

# Cowboy

Tyler, the Creator

Knock-knock, mothafuck it's me, Mr. Clusterfuck  
What, when, where, how, like who gives a fuck  
Golf Wang M-O-B, mopping niggas ante up  
Ain't been this fucking sick since brain cancer ate my Granny up  
Rest in peace, or lie in it, life ain't got no light in it  
Darker than that closet that nigga Frankie was hiding in  
Open it, dope in it, Bobby where's my fucking pipe?  
Dress my little dick as Ike, twenty says I hit your wife  
This is life, truthfully I just want to fly some kites  
Grab Salem and Slater and go around, riding bikes  
Get some ice cream, Golf Wang Roscoe's for the night  
To skate around and do annoying shit that older peeps despise  
Nigga fuck it though, going hard as riga mo  
Got a nigga dollars and a couple cracker kids at shows  
Cracked a couple kids in the head with this cast  
Had a blast out Europe, had a Swedish bitch licking toes  
That's how it goes, designing clothes  
Cats on everything, cats on everything  
You think all this money will make a happy me?  
But I'm 'bout as lonely as crackers that supermodels eat  
Everybody's sparking but me, and I keep coughing  
Can't keep calm in this spot's hot box and I'm getting nauseous  
Hop in the car, ride to Saugus, and head straight to the office  
Pissed off at Jasper because that's some faggot shit called "Pink Dolphin"  
I roll here on a mean unicorn  
Green hat, Vans, Golf top is the team uniform  
Downing that Capri Sun, tighten my bandana up  
Something like a lez, I'm forgetting my damn manners cause

I am the cowboy on my own trip  
And I am the cowboy on my own trip  
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And I am the cowboy

When you're alone thoughts start coming in  
Punching in that dark lock box and they start rummaging  
Shit you've got to battle with, wishing they could skedaddle  
But it makes your shadow say none, fun and grab the gun again  
I needed to get out of the house  
So I hit the dead Sam's, and we went biking it out  
In a black hoodie, with an Arizona and a bag of Skittles  
Just to see what all that fucking hype is about  
Now everytime you see a roach you think of me, ay?  
Cause everytime I see one I think what his parents would say  
In court saying I ate him, I wasn't present that day  
I was with Whitney smoking, sitting at the dock of the bay

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Do you know how weird it is knowing I make a bunch of cheese  
While my friends can't afford little pizzas from Little Caesars  
And their whole goal is to roll up and smoke bowls  
So I don't feel bad when they not eating  
(But you still treating us, you punk bitch)

Wolf Haley got more methods than Pinkman  
I'm never civil, fuck Lincoln, 'Preme out the bag it's no wrinkles  
I'm okie dokie and loopy and booboo nana and caca  
If you think I'm fucking koo-koo, try talking to my shrink then

- Hey  
- Bitch  
- I'm right here  
- Yo, who's that?  
- That's Salem, that's my girlfriend, you stay the fuck away from her alright?

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