

Blow

Tyler, the Creator

If this was a game
I already know that I would come out winner
And I'm not braggin', I'mma be in her
But this bitch really think that I'm 'bout to buy her dinner
My steak good, I got a good cut like splinter
Juicy and hot such a black bitch temper
Now she wanna talk and chop it up like a blender
But I don't give a fuck and keep her list'in like Schindler
She's cute but her forehead's big
Got stretch marks like she got four kids
Her legs can't close like the four door hinge Bronco
That O.J. killed the white hos with
A wealthy white girl without the facelift
Lure her with expensive dinners and a nice bracelet
Leave the bitch breathless, what the bitch don't know is that
I'm a muthafuckin' sellout and a rapist

Baby, you're an angel
How 'bout we turn this into a fable of some sort?
You already know you're dead
Ironic cause your lipstick is red, of course
I stuff you in the trunk, drunk
Cause all I really wanna do is fuck and snort blow

If this was a game
I would be considered a muthafuckin' legend
And I ain't tryna gas you up like Chevron
But I'm high as fuck bitch, you really need to get on my leverage
Now we're in the cabin, in the middle of uhh
Tryna find ways to really stuff you in my cabinet
Dreamy little bastard, I done ran outta luck so now
It's time for a bloody foot you little rabbit
You're very attractive, and notice that
My hat is always the color of cactus
And I hang with wolves cause I'm an evil Bastard
Pictures of you on my wall no glue, no tape but just cum plastered
Met you at my school, departed at my house
Ended at your panties, started at your blouse
Pushed you down stairs, I took a nap up on the couch
If you wanted a date, don't come
Now you gotta make it easy for me don't run
You call this shit kids, well I call these kids cum
And you call this shit rape but I think that rape's fun
Wait now it's about eight somethin
It's late and you stuck in my base-one
Come downstairs with nothin' but a shoe string
Yeah bitch this date's done

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I like my girls how I like my drugs, white
Lord, you're so pretty, lyin' in my arms

I just got one request, stop breathin'