

Bimmer

Tyler, the Creator

You remind me of my bimmer
A lot of trunk space, the perfect two seater
You got a lot of drive I'm trying to keep up
But it's not a lot of miles on ya meter
You remind me of my bimmer
See your ignition, baby girl I'm trying to key up
And your head lights are off I'm trying to see 'em
But it's not a lot of miles on ya meter
So let me start it up and smash it

Pop some Tame Impala, your man got a lame impala
(And it's dark outside)
And I'm sharing slurpees and you ain't even begin to swallow
(Oooooooooo)
You're fucking nuts, green top we coupled up
Run my fingers through em as you wax and buff my muffler
Cause I fingered you, you think the fucking ring is coming up?
(Oooooooooo)
Maybe, I don't know, I think you're chill
(Ride for)
Riding on my pegs, and my back against your legs
And a seatbelt is needed if I get between 'em, yeah

You remind me of my...