

Thrift Shop Parody

Bart Baker

Wut wut wut wut
Wut wut wut wut
Wut wut wut wut
Wut wut wut wut
I got a nasty rash
Probably from wearing this gross used jacket
Front pocket
Just found a used condom
Guess I should've washed it

Walkin' into the club like
"Wait, what? I think that I'm lost"
I'm messed up and smell like piss from the thrift shop
Wipe the dandruff with so much swag
The people like:
"Damn, that's a gross ass cracker"

Wearing these used panties
Hope you don't get a disease
Who gives a shit?
Got 'em with these shoes, super cheap
Those really stink
Said a girl sitting next to me
You look like you're homeless
And what is that on your jeans?
Jizzzz
But hey, pretty sure it's aids free

They had a bloody sweater
I bought a bloody sweater
Since I've been wearing it
My stomach is starting to hurt
Hello, hello my shin's turning yellow
Oh, thats the hepatitis
It comes with all of the clothes
Now I'm feeling real sick
Gonna puke on my toes
The sneakers head will be like:
"AH! Not on the Velcros!"

I don't know where I am
Does someone knows how to get to Mc Donalds?
I got lost, now I'm in the thrift shop
This is fucking awful

I can help you with that
I just found a big mac in my back pocket
Oh needle, I also found a needle
This tastes fucking awful

What you know about having a really bad hair-do?
What you know about getting cramps from my hat, dude?
I'm diggin', I'm diggin'
I'm searchin' right through this dumpster
This dead cat would go perfect with my shirt!

Thank your grandad for donating his old dirty dentures
Even though my mouth really hurts
Are you okay, man?
I think you should see a doctor
Nah, I'll be fine
I don't need no god damn doctor

My hands are turning black
I can't feel my nut sack
I got gonorrhea and the clap
Oh man, it stings like a mothafucka
I think the bugs are biting in this mothafucka
Okay, honestly dude
Stop saying mothafucka!
I just lost all my feelings in my legs now
I can't walk so I'm crawlin' on the damn ground
Stop playing saxophone
And help me get back up so I can go back to the club and show off my clothes

Dude, you're bleeding from your nose!
Your mouth is full of foam!
I don't care man, let's go!

Macklemore looks like ass
I think he needs a thrift shop intervention
He is green and he is seizing
We need to talk to him
We think you need rehab
This is getting real bad
Stop buying diseased clothes
From the thrift shop down the road
But they're incredible
And they blahblahblah

He needs a hospital!
Lets take him, it's down the road

Where my arms and legs go?!

We cut off all your limbs
They were infected from the gross clothes you bought
You almost died
You're lucky to be alive
Yo, where's the nearest thrift shop?

You know, there's actually one right down the road
Dude, thanks man
Hella dope parody by the way

Dude was that Macklemore?

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