

Biscuits

Hodgy Beats

[Intro: Tyler, the Creator]
What the hell?!

[Hodgy Beats]
Yeah... yeah, uhh
Ride 7:30, arrive 7:30
Ride hella dirty, shades extra nerdy
I heard it from a birdie, Blackberry I replied
In the burb you heard me barter cash and get supplied
I cut off their supplies, cause this a drug movement
Crack music muh'fucker this is thug music
I hustle harder because this how the thugs do it
I move smart decisions, you just STUCK stupid!
Ace fuckin moved it, Viron oddly looped it
Fall in love with music like you struck by Cupid
My hair is in your face nigga three pounds to it
If the radio don't play my jam, they fuckin foolish
What's his name? (Hodgy Beats) He's the coolest
The paper and the pen that's what he'll take you to
school with
Odd Future is his camp, tree strumps with a branch
where they lamp, and they chant, and they grant, when
they ranked
you with this certified stamp of the procedure
Sick-ass music, now you niggaz got fevers...
Sick-ass music, now you niggaz got fevers

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
I do it for the Pasadena skaters, Pasadena lovers
Pasadena haters, Pasadena mothers
I do it for the Pasadena waitress, Pasadena music
It's a Odd Future playlist, it's a Odd Future playlist

[Hodgy Beats]
One verse is all you need for a fix
cause I'm not throwing stones and sticks, I'm lodgin
bricks
I'm not a kid, but I can show you some (Trix)
that'll have you in the mix like Twix, switch!
I swear I hear 'em cheerin, I swear I know you hear 'em
Oops I did it again nigga fuck your Brittney Spear'n
I'm lookin in the mirror, and my vision's gettin
clearer
I can smell the truth gettin nearer
Reeboks black bag, Odd Future era
Iller than cold beans spilled upon your fresh new fit
We bangin in your ears with some fresh new shit
I'm a (Jive) ass nigga with my (Fresh) music...