

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

Music by Max Miller-Loran
Lyrics by George Watsky

The musical score is for a 4/4 piece. The vocal line is marked with a [RAP] instruction and consists of a series of slanted lines indicating a rap flow. The piano accompaniment features a bass line with eighth notes and chords in the right hand. Chord diagrams are provided above the score: E min (x22010), C (x32010), E min (x22010), and C (x32010).

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'... moth-
ers. 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 PAAS-
SSTTTT
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 cruising 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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