

## Radio Edit

Spouse

Oh yeah, oh yeah, this one's for the kids  
Oh yeah, oh yeah, so I'm not gonna say shit  
Or fu-, or any words you can't say kindergarten  
All my six year-olds here getting started  
This that one you can play in the car without having to turn the swears down  
You don't need a radio edit, this is the radio edit, it's right here now  
I am tired of the fresh beat, banned songs  
So I had to make that "bump it in the van" song

Backseat, how you feel, how you feel now? (Woo!)  
Let's hit Wendy's, hit McDonald's, happy meal now (Woop)  
We'll get the toy you want so bad  
But I know like in a month, I'ma be throwing that toy out  
Man, it's sort of divine  
Riding 'round with a six year-old sort-of-a mind  
Let's watch Frozen for the hundred-fortieth time  
And pretend we're still shocked when Hans is a bad guy  
(Spoiler alert!) This the moms' and the dads' rhymes  
(Tuck it in the shirt) Let's sing along in the Dodge  
Like your daughter learned every word to Nicki Minaj  
That she heard on the radio, way to go  
This is for the moms in the front seat (front seat)  
Coupons, on her way to buy lunch meat (I see you, mom!)  
I know you're at the park with your daughter nowadays  
But you still know every word to "Forgot About Dre"

Oh yeah, oh yeah, this one's for the kids  
Oh yeah, oh yeah, so I'm not gonna say shit  
Or fu-, or any words you can't say in the first grade  
All my two year-olds go, "It's your birthday!"  
This that one you can play in the car without having to turn the swears down  
You don't need a radio edit, this is the radio edit, it's right here now

We're not there yet, are we? If you playing Barbies  
Listening to Barney, we gon' throw a party  
'Til we're scanning Arnies from Cameron to Carly  
If you're in a car seat, put your sippy cups in the air right now  
Throw the food on the floor a little more, in the high chair right now  
Crayons on the door if you don't care right now  
I know sometimes I spit it explicit  
Sticker on my CD from all my elicit linguistics  
I'm tryin' to fix it, I guess that is mainly what this is  
So I won't say the A word, the B word  
The C word, the D word, the E word, the F word  
Eliminate the guess work so you could drive a while  
Couple miles with your hands off the dial  
You know I got your back, mom, if you like rap songs  
But you don't like when your kid says motherfucker

Oh yeah, oh yeah, this one's for the kids  
Oh yeah, oh yeah, so I'm not gonna say shit  
Or fu-, or any words you can't say kindergarten  
All my six year-olds here getting started  
This that one you can play in the car without having to turn the swears down  
You don't need a radio edit, this is the radio edit, it's right here now  
I am tired of the fresh beat, banned songs (Sorry Twist)  
So I had to make that "bump it in the van" song

This that one you can play in the car without having to turn the swears down  
(Turn it up!)

You don't need a radio edit, this is the radio edit, it's right here now

[Jerry:] First grade  
[Other kid:]  
Forget it, Jerry! That's my line, not yours  
Shut up, Kayla. So eat it, get it, Jerry  
[Jerry:] Shout out to Bridget, shout out to May  
[Spouse:]  
Shout out to Lily and Daisy and Cal  
I be in the place right now  
Say, "Ah yeah!"  
[Everyone:] Ah, yeah!  
[Spouse:] Say, "Ah yeah!"  
[Everyone:] Ah, yeah!  
[Spouse:] Say, "Bleep!"  
[Everyone:] Bleep!  
[Spouse:] Say, "Bleep!"  
[Everyone:]  
Bleep!  
Ah, yeah!  
[Spouse:] You don't need a radio edit, it's right here now  
[Everyone:] Ah, yeah!  
[Spouse:] Say, "Turkey burgers"  
[Everyone:] Turkey burgers  
[Spouse:] Get it, Jerry!  
[Other kid:] Get it, Jerry! And that's mine