

Cherry Bomb

Tyler, the Creator

I really made this song just so I could formally
I don't even know how to

Aw, nah
Boy don't cut that wood don't smell that good
But if they smell real good to him
Then he don't need anybody else's nose to win
Look, I am a god
No, I don't pray to society
All you other niggas wear camouflage
I'm in the field with pink and blue
When the weak niggas see me
Nigga, Young creators with me
Nigga, you ain't got
They wanna talk shit from the back seat
Come and light my fire, I'll blow your fuckin' face off
Nigga I'mma goddamn pilot
And I decide when we gon' take off
Let's get it

Tie the knot
Kick the chair
Float in the air
It's cherry bomb

You muthafuckas want war, then come get it
You muthafuckas want war, they don't want war
all you muthafuckas want is
Just take me to the me to the gun store
I dont got enough time for you bum ass niggas
hit you your mom, cuz I don't know that nigga
Coming light my fire, I'll blow your fuckin' face off
Nigga, I'mma goddamn pilot
And I decide when we gon' take off
Let's get it

Tie the knot
Kick the chair
Strangled in the air
It's cherry bomb

You muthafuckas want war?!
They're like "this that cherry bomb"

I'm a firecracker and I'm ready to blow
You fire me up, I lose control

GOLF 191, Okaga
Classic hits