

Cult Shit

Tyler, the Creator

I'm recordin' that shit on the fuckin' little mic
By the little camera thing on the fuckin' Mac book
So this shit is choppy and bad quality, but fuck it
Wolf Gang, Ace Creator

Somebody tell Justin Beiber that I'm fuckin' cummin'
Ain't no point in runnin', I'm a nigga, just a little eager
So I catch him stretchin', have him guessin' where his cracker throat
Chop his balls off and use his skin to make a baby coat
Ain't he dope? No, he the same as shit that Tyler wrote
This is Ace, Wolf is in the back with Travis snortin' coke
Riley's here, Connie's dead, pickin' pussy pisses pike
She won't leave, dick as big as Kelly Price's appetite
Apprehend a couple men, triple six is fuckin' sin
Make Queen Latifah and Sydney go slap a couple dykes
Wrap around 'til they hit the ground and they hear a sound
That doesn't make sense like nigga kids wearing cap and gowns
This my album, and when your parents try to come around
Do the fuckin' exact opposite of turnin' it down
And when they try to get parental and start talkin' loud
Tell them that you're from the Wolf Gang and you're fuckin' proud
Then start barkin' loud 'til the neighbors wanna calm you down
But call the pigs, will probably come in bout a half an hour
Tell them that your sorry, you're a cow, took a fuckin' shower
But make it in time for shitty re-runs of Rocket Power
This is the shit that is makin' me cynical
The clinical attempts at schizophrenia's critical
Fuckin' voices follow me, emulatin' like twitter roll
O.F. is the coldest thing, and I'm the fuckin' general
So when I mention suicide, I'm being Mr. Literal
The Pope inside nine capsules, fuck it let's split a roll
Life is like a phone booth, these pigeons is the fuckin' toll
1-800-fuck-this-shit
Seven years old in my heart, so I'm stayin' gold
But when I fuckin' go, Lucifer will probably have my soul
It's hot down there, fuck that, bitch I'm hot as coals
Out the microwave, mixed with a bowl of yellow raviol
And a firetruck and Arizona durin' summertime
In a turtle neck, thermal jeans, spit purple wine
Wolf Gang pete and gon' live, running outta time
The fuck I give is the same as the next line

(Fuck everything) That's what my conscience said
Then it bunny hopped off my shoulder, now my conscience dead
So the only guidance that I had is splattered on cement
Actions speak louder than words, let me try this shit