

## Commercial

Tyler, the Creator

My life? Screw it, with a drunk bitch  
Like what the fuck are we doing?  
We kissing, I'm weezing, it's time to play Tetris  
I play piano, jack off I'm anorexic  
I'm fucking asthmatic, my records problematic  
Talking to myself because my therapist done had it  
All the racial slurs from the [?] playing from Lenny Kravitz  
Love lock down like I am some sort of faggot  
But I'm not in the first place  
Waiting for my dad to say hi on my birthday  
Cause Jesus wouldn't even be my friend on Church day  
I plan on getting back [censored] the worst way  
In the jungle, I planned on the keeper  
Inside of the cage cause I'm a motherfucking Zebra  
Obama's in office, niggas get job like teachers  
Looking out retarded kids screaming out fuck slob, Jesus

And I can write a hook fast  
I can get straight to the cash  
Y'all niggas come last, I'm first though  
No rehearsal, I know it all like Erkel  
You can call it commercial  
So turn it up, turn it up (Watch it)  
Odd Future won't stop it

I make music for a reason, didn't vote Obama  
So you can charge me with treason  
Year round asshole, the fuck you season  
The flu, I'm sick that's why everybody sneezing  
I'm always cheesing, smile for a reason  
Fuck as I fuck you, I'm always teasing  
My daughter need milk and a quilt  
So I'm selling the [?] for six bucks cause she always sneezing  
Some people need drugs, some people need dubs  
On they car note to go to the club  
But really, really, really, all I need deep down, is a hug

Look, I'm back like niggas on a bus  
With a Rosa Parks state of mind, I don't give a fuck  
And I'm strolling Down South like Good Luck Chuck  
In a Malcolm X shirt chilling with the Ku Klux  
Klan, I ain't nothing to fuck with  
O.F. clan they ain't nothing to fuck with  
The O.F. clan they ain't nothing to fuck with  
The black Saint Mon' is something to suck bitch