

Bitches Brewin

Tyler, the Creator

I got these bitches brewin'
Fuckin' up my gold pots

You like my songs, I like your tits
But deep down, I don't really like you bitch
You got a nice tongue and you wear a nice thong
But bitch you dumb as fuck to right from wrong
(Left) You're on my bed, but Simon's red
Now Simon says get the fuck out my life
Cause you're not my wife, bitch you're a stand
For this night and you could be a stab for this knife
I'm seventeen, you're twenty-six
You're a divorced slut and you can't suck dick
You dropped outta college, you can't pay shit
But I'm broke as fuck too bitch, we on the same boat
Where's my inhaler? I think I'm gonna puke
Cause I can't believe I lost my virginity to you
Yeah, you was in it and I was in it too
But I guess I'm just gonna make this fish stew because

Bitch shake your ass, shake it until the wet sweat
Crawls right down the crack of your ass
Booty meets snack, back that ass up
Until you come back up and lick my sack up
I'm Tyler the Creator, hang with thrashers and skaters
I do sound like Darth Vader
But that's not stoppin' me from eatin' your muffin
I think you and your friends
Should come with me to get your salad tossed
Cause when I make this stew
In your gold pot addin' extra sauce, because

I got these bitches brewin' inside of my gold pots
And there's wet pussy on my face shake that ass
And don't make vibrations stop