

2seater

Tyler, the Creator

We can speed in my 2 seater
Girl I got a 2 seater
Speed in my 2 seater
In my 2 seater

About a hundred on Fax and it's easy to stop
You see my shit isn't stock
I used to piss in a pot and now I piss on the walls
Since I pissed off a cop, a couple tickets I have copped
But I can pay for them all
And by the model of my vehicle you know that I ball
A 92 but 91 the year that Tyler was spawned
And If I crash in the woods then I'ma follow with this
Like I'm tryna get stick or automatic you pick
Shit is static as shit, sure my shit is a M
Might get that X6 end don't follow exit him
Might take back street hidden
House got all sports cars like heres the watches, Jim
Two sapphires on your neck thats his precious gems
Now AMG it's in boy I will eat him Benz
New engine you got that old shit with those deep rims
You got a warranty don't care if you scratchin rims again

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Sit in my passenger seat
You tell me I got too much speed
And I should slow, I should slow down
But I can't, cause you drive, you wow

Girl I get a rush
When we're speeding in my car
Sometimes it's too much
And you can feel the wind in my heart
Girl I get a rush
When we're speeding in my car
Sometimes it's too much

I know some dudes that would find you
That carry rugers and shottas
And fucking shoot at your Honda
Then fucking zoom out in Mazdas
Them GOLF boys is bad for you like the food from McDonalds
Boy I'm a king and I ain't lying boy hakuna matata
Better watch for them hyenas if you flex then they swarm
Cashing so many checks there calling him Tyler O-Comma
I'm tryna ball like I was Domo Okonma but oh nada
Probably September...
Boy I'm just rhyming these syllables, suck my genitals
Album cover looking like the mask of the timberwolves
State park at Pemberton
Hoping that I ditched the cords and go pick up the pen again
Cause I kill the dark shit like I'm motherfucking Zimmerman
Turn around and lose pounds like I'm fucking Timbaland

By pounds, I mean in (beep)
Give it till he cop brick like a wall with pig in it
And money coming out the blue
Like cops are changing fits or shit I'm killin' it

Back when left brain had the hightop fade
And we would go skate on them concrete waves
And now I switch gears to hear the cylinders pump
The beat dumb don't get it twisted boy my board's in the trunk (Skate!)

Can you roll my window up?
The fuck you turn my music down for man?
Can you roll my window up?
Why? Damn!
Cause it's windy
But I love it when your hair...

Blows, when it blows, when it blows
When your hair blows
Hanging out the sunroof
I love it when your hair blows
When it blows, when it blows, when it blows
Hanging out the sunroof
I love it when your hair blows
When it blows, when it blows, when your hair blows
Hanging out the sunroof
Listening to Mac DeMarco
Hanging out the roof window
Switch to third gear turbo
Skrting on these niggas
Skrting on these bitches
Listening to Mac DeMarco
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Switch to third gear turbo
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You can say you don't want to take that drive
But your hair, it blows
I know we'll have a good time
You just gotta stop being scared
Just roll
Just come and roll with me
It's all good