


HEADPHONES

Music by Aaron Carmack
Lyrics by George Watsky


INTRO B^b



Vocals


Piano

Vox. E^bMaj7 E^bm 1. E^bmin6 2. E^bmin6



Pno.

CHORUS B^b



Vox.

can't hear you I got my head-phones on I can't hear you I got my head-phones onn I

Vox. E^bMaj7



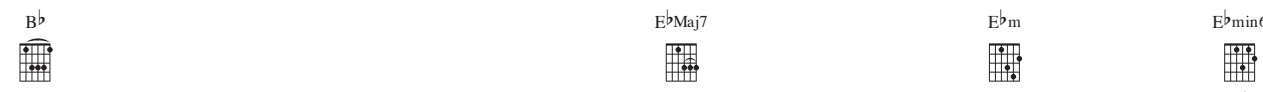
can't hear you I got my head-phones on I got my head-phones on I got my head-phones on When I look at who's a round and it

Vox. E^bm E^bmin6



feels like two's a crowd I don't run and hide I just smile real wide and I turn my mu - sic loud

VERSE B^b E^bMaj7 E^bm E^bmin6



Vox.

[RAP] repeat then Chorus

HEADPHONES

Chorus

I can't hear you (I got my headphones on)
I can't hear you (I got my headphones on)
I can't hear you (I got my headphones on)
I got headphones on (I got my headphones on)
When I look at who's around
And it feels like two's a crowd
I don't run and hide
I just smile real wide
And I turn my music loud

Verse

It's not practical to react to bull
I was thinking too hard and I cracked my skull
It's natural, erase all doubt
If I take my 'phones off, then my brains fall out
So you can shout, empty out your throat on me
It just looks like you're lip-synching Obla Di
Obla da, every time you go, "blah blah blah"
I'm hearing "life goes on" like it's your mantra
So talk shit, but when it's prone to go down
You're afraid of your own bull like rodeo clowns
I stay low to the ground, I stay plugged in
And when my dome needs love, 'phones hug my skin
But earbuds don't count, they're headphone loopholes
I want 'em bigger than a couple sideways soup bowls
And if you're sayin' next to nothing
Make like my playlist and get to shufflin'

Watsky

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
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AMPLIFIED ft. Rafael Casal

Music by Miles Douglas
Lyrics by George Watsky
& Rafael Casal

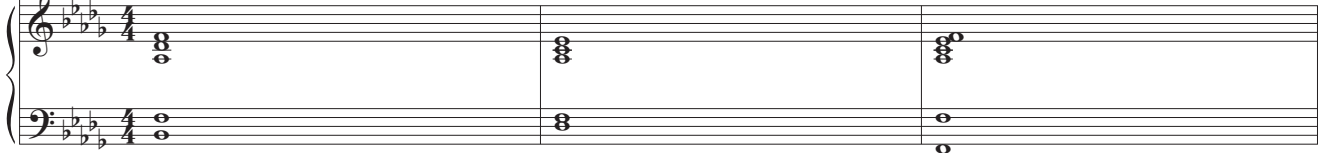
CHORUS









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

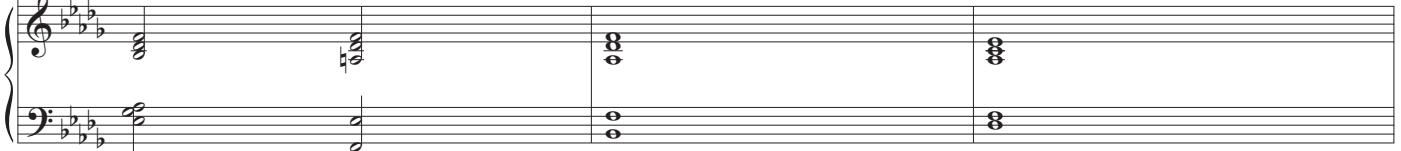








Vox.

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.

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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FUCK AN EMCEE NAME

Music by Max Miller-Loran
Lyrics by George Watsky

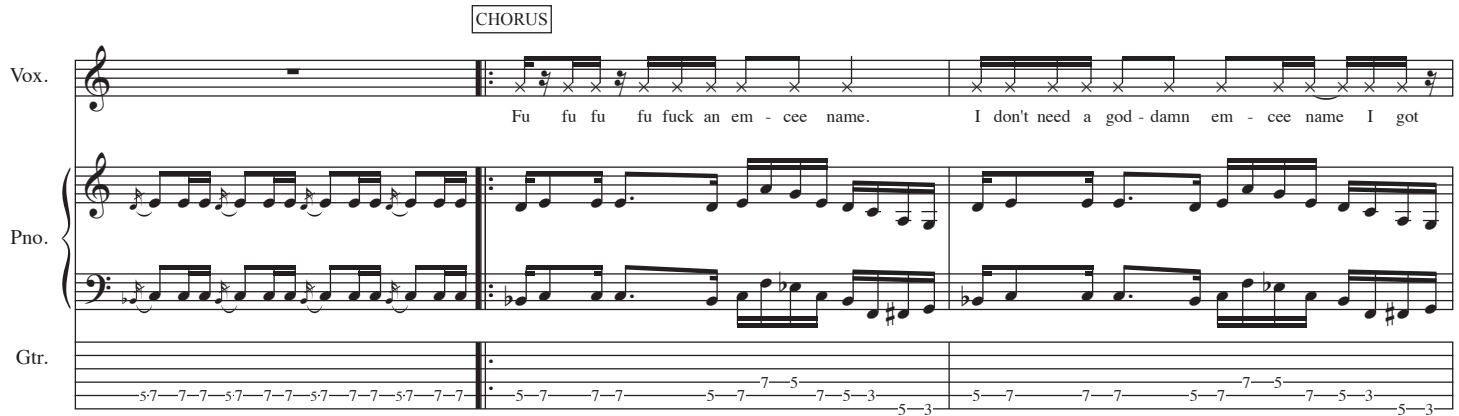
INTRO *rubato*



Piano

CHORUS

Vox. Fu fu fu fu fuck an em - cee name. I don't need a god - damn em - cee name I got



Pno.

Gtr.

Vox. no - thing to hide you got some - thing to say? George Wat - sky does - n't need a fuck - in' em - cee name _____



Pno.

Gtr.

CHORUS

Vox. [RAP]



Pno.

Gtr.

8x then chorus

FUCK AN EMCEE NAME

Intro

Alright, first of all—there's already a popular reggae artist with the name Elephant Man. Second of all, as my mother always said to me, there's nothing cooler than being yourself. And third of all, and most importantly...

Chorus (x2)

F-F-F-Fuck an emcee name
I don't need a goddamn emcee name!
I got nothing to hide, you got something to say?
(George Watsky doesn't need a fucking emcee name)

Verse 1

If I go spit a poem If I go kick a flow
Doesn't really matter man cause the jam is a Watsky
When I get a mic and I go rip a rhythm ain't a name in the whole damn game gonna stop me
Probably gonna rip it too
'Cause the city wants a hippy with a bit to prove
I got shit to do I got the sickest crew
And so what the fuck is it to you, dude?
If I got no stage name I got stage game out the ass
And a master plan, It's an avalanche
When I spit a little bit of slam
And I hit you with the battleram
Got a cattle brand "GW bar none" so what do you park man?
Got money and cars? damn, I study the stars
And I couldn't care less who you rep in your set
show respect
I'll be rapping I bet
Lean to the left flow right Oh my god!
A rose by any name got thorns as sharp
Yo, stage names are for porno stars
And Watskeet skeet skeet skeet is far
From what I'm trying to do, who I'm trying to be
Mother f-f-f-fuck this industry
If I gotta be MC U to do MC Me
Georgewatsky.mp3
F-F-F-Fuck the limit I got a keep it coming if I wanna make it to the top
'Cause I be giving you what I been doing during the minutes that other rappers have been napping on the clock
'Cause if I walk the walk and I talk the talk and I'm popping off cause my flow is hot
Then I'm pretty motherfucking positive I never gotta try to be somebody I'm not

Verse 2

What's in a name, man, flow comes first
I'm never gonna curse—that I got it worst when I roam the earth
It's a ridiculous coincidence that shows my worth
You know my parents went and chose my emcee name at birth
I don't need a mask To cover my ass
So why would you ask? Go put me on blast
I'll take you to task
This name is my last (gasp) so put it on my tombstone when I pass
(Here lies a fine emcee, the kind who grasps the fact That these aren't circus acts to make you clap, it's rap to make you think and act)
I think you understand by now the thought involved
That if I wanted to be called another name I would have scrawled it on the bathroom wall
I'm not apologizing for a policy that makes a college kid go call himself Thugdog and not expect assault
I'm marching on and calling all dissenters who
Would like to be included in this emcee designation coup
I'm set to get a crew
We're gonna get a clue and then we'll put it up for you to view
Coo coo ca choo I am the "insert you"
Come on everybody do it to

Bridge

I invoke the spirits of the great nameless emcees who came before me:
2Pac Shakur
Ali Shaheed Muhammad
Sean Price
Saul Williams
Dahlak Brathwaite
Michael Franti
Gabriel Teodros
Joell Ortiz
Mike Jones
Mike Shinoda from Linkin Park
I invoke the spirits of the great nameless professional athletes turned rappers who came before me:
Deion Sanders
Roy Jones Jr
Shaquille O'Neal
I invoke the spirits of the great nameless white emcees who came before me:
Fred Durst
Aaron Carter
Kevin Federline
Ommm...

Watsky

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SEIZURE BOY

Music by Miles Douglas
& Max Miller-Loran
Lyrics by George Watsky

F7sus4



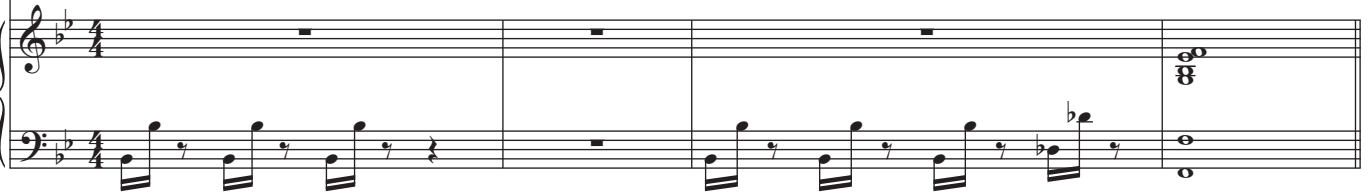
INTRO

Vocals



[RAP]

Piano



VERSE

B^bmin7



D^b



B^bmin7



D^b



B^bmin7



D^b



E^b

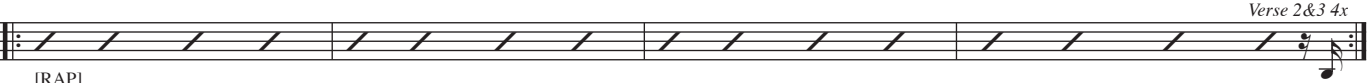


D^b



Verse 1 3x
Verse 2&3 4x

x.



[RAP]

It's

o.



CHORUS

B^bmin7



D^b



B^bmin7



D^b



B^bmin7



D^b



E^b



D^b



x.



all too much

Said it's

all too much

Said it's

all too much

And if the world breaks your legs you go and beat it with your crutch It's

B^bmin7



D^b



B^bmin7



D^b



B^bmin7



D^b



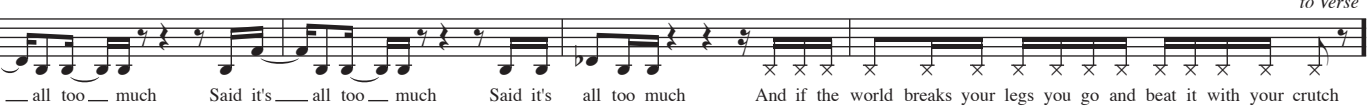
E^b



D^b



x.



all too much

Said it's all too much

Said it's all too much

And if the world breaks your legs you go and beat it with your crutch

to Verse

Watsky

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SEIZURE BOY

Verse 1

The first thing that happens is the world goes black
You just hear a little snap when your neck rolls back
You don't bite your tongue off or foam at the lips
But before you hit the ground there's a moment of bliss
It's like toking a spliff, it's like shedding your skin
It's better than the best train wreck there's even been
You have to let it in, as much as it's upsetting
To wake up with bruises you don't remember getting
You don't remember how the hell you ended up indoors
You don't remember whether you were wetting your gym shorts
In front of Amanda, the girl you're after
Who already thought you were a fucking disaster
It's not like a last will, it's making me laugh
Unless you get your next one while you're taking a bath
I'm seizing the mic fast at middle school dances
I'm done being seized and I'm seizing my chances

Hook (x2)

I said, "It's all too much"
I said, "It's all too much"
I said, "It's all too much"
And if the world breaks your legs you go and beat it with
your crutch

Verse 2

Maybe true, I got baby blues, you got navy blues
Paid your dues, name the tune, name a hue: what shade
are you?
I see Purple People Eaters more than world leaders
And I've jumped a couple hurtles, burned some sneakers
through the meters (copacetic)
Please, get the medic, let it breathe
And I'll be the baddest motherfucking epileptic I can be
I would grieve, asking why's it me sleeping in the ER
with an IV in my arm and my V card hurting
saying, "God fuck if I'ma die a virgin"
I'ma grab the first nurse working, flirt and draw the cur-
tain
So who's perkin Doctor Phil's Pills
Tyler Durden Still ill
Thrillville, Uma Thurman hurting in the Kill Bills
This is to my sick kids, time to flip this shit
Depakote, Adderall, Ritalin, pixie stix
I don't give a fuck what you ridin' to the setting sun
Use it as a weapon when it's said and done

Verse 3

Say that I'm crazy or call it a pitfall
I'll win a game of bloody knuckles hitting a brick wall
It's pinball hitting the limit to smash that glass
Taking a minute to sit in the whip and then I'm gonna
mash on gas
'Cause I'll be crashing that impasse with fat ass syntax
Skinny motherfucker off a bucket of Slimfast
You ever had a Gran Mal seizure in gym class?
Had whiplash back when life was dishing out pimp
slaps
Fed up and we've all been better but I'm set to step up
Never let up 'cause the fall is just the setup now to get
up
Regret'll never get the better of me with a sawed off
When I'm having trouble talking someone knocks my
writer's block off
If my eyes glaze and my knees drift south
And you ever think to stick a credit card in my mouth
I take Mastercard and Visa for my risk rewards
I'm not biting my tongue, why don't you bite yours?

Watsky

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

Music by Max Miller-Loran
Lyrics by George Watsky

The musical score is for the song 'G.O.A.T (W.G.M.F.M.C)'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line is marked with '[RAP]' and consists of a series of slanted lines indicating a rap performance. The piano accompaniment is in a simple, rhythmic style. Above the piano part, four guitar chord diagrams are provided: E minor (E min), C major (C), E minor (E min), and C major (C).

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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WAKING HOUR

ft. Mariami

Music by Daniel Riera
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Vocals

Piano

CHORUS

Vox.

A min7 D min7 A min7 D min7

In the wak - ing__ hour I see your face In the wak - ing__ hour I feel your In the wak - ing__

D min7 A min7 D min7 A min7

hour feel my bo - dy__ race In the wak - ing__ hour I

D min7 E min7 D min7 E min7

Ba - by__ I see that the game is un - spo - ken so if you play with me I don't need no - thing bro - ken I've got

D min7 E min7 D min7 D min7 E min7

pa - tience you see And I don't mean to preach that it's a man's world ba - by But a wo - man will teach you to__

A min7 D min7 A min7 G 9sus4 3fr.

Be - lieve__

Pno.

To Coda

WAKING HOUR

ft. Mariami

Chorus

In the waking hour I see your face
In the waking hour I feel your (Oh)
In the waking hour feel my body race
In the waking hour
Baby I see that the game is unspoken so if you play
with me
I don't need nothing broken
I've got patience you see
And I don't mean to preach that's it's a man's world
baby
But a woman will teach you to believe

Verse 1

You were on the bed in that pretty little thong
With a ribbon on it, when I said to pick a song
You had a feeling for some healing with that Marvin
Gaye
Begins with "let's," ends with "get it on"
I get it. you're ready to fuck
And it's time for me to let it erupt
But. I got a confession to make
When I get nervous I can never get it up
I gotta get it together, I better meditate
I want to set it straight
I gotta separate the passion I had from the fear that
came
Alone I get a boner when I hear your name
But when I'm near the game, I veer to shame
Clearly, my dear it appears the same
Severely lame!
My genitals' flustered
Make a last stand like general custer!
I'd take a cluster fuck or a just some animal lust
I know you're looking for a man who can thrust
(trust) I was in the sack with a faster women than Dani-
ca Patrick
When I had a panic attack
I can never fake it, I make another mistake
And I'm aching and so I pray to the have the pastor
take
An erection collection and pass the plate
But no one donated, so I had to masturbate
I know the girls want it
I'm close, and if it grows I can put a condom on it
Her moan is onomatopoeic
I groan. because my bone is gone as soon as get it
Got a risky trick, for frisky chicks
Have a drink, then blame it on whiskey dick
Wait a couple hours, I'll be horny good
And can wake up with a little bit of morningwood

Verse 2: Watsky

I know that many men are waiting to be penetrating
You think I'm panting but I'm hyperventilating
I would get to mating but I'm so damn nervous
I called my dick, but I can't get service
The worst is I'm a pervert- I want you
I'd make harness from your tan brassiere
Last night I had a fantasy
We're banging hanging from the ceiling like a chandelier
Slip into your chimney singing "santa's here!"
But it's a grand veneer
Damn, it's enough to bring a man to tears
With a hand on my gear
But a strand full of blanks in my bandoleer
There are times when I wish it away
There are nights when I wish I was gay
It'd be quicker- I go to theater school
Shit I figure I could stick it to pick of the litter
Man I'm sick of it
Want to stick a dick in it, lick a tit
Get some cliterature, for the illiterate!
Hit it in the middle of the night
In the waking hour
When I take a shower, we can strip
Luckily I studied up on being cuddle buddy
Would rather have sucker who fronts?
Fucking you once, making ugly grunts?
I'll be casanova (in a couple of months)
I'm making you mine
Maybe later for the sake of taking our time
Tonight we can lie naked if you don't mind waiting
Give it like five dates and I'll have your thighs shaking
I get her in bed and then we're attending a seminar on a bit of
sex ed
I hope this song proves how fast my tongue moves
Cause it's true I give the best head

Bridge: Mariami

I go to sleep just to wake up in your arms, babe
And before the dawn you'll rise when the sun say
Early mornings make me restless
Breath on my skin, I'm already breathless (oh)
You're sexy under pressure, boo
Better catch your breath so that I can let my hands perform for
you baby
We're all alone, help me untie my blue sarung
I can't wait to tell my girls, "Yeah, that's my man
So good I had to write him a song"

Watsky

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THE GIRL NEXT DOOR (TO EVERYBODY ELSE)

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

CHORUS

Vocals

It's a song a-bout the girl next door I love the girl next door The world's next door — They see her Ev-ery-bo-dy melts She's the
 girl next door to ev-ery-bo-dy else It's a song a-bout the girl who sings And ev-ery-time you hear her sing — She sings for you
 — And you a-lone And ev-ery o-ther guy you know she loves you back She says she's with it Loves you back But wait a mi-nute all a-
 long she loves your back e-nough to put a dag-ger in it Cuz it's a song a-bout the girl next door
 I love the girl next door The world's next door — They see her Ev-ery-bo-dy melts She's the girl next door to ev-ery-bo-dy else

INTERLUDE

G Maj7 E min7 B \flat DMaj7 D7 G Maj7 E min7 B \flat

VERSE 1 & 2

B 7(#9) C 9 B 7(#9) C 9

Verse 1: 4x then continue
Verse 2: 4x then to Coda

7 7 7 7
6 5 7 7-9 8 8 5 7-9 6 5 7 7-9 8 7-5-9-5-7-5
7 8 7 8

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR (TO EVERYBODY ELSE)

Chorus

It's a song about the girl the next door
I love the girl next door
The world's next door
They see her- everybody melts
She's the girl next door to everybody else
It's a song is a song about the girl who sings
And every time you hear her sing
She sings for you and you alone
And every other guy you know
She loves you back, she says she's with it
Loves you back, but wait a minute
All along she loved ya back
Enough to put a dagger in it
It's a song about the girl the next door
I love the girl next door
The world's next door
They see her- everybody melts
She's the girl next door to everybody else

Intro

So, funny story
I was really into this girl, a great singer
And I had this musician friend who was really into the
same girl
She ended up essentially playing us off each other
But, we both had these songs that we were going to do
with her
So we just put them together

[Verse 1]

It's like a fairy tale! About little chickenhead
Thought the sky was falling so she kicked it sick and dead
I came calling (she pretended she was dead)
Feeling she was healing but the ceiling fell instead!
You feel stellar in your skeleton?
Tell a guy you fell for him then tell him he's irrelevant?
It's evident you think you're Helen of Troy
But you're hell in a handbasket
Hell of a coy little Cruella Deville
If it's fitting you fill in
Another filthy felony with every fella you thrill
You're cellophane but there's a spell on us still
A man goes window shopping and you sell him the sill
You give an illness that isn't a silly pill or some silvery
penicillin
Or pity gonna fulfil and so willing my pen is spilling I'm
drilling my point until
The pen point's dull, the end point's still
Insight, I'm inside, I'm insisting
You get wise and quit with lip-synching
In Christ, you entice the quick kissing

Rise in a bathtub full of ice with a rib missing (It's
aliiiiive!)
It's been decided
You can lie, but you can't hide it behind your eyelids
I provided rhymes and had to plan a hybrid
With the man that led this band who might have liked
you more than I did
Or maybe as much
Cause baby that's what
Make me want to laugh
Just, breaks me right in half cause
It really adds up
Dwelling on this sad stuff
Celibacy mad sucks
When everybody tapped once
Including a best friend
Then one of my roommates
You said it was just then
But shit it was too late
So what's your group rate
Cause we've been waiting our turn
To watch you eat your words
And catch some heartburn

Bridge 2

Guess that's the problem
When you have a bunch of people who are artists
You end up falling in love because they're amazing on
stage and it's too bad
Because she really does sing like an angel

Verse 2

Here! is where you would have sung the verse
Here! is where you'd have to catch a breath
Here! is where you might forget the words
Haha that where you'd laugh to fill the rest
Here! is where you'd hit another high note
Here! is where you'd make it pretty, shit if I don't
Here! is where we'd really try to be friends
Funny how the shallow girls end up off the deep end
First I met your ass last year
First day of class, you were mad sincere
Then you went and chose my friend for benefits
Then he did the same and said it was the end of it
Then funny thing, I got up on the TV
Then coincidentally you said you'd like to see me
Then you stood me up on just our second date
Out with mister music
Then you used him for your serenade

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RUN MY MOUTH

ft. Danny McClain

Music by Max Miller-Loran
Lyrics by George Watsky

VERSE 1

Vocals

[RAP]

1, 2, 3. 4.

Piano

ox.

no.

Dm11 5fr. C/E Fm9 76fr. G7sus4 G7

ox.

no.

CHORUS

C Maj7 C7sus4 C13 10fr. FMaj7 C/E G7sus4 G13 5fr. CMaj7 C7sus4 C13 10fr. FMaj7 C/E Dm11 G13(b9) 5fr. 3fr.

ox.

I know you know _____ I know you know _____

no.

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RUN MY MOUTH

ft. Danny McClain

Verse 1

I tend to vent a lot
It's hard to end a thought
I get pent up and I guess I don't know when to stop
If I get a mental block, you can hear a pencil drop
But if not I'm all talk like a rent a cop
I don't wanna mock
Ever yet I let it slip
Said I gotta get a grip
Cause I know you're delicate
And I'm pretty adamant
I can learn some etiquette
Bet on it that I can talk a book and never edit it
Seldom elegant, guilty of embellishing
Yelling but I'm holding shit together like I'm gelatin
We're both jealous and selfish, I'm hella slim
But I gotta bigger mouth than a pelican
Check a fella sing, messing up the melody
I know my alphabet, A to L-M-N-O-P
I like you, it shouldn't be shocking
My heart's beating just as loud as I'm talking

Chorus

I know you know
I know you know
Sometimes I say things
I don't quite mean
Ca-a-a-an't I run my mouth?

Verse 2

I'm a fast talker, louder than a brass knocker
Cricket or a grasshopper. Not another. word
I don't want to ass kiss, sniffing like a mastiff
That'll be my last ditch effort to be. heard
Take me as a hostage. I'm feeling lost
With my neck out like an ostrich: totally absurd
I squawk like a bird cause my clumsy heart feels
like it's doing cartwheels
Put me in a dunce cap, treat me like a hunchback
Say my mind is one track every single. day
Call my mug a megaphone
I don't beg and moan if I get in bed alone
I don't want to say
You're forgiven briefly if I call you sweet pea
Then you say to eat me, and I don't know which
way
I've had a taste and I know you're gourmet
An argument's just the makeup foreplay

Bridge: Danny

Listen. Calm down. Hear me. Watch your mouth
Careful. That stung. Give me lip. Bite my tongue
I'd say. Stop that. But we both. Talk trash
How about we work it out?
Listen. Calm down. Hear me. Watch your mouth
Careful. That stung. Give me lip. Bite my tongue
I'd say. Stop that. But we both. Talk trash
How about we work it out?

Verse 3

Take the silent type, gimme the opposite
You look so damn sexy when you're talking shit
Every time I want to say to put a sock in it
I melt again and buy your ass a box of chocolate
I guess that's why they call me Georgie Porgie
puddin' pie
Before I kiss my girl I put her on a sugar high
And then we cry after a little old 'how are you?'
Turns into an argument I bet'll scar you
Is it hard to always have to complain
Taking something mundane and give yourself a
tongue sprain?
You talk about your day and go off for a year
And I could walk away or hold the phone off of
my ear
I don't love what I hear, but I've got to stay
Cause man, smart girls have a lot to say
I want to shout with someone that I'm down
with
There's no one I'd rather run my mouth with

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I GOT THIS LOVE

ft. Passion

Music by Miles Douglas, Daniel Riera
& Max Miller-Loran
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Guitar

Guitar

TAB

```

5-7 5-7-9-7 5-7-9-7 7-5 5-7-9 7-7 9 5-7 5-7-9-7 5-7-9-7 7-5 5-7-9 5-5 7-5 5-7-5
  
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E min7 F#min7 G Maj7 E min7 F#min7 G Maj7

x.

r.

r.

CHORUS

E min7 F#min7 G Maj7 E min7 F#min7 G Maj7 F#min7 G Maj7

x.

r.

r.

VERSE

E min7 F#min7 G Maj7 E min7 F#min7 G Maj7

x.

[RAP]

I GOT THIS LOVE

ft. Passion

Chorus (x2)

I got this love, I-I got this love, why, I got this love
Because, because, because, because

Verse 1

Because of Jonestown. Because of Auschwitz
Because the leaves fall and we can't stop it
But that makes fall leaves. I'mma start a mosh pit
(ch!) This is your captain, hopping out the cockpit
I forgot my parachute, but I got my bay sounds
So I'll be going dummy, rocking on the way down
I'll be saying, "Hey ground!" Howzabout we make
out?
I'll put on some Ray Brown. You can grab some take
out
Love isn't more sin, love isn't forced in
Getting under your skin, digging for endorphins
It's the portion some of us'll forgo
Fingers on your torso tapping you in Morse code
The opera aria we're singing like a bar song
The stranger's pretty face that hits you like a car bomb
The wrinkled note we passed in class in second grade
And all it says up on the page (is)

Verse 2

Because my Grandma lived to 99-eleven months
Between a hundred years of solitude and heaven once
Because she loved her son but couldn't ever say it
right
Because the language of the planet isn't day and night
It's in the in between, it's when we intervene
And never let a silly hater rabbit pimp the scene
For the deaf kid in the aisle of the symphony
Who hears it through the rumble of the tuba and the
timpani
For those lay waste to beauty with a straight face
Everywhere on earth we're all escaping from the
same place
And, yes, occasionally we get drunk and out of line
Last night, there's a lamp post that I asked to be my
valentine
Take a shady place, shine until it radiates
Seventeen to eighty eight, make a break and head
west
Or make a promise to your lady in a red dress
Last night in my hot mess
That lamp post said yes

Verse 3

Detroit is equal till there's half its people laid off
While corporate lawyers and former employers
play golf
Because of furor over every juror paid off
And because the Führer used to be a boy named
Adolf
Because of Anakin, instead of panickin'
And because of every man who can be more
than just a mannequin
Because of Tienanmen, because there was a
cameraman
And because of the cameraman chasing princess
Diana and
Because of Tammany hall, because of Gramercy
park
Because of Amityville and because of amnesty
Because of famine and because its not a fantasy
Because of every tenement into family
Tentative to say cause of Combs cause of Hannity
Homes for humanity the bones of my ancestry
Grown and gone on gravestones and drawn on
payphones and palms
Raised up in alms

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FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

ft. Dahlak Brathwaite

Music by Max Miller-Loran
 Lyrics by George Watsky
 & Dahlak Brathwaite

INTRO

G min 3fr. D min D7(b9) 4fr.

Vocals

Piano

VERSE

G min 3fr. D min 1, 2, 3. D7(b9) 4fr. 4. D7(b9) 4fr.

Vocals [RAP] If you don't like

Piano

CHORUS

G min 3fr. D min D7(b9) 4fr.

Vocals — me And I don't like — you I'll have to fight — you If you don't ease

Piano

G min 3fr. D min C min 3fr. D min G min 3fr. D min

Vocals — up Then roll your sleeves — up And we can meet out - side — right now —

Piano

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
ft. Dahlak Brathwaite

Verse 1

Spun a web of lies, took notes from Charlotte
Throw a red herring, paint the White House scarlet
Pennsylvania Ave was the last red carpet
Then Bush relapsed like a rehab starlet
I feel carsick
Stop the Paris Hilton carousel
Hot as hell and smells like kerosene and caramel
America's flaring and we're carrying parasols
Paranoid of terror cells, parents scared of aerosols
Said if you care at all, fight for the ones who fall
Fight for the ones who can't, fight for the one for the all
And fight for the ones who rep, and fight for the one percent
At the bottom against the one-two-one-two step for the ones who come correct
I don't wanna sit back with a Big Mac and a rack of natty ice
Six pack on my lap, Skinemax on blast, sticking to the facts of life (Right)
Said if you're taller better follow who you're steppin' on
Cause I'll be brawling like the fightin' Irish leprechaun

Verse 2: Dahlak Brathwaite

Since I was little I've been fiddling with the riddle
Focus like folks addicted to Ritalin craftin' it with no chisel
You soft as Malcolm in the Middle
I'm strong as the Nation of Islam with Malcolm in the Middle
Uh Izza, Uh Izza, can you save them
Playful like skittles or that little minstrel delicious was kissing like a switch
Switch it up like a schizo
Pretty motherfucker would get ugly like Gizmo
It's okay maybe it's not your day
I'm a winner couldn't even get beat by Dr. Dre
I couldn't even get beat if I was your slave (Yay)
I got [?]
My designer clothes look like [?]
Angry like sin case thoughts once his chains unlocked

And this is why I'm hot
But not in that M.I.M.S sort of way
More like you better get him sort of way
Cause until I kill Bill he won't put his sword away
Been a professor like you got your tenure today
Got my vendetta to settle I ain't settlin' for close
When it comes to wantin' change I'm as unsettled as Mos
Spittin' live from the boondocks
With my boombox
Sittin' on my soap box
Spittin' got my folks locked
They patiently waiting for me to give em' some of freedom fighter
Kind like Huey Freeman of 21

Verse 3

I don't need a chart to see that I look hard to me
There's no Chardonay pumping through my arteries
And my heart'll say I should take the harder way
If I got a part to play, I won't make it Bartleby
At least this Starter T is feeling like an armor piece
It's guarding me like it's righteous artistry
So far to lead us to inagaddadavida
To seeking god in your freedom
To God I gotta lead a vida bonita
Cause see to lead a beautiful life
Is more than eating, sleeping, and meeting suitable wife
You gotta fight
While luda's throwing bows in A-town
I'll be throwing blows like little children on the playground
You should know the bay, we're seeming sorta tame
But we can go insane
And if you're on lower plane like when a boeing lands
My fist detaches at the wrist, so I'll be throwing hands

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COLOR LINES

ft. Catch Wreck

Music by Daniel Riera & Andy Tisdall
Lyrics by George Watsky & Jesse Winfrey

INTRO

Vocals: 4x

Piano: 4x

Guitar: T, A, B

Chords: B \flat 7, A aug7, D min

VERSE 1, 2, & 3

Vox.: 8x

Pno.: 8x

Chords: B \flat 7, A aug7, D min

CHORUS

Vox.: These co - lor lines will make you break you make you choose a side These co - lor lines these co - lor lines been here since jump

Vox.: I write these co - lor lines cuz if I don't I'll lose my mind I write these co - lor lines these co - lor lines

Chords: B \flat 7, A aug7, D min, B \flat 7, A aug7, D min, B \flat 7, A aug7, D min

to Verses to Outro after 3rd Chorus

OUTRO

Vox.: loop and fade out

Chords: B \flat 7, A aug7, D m7, D \flat m7, C m7, F 13, B m7(\flat 5), B \flat 7, A aug7, D m7

COLOR LINES ft. Catch Wreck

Verse 1

Your first rap show posted in the back row
Of a sea of white kids bent on Supermanning that ho
Pretty soon you're buying fitted hats and high tops
Pretending that you're black enough and rapping with the
lights off
It's like a cyclops with one closed eye
You can tell me that you're winking, but the grin won't lie
And no mouth supplies, what your skin tone hides
About a thousand miles south as the jim crow flies
And then we're playing he said she said
I see red when I peep a pink cheeked boston meathead
I wanna go Bruce Lee
When I see him on the T taking up two seats
And say, "excuse me, but would you move if hell froze?"
You know the subway is the underground railroad
Lynch trees have the same white limbs
Check out my arms, I look just like him

Verse 2: Catch Wreck

Let's you and I get one thing straight
The game never been equal, ain't no food on my plate
I gave birth to this and you just took it and co-opted it and
profited
And packaged it and wouldn't give me half of it
Peep how I master this and break down how you took it
all
Raped the culture and you standing there looking all
Innocent, take a mile when I give and inch
And how you getting rich, is it a coincidence?
Or is it ignorance? You don't know your own privilege
You own riches and don't know what homeless is
You got a lot to learn before you even think about
Hip hop, black culture and which fitted you pickin out
Play Nigga in the store, I don't think so bro
My people ain't supportin your black history show
So stop what you doing we won't take it anymore
Before you come in my house wipe ya feet at the door

[Watsky]

I see the color lines
It's tough that every other time a brother rhymes
White mothers think of gutter crimes
We keep our standard higher
We don't kick lower rhymes
Other times it undermines the fact the mine are over minds

[Catch Wreck]

All you gotta do is get past the guilt
We ain't living in a house that master built
If you overstand that, tell your people what you know
Because one of em got enough money to pay back what
you owe

[Watsky]

Yes, My great grands had land, had slaves
I guess I pressed this record off the bank he made
But I want independence, past the declaration
But one down ass white boy can't pay for reparations

[Catch Wreck]

I'm running out of patience while you do the work of
Satan
Like an impulse. Edu Leedz Black history's an insult

[Watsky]

Number one, I'm not trying to tell your story
I just want to sit on my porch, drink a forty and spit
Number two, cause uou can smell bullshit
I just love hip hop
Pinkie swear that's it

[Catch Wreck]

If you love hip hop respect it
That includes the people who created it and paved the
way for this
So that you're making it

[Watsky]

Well if you're talking on who's making it, I'll play devil's
advocate

A lot of black music has white dollars backing it
Kweli's got it on lock

Rupert Murdoch funded Rawkus

You looking for the keys, then you better check the
pockets

[Catch Wreck]

I'll be checking pockets all right
As soon as it gets dark and all night
I'mma get my money we can all fight

[Watsky]

You taking out the high and the mighty
And their kids

You say kill whitey

I say can I live?

You're not black militant

Killing us diligent

Grab my fam, and grandma and light us up like a
filament

I thought we were cool now I'm this close to giving in
Just put a bullet in for each missed dose of Ritalin

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HERCULES

Music by Daniel Riera
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO F#min

Vocals: Uh Uh

Piano: [Piano accompaniment]

CHORUS B min B m7/D C#

Vox.:

1. I know I'm just as strong as Her-cu-les
 2. I Hope I'm just as strong as Her-cu-les Be-cause it's wi-red in my ci-cui-try
 3. I know I'm just as strong as Her-cu-les I hope I'm just as strong as Her-cu-les
 4. My mo-ther loves me more than Her-cu-les My pa-rents work har-der than Her-cu-les

Pno.: [Piano accompaniment]

F#min

Vox.:

And if I'm just as strong as Her-cu-les You'll see I'm just as strong as Her-cu-les
 But when it comes to stack-ing cur-ren-cies I'd like to be as strong as Her-cu-les
 Be-cause it's writ-ten in my his-to-ry I know I'm just as strong as Her-cu-les
 But if I think of this as bur-gla-ry I know I'm strong-er cause of Her-cu-les

Pno.: [Piano accompaniment]

VERSE F#min B min B m7/D C#

Vox.:

[RAP]

F#min F#min

Vox.:

D.S.

HERCULES

Hook

I know I'm just as strong as Hercules
Because it's wired in my circuitry
And if I'm just as strong as Hercules
You'll see I'm just as strong as Hercules

Verse 1

In 1638 they came from Sweden
Ship shape settlers late looking for Eden
The Delaware tribe wasn't really keen on leaving
So they "bought em out" or slaughtered them quick and
got to breeding
1659 they built a fortress
Stationed soldiers, and gave them horses
But now their forces were losing their resources
Moving in the living quick as moving out the corpses
Started changing courses, when we got the Quakers
And they been running town since Cromwell met his
maker
They didn't take pay cut, Quakers got their cake up
The paper came triangulating, trading with Jamaica
Now in the 1700s they took care of biz
Built the families through some noble marriages
Still in Willmington, doing what their parents did
Living up on 7th street in Mansions they inherited
1800 and in step the du Ponts
Irenee du Pont was fleeing the war in France
He made the jaunt cause apparently murder rate
Was higher for gentle people spitting on the third estate
He started working late, he had grand design
And when we cut a couple fingers off the hands of time
The du Ponts were running under Delaware like panty
lines
They built a mill for small explosives on the Brandywine
But gun powder's just as temperamental
As the rich kids with CEO potential
It's essential to compete for our emergencies
Which brings me to a company called Hercules

Verse 2

Hercules Gunpowder started kind of small
DuPont had it all, were sparkling wall to wall
They were ballin' in the fall of 1899
When T.C. du Pont crawled up the Brandywine
Now Thomas Coleman, started as a coal man
In the mines in Kentucky with his old man
Joined whole fam, and flipping the strip tease
Went from fig leaves all the way to big cheese
Never got on his knees for the love it won him
From couple of brothers, Lewis and Russell Dunham
They were running shit with Coleman's muscle
Lewis wasn't clueless

But Russell's on his hustle
Now brother Lou, was Coleman's true blue man
T.C. would have an idea and Lou drew plans
DuPont had seventy percent of GDP
When it came to gun powder and TNT
They bought even bought Hercules
"Scandalous!"
Said the government, so brought on anti-trust
Litigation, and they split business up in three
Into Atlas and DuPont, and Hercules
But certainly they were busting heads
Put in work at Hercules, then made Russell prez
In 1912 up the road from Dover
My great great grandfather Russ took over

Verse 3

Russell Dunham, we said Daddy D
Or sugar Daddy D to half the family
Ran Hercules as an affable property
Slap on the wrist from capitalist democracy
And so between TC and Papa D
A bit improperly they adopt a monopoly
And instead of dotting the i's and often crossing the T's
They take a walk in the trees, and talk and pocket the
cheese
And when Russell dropped to his knees, his heirs cashed
out
Every generation after the shares passed down
(So where's that now?) Split between six ladies
And my mother had the stocks till the 1980's
If Stonewall pays my phone calls
If San Juan fills my Scantron
If every molten shower out in Okinawa fueled by smoking
powder
Pays my broken power send my folks the flowers
If it's irrelevant to my intelligence
Gimme a shotgun, I'm dropping these pink elephants
I'll take a tranquilizer shot and sell the sedatives
Out in Delaware I'm well aware the fella lives
(And what if Iwo Jima)
All the skeletons in my closet are dead relatives
(And if the Fall of Saigon)
And then I grow up to be another screw up
(And if the Tet Offensive)
But if I blow up
It'll be cause they blew up

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TWO BLUE MOONS

Music by Daniel Riera
Lyrics by George Watsky

VERSE 1, 2, & 3

Vocals

[RAP]

Piano

Guitar

TAB

Vox.

Pno.

Gtr.

CHORUS

G5 G min/B^b A 7sus4 G5/C G5/D G5 G min/B^b A 7sus4 G5/C G5/D

Vox.

The moon is out to - night
It's bright Is ev - ery - thing al - right
Not quite I would - n't act like I know
know know know know

G5 G min/B^b A 7sus4 G5/C G5/D C min7 C min7/B^b A m11 D7

Vox.

know! just what you're go - ing through
No shit but if you're feel - ing blue
Don't quit I wan - na tell you my bro - ther I feel the same way too

to Verse

TWO BLUE MOONS

Verse 1

A couple red sons popping out a new womb
Twins come twice, once in a blue moon
Feeling like a joke in the nude, rude humor
We were born premature, and they said
"Too soon"
Sing a new tune, act less fickle
Most twins cling like a pair of testicles
We haven't been tight since we breastfed
little
Said me on the right and you on the left
nipple
Said it's that simple, have to discover
If you act a bit smothered while you're
trapped with big brother
9 long months kicking it inside our mother
Never kicked her belly, hell, we only kicked
each other
If we suffer we can get well when we grow
Get born, ready? Go! Got a separate em-
bryo
Breaking like a levee though, wading
through the heavy flow
When you see the light, let me know (bro)

Chorus

The moon is out tonight (It's bright)
Is everything alright? (Not quite)
I wouldn't act like I know (No) know (No)
know (No) know (No) know
Just what you're going through (No shit)
But if you're feeling blue (Don't quit)
I want to tell you, my brother, I feel the same
way too

Verse 2

There were weeks you can bet I couldn't eat
Looking at my cooking with a set of wooden teeth
Opened up my big mouth, found that I could speak
So I put another foot in it, but now I couldn't leave
It's good to see all the losers taking days
To think of dumping shit on you in new, creative
ways
You can say that it's a phase
Or some rude complaining crap
It's a stupid way to act, man, but two can play at
that
I've been a brat, made more than one slip
My lips got unzipped, I quipped some dumb shit
Our folks were so sick, it made them cringe
I followed my jaw's lead, and came unhinged
I'm sorry man, but can the shit end here?
Cause we haven't really talked in about ten years
And that's ten too many cause if you were anyone
else
I wouldn't see you in myself

Verse 3

Aching in the chest, try to take it from the stress
Shrink made me quit, I was making him depressed
Usually I'm upbeat, tearing through the halls
But instead of bouncing off 'em I was staring at the
walls
Care to make the call which separates faster
A fence of placenta, an inch made of plaster
A handful of strands of our DNA
Either we both were alone or it seemed that way
Kept to myself, I'd reflect by myself
Dude, I left and I fucking saw Shrek by myself (Oh
no!)
It's no help to assume we're less than
To mom it's yes ma'am, I'm groom, you're best man
It's on the next fam to plan and proceed
But if we smoke weed, don't think we OD'd
No I don't know all the shit you've been through
But I've seen a window, and I know I've been too

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EVERYTHING TURNS GOLD

ft. Gift of Gab & Mieka Pauley

Music by Max Miller-Loran
 Lyrics by George Watsky,
 Timothy Parker & Mieka Pauley

CHORUS

B m7 **E7sus4** **E7** **GMaj7**

Vocals: When the sun sets on the ci-ty It's some-thing to be-hold Cause when the sun sets on the ci-ty

Piano: [Musical notation for piano accompaniment]

Guitar: [Musical notation for guitar accompaniment]

Guitar TAB: [Guitar tablature]

GMaj7/C# **A13sus4** **F#7** **Bm7** **E7sus4** **E7**

Vox.: Eve - ry thing turns gold For now you're young and pret-ty And you'll be love - ly when you're old

Pno.: [Musical notation for piano accompaniment]

Gtr.: [Musical notation for guitar accompaniment]

Gtr. TAB: [Guitar tablature]

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Chorus:

When the sun sets on the city
It's something to behold
Cause when the sun sets on the city
Everything turns gold
For now you're young and pretty
And you'll be lovely when you're old
Cause when the sun sets on the city
Everything turns gold

Verse 1

The frog in my throat was the size of a mutt
The fat toad ate the butterflies in my gut
The dog in me knows that it's a bitch in dark black
So I spit the frog out and I took my bark back
Till that i'd been afraid of night
My cradle never stayed in sight
It might have all abated if I played it right
I hated tryna find and face a place I didn't dare
go
Diving with the worms and liking looking like a
scarecrow
Do a mellow jig instead of tripping off a dollar
I'll just skip the yellow brick with wicker sticking
out my collar
It's all or nothing i'll be cultured when I'm older
Fuck a parrot, I don't care I'll feed the vulture on
my shoulder
(Polly want a collarbone?)
Try the lake for fish
Or just say yes to yesterday break it and make a
wish
I ate dirt as a baby, I did it for the flavor
In a couple years i'll let the dirt return the favor

Verse 2: Gift of Gab

Yeah, I used to consider the riches and the props
And the houses and the fame and the fortune, every-
thing
Seems when you get here, there seems more desir-
able
All that old fear (?) doesn't leave, it's inside of you
Everything material, it passes like the night'll do
Into day, Came and went away
Mental states annoyed with a attitude of zero grati-
tude that may destroy
Beneath the lies is truth though
You seek and find the proof
Only place to be is here
Dig in, peep it how the roots grow
From out of nowhere into nothingness and back
Constantly expresses everything and everyone
And acting as a thread
Arm Leg Leg Arm Head
Karma that you spread
May be relived again after you live again after
you're dead
Until you merge into the blissful field of mighty pow-
er
But time is an illusion, all of it's within you now

Bridge

The sun is going down, drink another round
Play until you fold, paint the city gold
Remember what you've heard, don't say another
word
Until you shake your bottle up and spray a little on
the curb
Remember what you own, take the sunset home
If no one's out right now, I hope you know you're not
alone
Try to find some nights to watch the shining lights
Park see the city sparkle out on diamond heights
All those attractive glass spires that we love to stack
higher
I'm starting grass fires when my car backfires after
four flat tires
Rolling off road to avoid the bad drivers
Coming back home and I climb the walls into the sky
on tall risers
To make it all brighter, blaze your lighters up
Raise your cider cup and let's pull an all-nighter

Watsky

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