Don't Be Nice

Watsky

Don't be nice

Don't be file

My policy is to call 'em as I see 'em, no filler Quality people lift me up like the Colosseum pillars

Don't be nice

Some go from pitching religion to sipping on kombucha Politicians switching positions like it's the Kama Sutra

Don't be nice

Our narcissism has got us caught up like bars in prison Claim we're winning gargling seven dicks and a jar of jizzum

Your momma's a true beauty

Butt makes me weep, I call it a "boo-hooty"

Truly a hot mom

Other moms are doing their squats wrong

And if you don't dig it when I spit it like an open spigot and I'm doing my duty

To drop bombs

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False modesty is a guilty habit

Some people simply have it

But the fact is I would not have spent a decade doing this If I did not believe I was at least tiny bit ridiculously filthy at it Wrote a book to branch out
After tour let's have a singalong and camp out
Cause I came here for a single reason

And that's for friendship

And for drinking til I can't count—nowIf you're Jesus then we break bread

If you're Beavis then we butt heads

If you're a butthead, or a fake friend

I smack ya back to Hollywood enough said

Skin cream jars

Thin teen stars

Wanna hear a laugher?

A white rapper walks into 16 bars

I am large, I contain multitudes

I'm in charge of a strange cult of dudes

Infinity versions of me in parallel universes from total teddy bear to ultra rude

True, I don't measure power by bravado, libido

Or by popping bottles with Hefner in the grotto in speedos

I'm never sharing my moscato if you suck like mosquito

So "open up" said the taco to the burrito, motherfuckerDon't be nice, don't be nice

Drop all the fuckery, stop it you ugly ignoramus

Don't be nice, don't be—rude and brainless

Don't be—super basic

Don't—move if you're contagious

Don't be nice—la-la- la-la- la

Don't be nice—I'm not listening

Don't be nice, don't be nice

Got nothing nice to say then—don't be nice

Gather the wicked to sacrifice

Sucking the dick of the antichrist

Kicking the bucket is vital to life I know that's the price

Don't be—candy striped

Don't be—parasites

Don't—do me dirty

Don't—think you're worthy

Don't—hurt me

Mercy is not a courtesy currently that occurs to me

I turn up eternally, you will not stop it

True—my crew hotter than hot pockets

(This dude Watsky too cocky, let's cock block it)

We do what we do because it's true to us

While few puppets in suits up at the top profit

And if you got a new coup then I do not knock it

But I bukkake your Bugati with snot rockets

Lyrics provided by https://www.songlyrics.band/