

Double Cheeseburger

Tyler, the Creator

Six-fifty, three hundred my shirt free
Shoot for the sky like a church league, y'all heard me
Absurd G, Chickens clucking for bird seeds
But I gotta apologize, no grease like zerse leaves
Won't heat or burn me, I'm the coolest nigga here
Usually defecation, now I'm pissing in your ear
My tablet is the ratchet and the pistols in the rear
I'll bang if it was bangless, now the tracks no longer here
Metaphor, chilling with better whores
Smoking then later on, I bone them like Skelator
What would I sell this for, this is free distribution
Style, they straight jack it like mental institutions
Outfits is ruthless, now your bitch is choosing
She floating round winners, now your bitch you losing
Yeah, cause I'm the Super Sega Genesis
Salute me gaining into it and you can't get no membership, little bit
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Six hundred sixty-six, leave it for the tip
Of my dick, head, melon off and let it rip
Just like a cannon from the teen in Nick
That's equivalent, to the poison in a cigarette
Tyler the creator invented some new shit
And it probably from the Illuminati, nazi decent, so
If I give a fuck, it's probably from my dick
When I'm chaining in your daughter, she's tied up inside a tent, yeah
Odd Future Wolf Gang, Wolf Gang presents
We're back like a black bitch's hairline, indent the
Shit I represent is killing niggas and shit
That's why I traded R. Kelly my sister for a new hit
I get it cracking like the lips of a nigger, actor
Or a Dahmer, when he invited me in for cheese and crackers
Just to watch the Grammy's (Oh that's Taylor Swift) Man she's so attractive
Now he's mad and tryna run me over out with Jason's tractor
Hop over, run backwards, with a nap sack of green Supreme hats
Like I was sponsored up by the fucking Packers
Shitting on niggas, my tongue considered a laxative
Maxi pad, leave the beat brown like Rihanna lip
Back washing to my gang, you don't wanna take a sip
Fuck Wolf Gang, fuck what? Here let's take a trip
Take a look, to this bullet, now my finger slipped
My only purpose in life to kill myself up on accident
Fresh jive, yeah I get it no charge
Dick soft as fuck, but somehow I go hard
Forearm with my gang name, that's an old carve
Chima Ferguson's bangin', you Ace niggas is low carb, Wolf Gang

Niggas rolling deep, burners pulled out
Niggas in the street scared, cause I got the burner in the head...