

# Bastard

Tyler, the Creator

This is what the devil plays before he goes to sleep  
Some food for thought some food for death go 'head and fucking eat  
My father's dead well I don't know we'll never fucking meet  
I cut my wrist and play piano cause I'm so depressed  
Somebody call the pastor this bastard is so possessed  
This meeting just begun, nigga I'm Satan's son

My mother raised me a single parent so it's apparent  
That I got love for my mother none of you other fuckas  
Are much important I'm getting angrier while recording  
I'm feeling like the Bulls, I've got a Gang of Wolves  
Odd Future is children that's fucked up on they mental  
Simple but probably not, fuck 'em

I'm tall, dark, skinny, my ears are big as fuck  
Drunk white girls the only way I'll get my dick sucked  
Suspended from school coolest nigga without effort  
Easy to spot like black bitches with fake leopard  
Soak me up like a tampon but keep the lamp on  
Cause this album packs enough evil  
That you can't fit inside a jansport... go to school with this

I go from AP to JC inside of fucking week  
Waking up with random girls like "Yo, bitch, how the fuck we meet? "  
I stay with grandma she always bitching about her carpet  
Every time I walk inside the house she always tend to start shit  
No to drugs I never spark it, I used to be bullied for honour classes  
By those slow as molasses... take this shit to school

Raquel treat me like my father like a fucking stranger  
She still don't know I made Sarah to strangle her  
Not put her in danger and chop her up in the back of a wrangler  
All because she said no to homecoming, demons running  
Inside my head telling me evil thoughts  
I'm the dream catcher but nothing but nightmares I caught... go to sleep

I wear green hats because I'm fortunately lucky  
Fuck me the monster said, some how the monster's dead  
Inside of me but the thoughts it tells me are still evil  
With this state of mind, big moves, max keeble  
I'm on my grind feeble, my music is evil  
My fucking samples are too illegal... play this shit in church

I graduated without honors or a fucking father  
He died... no bitch don't even fucking bother  
I wanted a brother my mother I told her  
But instead I got a sister, just like me with her mister nada  
So both of our imaginations are creations of the fucking situation  
That's having out brains racing like dating... wearing some fucking heelies

I know you fucking feel me, I want to fucking kill me  
But times I'm so serious you think I'm silly  
I'm doing Big Style Willy couldn't touch 11-7  
What's religion nigga? I am Legend  
I roll with skaters and musicians with an intuition  
I created O.F. cause I feel we're more talented  
Than 40 year old rappers talking about Gucci

When they have kids they haven't seen in years, impressing their peers  
With the same problem, the only way to solve them  
Is to go to Father's Day convention with a gold revolver  
Life's a salad I'm a toss it eat that shit up, Rick Ross it  
Shit it out, bag it up sell it, I'm so damn rebellious  
Cause my mother let me do what I want  
She wasn't careless, protective she was the bear  
The shit is so bare, my diary isn't hid  
My father didn't give a fuck so it's something I inherit  
My mother's all I have so it's never meet the parents  
When dad left all my line decided to fucking share  
This confused boy, I wanna hug all ya  
Soy is not the choice, I'm bad milk... drink it

My wrist is all red from the cutter  
Dripping cold blood like the winter, the summer  
Is never that's equivalent to me and Sarah  
Well that's not her name but I think this shit is clever  
My niggas wanna know if I'm fucking, if I'm kissing  
But I'm sitting here downing beers simply just wishing  
With tear they try to tell me but I never listen  
Cause I don't give a shit like sitting down pissing  
Eighteen, still talking to imaginaries  
Hopefully they see the talent I carry just like Jimmy  
Losers can never win me, you can never offend me  
My goal in life is a Grammy, hopefully momma will attend the  
Ceremony with all my homies, I'm suicidal  
This my Zombie Circus, I hope the majors heard this  
Fuck a deal, I just want my father's email  
So I can tell him how much I fucking hate him in detail