

# Blow My Load

Tyler, the Creator

I don't want you thinking I love you cause I stay  
Girl I really like you and happy we got laid  
I think about your windows like two times in a day  
I'm a pervert with a purpose, her pussy just got saved  
Kissing, kissing, I'm on a mission of licking  
The holy grail of your body, when you be kissin', Mrs  
This is a kid from Africa, you, you are a kitchen  
I come quicker than pitches from Sammy Sosa, you hoping I'm jumping, but first

I'ma eat your pussy til you tell me you can't take it  
Screaming "Stop it," don't you fake it, wanna tape it  
Grab my camera  
Nine months later with a Tyler baby  
But that won't happen til I blow my load

Your pussy tighter than door hinges  
I munch you like sandwiches  
But not any more cause I'm on tour, so  
FaceTime your clit, I will jack off my dick  
I go hard, shit  
I might need an ice pack on my wrist  
Fucking, I'm pumping  
You know it's coming, bust in a couple of seconds  
I'm sweating, I leave you slump  
In the back of my truck, butt naked  
Suck it out of me  
Leave you with nothing, get it?  
This is what you wanted, this is what you came for

You blow me away  
With your cherry  
(Can't breathe)

That was new music from the soundtrack of the upcoming film  
Be caller eight to win tickets to the triple feature Moon Theatres tonight  
Three back to back to back movies at the Moon Theatres tonight  
Be the eighth caller, only on Golf Radio  
G-O-L-F, G-O-L-F, it's Golf Radio