

Fail

Wax

Female contestant: "Gentlemen, do I have at least one number right?"

Bob Barker: "OH - ah... Was that a horn? No number right... Not. One. Number . Right. That has never happened before, y'know!"

Yeah, in fact I do know, Bob...

Man, these rappers remind me of that kid that falls off the log on YouTube into the creek

Check it out, uh

All we do is inhale, exhale

We succeed while y'all motherfuckers fail

It's as easy as breathin' for me to combine with the rhythm

EOM, I'm thinkin' that it's time that we hit 'em with the...

... The price is wrong

We're thrice as good and been doin' this for twice as long

We're 'bout to go skiing in Vail

We succeed while y'all motherfuckers fail, FAIL

Ayo, I been making music ever since I was a mini tyke

Since Bob Barker started rockin' skinny mikes

Spent many busy nights tryna get it tight

Rappers tryna give advice, but the price isn't right

I heard your shit on facebook, I didn't like

It made me navigate to a different site

Your rhyming is terrible, you ain't spittin' right

Your timing's unbearable, man, your rhythm's white

Better take that test and get that GED, sir

You could still be a substitute PE teacher

You will never be as capable as me and E were

At thirteen

You are hurting

I'm asserting my point using evidence that you provided

I've come to the conclusion that you are too misguided

Music ain't somethin' everyone can supply well

You are an F TO THE A TO THE I, L

All we do is inhale, exhale

We succeed while y'all motherfuckers fail

It's as easy as breathin' for me to combine with the rhythm

EOM, I'm thinkin' that it's time that we hit 'em with the...

... The price is wrong

We're thrice as good and been doin' this for twice as long

We just got accepted to Yale

We succeed while y'all motherfuckers fail, FAIL

Yo, took a shit where the Grammy red carpet starts

So all the celebrities left our skidmarks

We did the fuckin' national anthem at the Superbowl with armpit farts, man

We set trends...

You ain't shit, follower

As a kid you were a paint-chip swallower

How does lead-based fire-engine red taste?

You were forced to sniff glue and were fed paste

'Til you were dumb and delirious

Don't let it get you down

You're just young and inexperienced

I've gripped hold of a few more mic stands

I spit cold like a blue Coors Light can
You must've fell from the Fail Tree
And hit every branch
You like a fat girl ordering heavy ranch
On her fried chicken salad with a diet coke
When pressure's on every time you choke

All we do is inhale, exhale
We succeed while y'all motherfuckers fail
It's as easy as breathin' for me to put rhyme with the rhythm
EOM, I'm thinkin' that it's time that we hit 'em with the...
... The price is wrong
We're thrice as good and been doin' this for twice as long
Just got a million dollar check in the mail
We succeed while y'all motherfuckers fail, FAIL

[Hook 1]