

EXQUISITE CORPSE

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky, Rafael Casal,
Daveed Diggs, Chinaka Hodge,
Michael Jones, Benjamin Laub,
Jonathan Park, & Adam Traore

The musical score is presented in a two-staff format. The top staff is labeled 'Vocals' and the bottom staff is labeled 'Piano'. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4. The piece consists of four measures. Above the vocal staff, guitar chord diagrams are provided for each measure: G min (3fr.), Eb7(#11) (5fr.), G min (3fr.), and Eb7(#11) (5fr.). The vocal line is represented by a series of diagonal slashes, with the instruction '[RAP]' written below the first measure. The piano accompaniment is shown in both treble and bass clefs. The right hand (treble clef) plays a melodic line with quarter notes: G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4. The left hand (bass clef) plays a bass line with octaves: G2, Eb3, G3, Bb3, G3, Eb3, G2. The piano part concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

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Intro

Have you ever seen a corpse?
How about an exquisite one?
Think about Frankenstein's monster
Now think about fun
You're getting it, good!
Johnny starts with a leg. I sew on an arm. Then you lend
a hand
We each add our piece
Now, what kind of beast have we made?
Let's find out!

Watsky Verse

I woke up Sunday to a bloodshot sky
robot overlords goosestep by
shoulda listened when we had the juice to try
And Bill the Science Guy told us that "the end is Nye!"
Lately it's been getting harder to survive
since the hive started to
Ban American refugees from being a damn part of
the People's Republic of Antarctica
A bum begged me for a bill he could borrow
babbling some shit about "there's still a tomorrow"
He said that "legend has it, there's still a Baja Grill and a
Sbarro at the top of Mount Kilimanjaro"
And so desperate, I set off from the deserts out in Port-
land
until my thirsty horse collapsed in the scorched sand
I promised to myself heart and soul
I'd crawl across this dead world for those garlic rolls
Dumbfoundead Verse
Yo, kid, let go of the dead horse
Stop crying, need a ride? Hop in my red Porsche
Eat something homie, you look bony and frail
Now why the hell would you take the Oregon Trail?
Remember back in grade school, that stupid computer
game?
You shoulda known better, now there's no one but you to
blame
Dying of dysentery
don't climb to the enemy
I'ma take you underground where the hive resistance be
Apparently a colony of people are out there
A garden full of veggies, even garlic they sprout there
Leader General Bieber who be running shit down there
Found a way to end the drought, bring out the swimwear
Soon as we pulled up we heard drilling noises
Children started dancing, even grown folk joined in
Like a hydrant in the Bronx, water shot up in the air
But was boiling and as hot as solar flares

Grieves Verse

Ooowee, ain't that a bitch?
Nobody believed it til the first wave hit
The ground started shaking and the sky went red
(Mayday! Atlanta's been lost, Justin Bieber is dead)
No! God damn, another one down
colonies of people living under the ground
Rallied against the clowns, a resistance was born
They fight for mankind and the existence of porn (let's
go!)
Back on the surface life teeters
Avoiding wild packs of North American beavers
Creepers and face feeders
fearing the great reaper
You're either gonna get eaten or beat with a pay meter
This is real shit homie, dog eat dog
More like robot clown eats man and whole squad
Graffiti on the wall says "there is no god"
But there is still homemade vodka, and that's cool
Wax Verse
Homemade vodka, pour a shot up then I swill it
I'm the only person left who remembers how to distill it
It's the most popular product in the underground econ-
omy
So I'm the most popular person in my underground
colony
All the resistance leaders they throw shots down
In my bar after they fight the robot clowns
As of late they've been stressed and depressed
Cause the chances of us winning are becoming less and
less
We lost the captain of the human army
Morale is really low and a lot of people are starving
I'm still wondering how this all happened
Is this even real or am I just on acid?
The clowns are advancing down
I use the word "down" cause they're coming under-
ground
Wait—what's that sound? It's kinda loud
Holy shit! There they are right now!

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Adam Vida Verse

Calm down soldier, this is no time to be a fink
We can beat these clowns, okay, we just need to think
I've lost ten men this week, I can't sleep a wink
But this the last place on earth a guy can get a decent
drink
So darned if we lose this bar to those useless zombie
bastards
I'd rather starve than be boozeless
So I put barbed wire slabs on the fences
That should buy us some time to plan our defenses
Pick up the chairs and trash cans off the floor
Stack em up on the front door to jam up the entrance
Ain't got grenades but we still might be saved
I just found fifty diet coke cans and some breath mints
Fill the trash cans to the brim with the cola
When the robots break in, toss the mints in the soda
See the blast won't hurt em but it'll get em wet certainly
It'll mess up their wiring and disrupt their circuitry
If it don't work though, my next plan cannot fail
We drink the vodka—shot after shot til we're too drunk to
feel pain
Spark up a flame and turn the bottles that remain into
Molotov cocktails
I've had it with you clowns, I've reached my limit
You may have killed my captain, but I'm the lieutenant
And I won't let you terrorize us
wait just a minute
That ain't no robot zombie, man, what the hell is it?!

Rafael Casal Verse
Adam! Ahhh!
I didnt mean to scare ya
Dude, that's not a robot, it's just Iggy Azalea
Musta hid up in the bar to learn about who we are
Then report back to the captain of the folks attackin my
favorite rap stars
Oh shit, quick! Hit her with some fuckin duck-tape
She came to sing-rap & give us all some undercut fades
Lo fi beats transmittin telepathic autotune
Help! she's inside my head and I don't think I am immune
been repo-d, I think I'm in deep I am weeping at the
seems
forfeiting my dreams of keepin the streets G code
Only way to outrun it is doublin up on the track
Any and everyone get up and meddle I mean it
just puttin the peddle into it
Now we taking over the tempo and tunin it
Never gone let a lesser lemon ruin it, so I'm inducing it
Doomin em all, I'm undoin it, deuces im dippin,
who comin with the kid? I'm out
headed to the dojo, Diggs got pistols hidden in his fro
though
These robots think were bitch, Diggs, gimme some loko
And let me borrow your Jefferson robe bro, I'm goin
postal
Bay boys bout to put this barrel into some fuckin blow-
holes

Daveed Diggs Verse

Whoa whoa whoa, hold up cash
You see I'm trimming my mustache up
I heard all these newly brainwashed rap chicks are
really down to fuck
I comb the pistols out the fro and they're sitting on the
table
And there's two cheesesteaks out in a fully gassed up
LeSabre
I'm ready to ride on these haters, let's go
But you better drive cause you already know
That apocalypse or not when I'm behind the wheel my
black ass is sure enough gonna get stopped
And we ain't got the time and the tags are expired
You know how it is, I am really not trying to die today,
by cop or by a geek robot
Whoa, stop, lemme bottle up this kombucha I've been
brewing on the back porch
Grab the backpack out the closet, it's got all of our
passports
I've been planning this for a minute, seen the writing on
the walls
If we survive and find a civilization they've got to know
who we are
First we swoop us Chinaka in case we need some muscle
Or some reason, or anything other than our indiscrimi-
nate hustle
Then we roll through the hood real slow bumping some-
thing all of these monsters know
Like a Watsky song? Lo and behold, they'll follow our
car wherever we go
Let's lead em out to Napa and let em gentrify that bitch
up
Start the car—no, homie—we are not stopping for any
swishers
Or a McFlurry, blood there's no time for that shit
Hold up, there go Nak right there, pull over. Ayo Nak,
Ayo Nak, get in the car!

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Chinaka Hodge Verse

Ay Raf get back seat
make room for ya fam, friend
I'll give you this McShake and the end of my Hansen
Now what the fuck you talking it's the end of the world?
I been on Pinterest tending to the end of my curls
I mean the sky is always purple, people running on vapors
I mean the Tribune been gone, I ain't gon read it in the papers
Nothing's all that different, been the same for black women
When apocalyptic breakfast follows revelation dinners
The lights been out
The water smelling of flint
Exquisite corpses laying where the bodies had been
No bombs over Baghdad, just drones with grenades
When life gives us citrus we learn to drop Lemonade
So okay fellas shall we get in formation?
Bump some pied piper R up out the trunk this scraper
Do the end of the world styling in our fitteds and gators
Lure these stupid mufuckas on a goose chase
Use whatever's already up in my suitcase
I got a whole jones for this open road
And my flow so cold we don't need AC
I popped fo' no doze, I'll read this formal prose
Bet you Butler knows how to make us free
A Lauren Olamina in Trumped up world
A black magic woman still being called girl
But the only constant is change holmes
So let's get the supplies and leave up out our bay homes
Got the earthquake kit and six gallons of gas
Got Diggs in the driver and Raf in the back
Got this passenger seat and the last of these sweets
Go north Daveed, just gun it til wine country
Do it moving fluid like turfin with iDummy
It's the bay moves we learned as natives gon keep us safe
It's the forty water water and an instrumental tap, let's go
They'll get tired behind us
I mean half of em hybrid but most of them wind-ups
We got nothing but power we got nothing but time
I got Kwudi's new beats and Music of My Mind
Nothing left in Napa but the scent of the grapes
No palate-cleansing tapas for discriminate taste
Nothing left in Calistoga but one popped bubble
We got just two dudes and just one Nak, trouble
Like how the hell we repopulate humanity
The two of y'all and me that's actual insanity
Gross. Like Really gross guys.

George Verse

Red red wine, I don't want to die!
I hum under my breath as I fight death in the quiet depths of the bunker
I was confounded when I came to after Dumbfoundead brought me to the battered base underground where we hunkered down the summer
But then winter came and the flame that we tended to flickered to nothing
and the few of us living resorted to burning cadavers like tinder and lumber
We bickered bitterly and our wickedness hit a peak in our hunger
sickened we hunted each other
pickpocketed the weak and we plundered
a visitor from the surface stole a garlic roll from Dave and Busters
and I butchered the buster in his sleep just to lick his fingers for butter
But it kind of gave me indigestion I confess and the pipes ruptured from my dung
lungs punctured when Dumb stuck me with the sharpened end of my plunger
Now it's me and Grieves in a shallow grave
next to J Biebs and Azalea's pale humungous butt
that I rest my head upon for my perpetual slumber
We frail and wretched kvetch and wail
it's curtains, my days are numbered
and I'm numb to pain, yet one remaining certainty gives me comfort
I made a living yelling my opinions loudly
Thinking I might matter if I drew a crowd, see
Now, my lily cheek on Iggy's chilly cheeks I finally see
the future will be fine without me
Nothing is entitled to be mine
I'm a token of a broken time
And maybe there's survivors on the surface in LeSabres
working on tomorrow sipping red, red wine.

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