actually gonna put that on the record though

Yeah. That's actually track number 4 on the record Watsky

I'm telling you man, it's not a stretch. It's possible to be funny and serious at the same time

Y'know. Poignant

Watsky

Yes?

You have to like, disrespect women and talk about clubs and shit, like, that's really important nowadays. That's what they want on the radio man

Y'know, it's a track about, y'know, juvenile epilepsy and I feel like it'll be touching and-

See okay- You shouldn't have gone anywhere past juvenile. Think JUVENILE. You didn't say bitch ONE TIME IN THAT RECORD

No, but at the end of that, eh-

Sprinkle it man. Sprinkle some disrespect on it Sprinkle it?

Sprinkle a little disrespect on it. There's no disrespect on the record, it's too nice

You need to have the big fucking glasses, a funny hat, where's your T-Pain effect?

I want you to go back, go home, and write a better song with more bitches, fuck more peoples'... mothers. and sisters. and brothers. and grandmothers and shit

Then come back here, and we'll talk

Lemme bounce with the beat for a second. No homo

Verse

Uhm, yeah. Whoo! Get in bed like I'm at war
Make your vagina more than kinda sore
I'm hung like a dinosaur
Shit your hymen tore. You're busted
You never grew up like a Toys R Us kid
I'm well-adjusted like jock strap crutches
Bang my old teachers while the preschool watches
Met a slow girl, I was fucking her fast
Had some tight old pussy and got stuck in the PAASSSTTTT

I molest old age, Grab the best old babe, in a breast hold babe

Is your chest cold babe?

Are those boobs your goosebumps?
Hey sugar tits, can a pimp have two lumps?
Measure my heart prick, whatever the night
I use my dick as a yardstick to measure my height!
I'm healing myself, I have a hole in my pocket
And I'm feeling myself

I'm like WuTang, your arts cookie cutter like a Warhol soup can

The rapper who can destroy mere humans
Fuck your facelift, fuck your played whip
I built a spaceship, to ride in while you're crusing Earth
Lampooning all the aliens that emcee in the Universe!

The ten best rappers is a list of me I exist to be, the greatest rapper in history

Built a time machine from Flava's clock and a saddle Taught Plato to rap, then kicked his ass in a battle I'm the best rapper alive

That gets mistaken for Michael Cera everywhere he drives

FUCK MICHAEL CERA

You weren't so super bad When I was writing and

You were running around Rodeo yelling

"Who's your dad?" UH! Man, fuck this

Watsky

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