

# Father

## Hobo Johnson

Hi, uh-uhhh, what's up? My name's Frank  
Uh Hobo Johnson I hope you like this song  
I made it up for my dad, it's for you, Dad, heyMy dad taught me 'bout  
The story 'bout the birds and the bees  
When the bees turn into wasps and take half of everything  
He sounded sure  
That a bird doesn't need a full nest  
But a bed for our bird heads to rest  
He told me son you'll never dunk (WHAT?)  
It's family tradition basketball is not for us  
Our legs just aren't that springy  
My great great uncle almost did but he didn't  
He told me son beware  
Of the monsters that roam the depths of your head  
Sometimes they'll make you real sad or  
Or real real mad, or real real jealous and  
That's real real bad, boy breathe  
Nicotine until you fall asleep like all of our family, breathe  
Nicotine until you fall asleep  
Like all of our family, like all of our family, like  
I'm the new Will Smith  
I'm-I'm Will Smith mixed with Michael Cera  
I'm Will Smith, Michael Cera  
Kevin Spacey  
Michael CeraMy father's married to a shape shifting monster  
Who can sometimes take the form  
Of a really really really nice woman  
And although that seems super fucking frightening  
Sometimes this scary monster makes  
A really really great vanilla pudding, he has courage  
But sometimes your courage isn't quite the kryptonite  
As the monster runs rampant through the house  
Sometimes your courage makes you feel strong  
But it seems as if the monster eats your muscles all along  
Fucking pickin out your self respect right out it's scary teeth  
Her breath smells like pride of self  
And other men she used to meet  
And the monster doesn't sleep just schemes and fiends  
On the next tasty meal it gets to eat  
It gets to eat, it gets to eat  
I'm the new Will Smith  
I'm mixed with Kevin Spacy

I'm the new Will Smith, Kevin Spacey, Michael Cera  
What the fuck

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>