

## Domo 23

Tyler, the Creator

Sick to my motherfucking tummy  
Bitch must think I'm a motherfucking dummy  
Because I dress bummy, bitch think I'm broke  
Bitch, I ate one roach and I made a lot of money  
Popping since Bastard, (manager) Clancy's my slave master  
Thanks to them crackers, my pockets are fatter than excess shit that's weighing on Jasper  
I've never popped a bottle, but I've fucked a couple models in Europe  
Yup, and a couple of them swallowed  
Meet me half way, bitch I'm going all in  
And I never pull back, shout-out to my nigga Taco

Fuck that, Golf Wang  
Fuck that, Golf Wang  
Fuck that, Golf Wang  
Fuck that, (Golf Wang!)

So, a couple fags threw a little hisssfit  
Came to Pitchfork with a couple Jada Pinkett signs  
And said I was a racist homophobic  
So I grabbed Lucas and filmed us kissing  
Feelings getting caught, it's off, I'm pissing  
You think I give a fuck? I ain't even stick my dick in yet  
(No homo. Too soon.)  
And while y'all are rolling doobies  
I be in my bedroom scoring movies  
Still excited like a fucking newbie  
Suck my dick, motherfucker, sue me  
Mom got a new whip so she could scoop me  
A year ago, I ain't have no hoopty  
Four story home, gotta climb eight set of stairs  
Just to see where my fucking roof be

Fuck that, Golf Wang  
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Wait a God damn second  
I'm tripping balls, David Beckham  
Would fall cause shit's going down  
Just like Rodney King swimming lessons  
Now me and Justin smoke sherm and been talking 'bout freeing perms  
And purchasing weapons, naming them and aim 'em in one direction  
(wait a minute)  
It sounds like midgets in a God damn speaker  
Anytime you play this shit loud  
But that's just me trying to get milk now  
And the grunts of the god damn cow  
Hit me on my beeper while Captain Hook suck my Peter  
Pan camera, repeat procedure  
And when the beat drop, have a goddamn seizure

Fuck that, Golf Wang  
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Fuck that, Golf Wang  
Fuck that, (Golf Wang!)

Cut it out!  
I said I didn't want no goddamn lettuce.  
I don't want that shit!  
I don't want your goddamn lettuce.  
He-he.