

Customized Greatly

Hodgy Beats

[Intro]

Yeah, H.B., uhh

[Hodgy Beats]

God said I'm great, thou shall not hate
So I love everybody beefin with me like steak
I chase after cake while your girl lick the icing
She go both ways, like she motorcycling
without the motor, so she bicycle
(Taco) in her mouth while she ride (Pickles)
I kick push, nigga, my Hodg' fickle
If you contemplate suicide - fuck it; I'ma die with you
I'd rather eat glass than squeeze and pull the trigger
Call a competition to see, who's the cooler nigga
I'm ice cold - similar to frozen
Got a nice flow (nice flow) similar to golden
I'm like a goldfish, we all the same color
I'm just like your brother or significant other
I work hard to provide grub on the table
Turn impossible to possible, if I'm able to

[Chorus]

I must be dreamin, yeah
I said I must be dreamin - why?
I must be dreamin - heh
I must be dreamin - nigga wake up!

[Hodgy Beats]

I just turned legal and she must have turned evil
Life's a practice so I'm on the court shootin free
throws
Cause when the game come, is when the rain come
When it rains it pours, I wonder when the fame come
I'ma be writin to an instrumental, different snares,
same drums
Bangin 'til I'm dry, and my brain's numb
Fuck another computer clap, I need a snare
It sound like I'm smackin on the ass while I'm pullin
on her hair
I don't think she like it, the way that she stare
but I continue with my program because I don't care
(FUCK HER!)
I'm so damn tight, like a fat nigga in skinnies
or a hoochie chick, with her skirt extra skimpy
Music is (Ren) motherfucker I'm (Stimpy)
Pimpin the game, never let the game pimp me
Like a pimp squeak on 6th Street, tryin to play the
slot
If there's money involved best believe I'm gon' take
your spot

[Chorus]

Damn... now? Damn, uhh
Damn wake up nigga!
I must be dreamin, wake up nigga, wake up (wake up!)
Ay, I must be dreamin - ay nigga get up man
Wake up, get up man!

[Hodgy Beats]

I'm Tarzan on the mic, Odd Future the gorillas
Niggaz do it for the fame, when I do it for the
children
Takin over runnin the game, like a fuckin pilgrim
Knockin down the huts, in the Ranger for some buildings
Grippin the grain, yeah my grain's ingrained
I chase dreams I can't stop it, understand what you
mean
I'm busy on the scene while you tryin to be seen
We all have addictions and, I'm the type that fiends
Not the type that schemes and plays people like a cello
The mellow hella ghetto runnin free in the meadows
I picture me framed countin hundreds, in a falsetto
Instead of a chick opening up like, rose petals
I trust no one, sittin with my lonesome
No congo drums, Tyler kicked another sample
Beatin so hard that your motherfuckin amp blows
Hustlers on the corner, and (The Lady and The Tramp)
knows
Nigga!

[Tyler, the Creator]

Forever, yeah
Hodgy Beats, Tyler the Creator
Yeah
Like, umm, G
You fuckin next man
You the golden boy in this rap shit
Don't let these motherfuckers tell you any different
Odd Future, peace