

Goblin

Tyler, the Creator

You wouldn't do that Tyler
Kill yourself, or anyone, you don't even have the balls to begin with
What you need is me
I just want to talk to you, its been awhile since your last session
So tell me what's been going

I'm not a fucking role model (I know this)
I'm a 19 year old fucking emotional coaster with pipe dreams
So Kanye tweeted tellin' people, hes bumpin' all of my shit
These motherfuckers think I'm supposed to live up to something? shit
I'm still jacking off and proceeding my life careless
And getting more pussy 'cause I tell bitches I'm Wood Harris (as you should)
LA to Paris, I'm getting these weird stares,
from skate parks and airports it's all in the air, its weird
Yonkers dropped and left their craniums mind-fucked,
now competition missing like that nigga my mom fucked
He still hasn't called me yet (it's not your fault)
That's a whole fucking different argument
Shit, I got over it
And a couple bucks in my pocket, so now I could go buy a couple hot pockets
So grandma can stop cooking those nasty ass colligreens
Pressures on me like this top hat bastard intro, how the fuck I'm gonna top
that?

OK you guys caught me

I'm not a fucking rapist, or a serial killer, I lied
(You know, you just wanted attention)
I tried too hard huh?

(no)

Made a couple thou and I just don't know what to buy yet
Supreme shit is free and I don't drink so fuck a wine set
Nigga fuck a mindset, my brain is an obscenity
I'm fucked in the head, I lost my mind with my virginity
Oh, that's a triple 3-6 isn't he a devil worshiper?
'cause I'm too fucking ignorant to do some research
I'm a start a group,
so no one else gets the respect they deserve 'cause of you
(Bastard was good though)
What you think I recorded for?
To have a bunch of critics call my shit a bunch of horror core?
Like I didn't make Parade or Inglorious
'cause I'm too fuckin' scared to tell my friends the way I really fucking feel?

Of course they only listen
To lyrics about me pissing off
In the tombs of Lara Croft

I'm getting pissed off

Message boards are on my dick I need to piss away
Lemme bust one in they mouth, I know they feel the flavor
Can't they just be happy for me like, a kid with nothing living out his dreams

Why they gotta fucking hate?

I don't even skate anymore, I'm too fucking busy
I can barely kick flip now

People excited think this shit is so tight
Making me co-sign with rappers I don't even like
What the fuck you want me to do? start to gobble this mic
Start jacking em off, till his cap blasting off

Fuck that, 'cause these niggas ain't fuckin' with me
'cause I don't listen to the immortal tech of the nique
And all this underground bullshit can never gone peak
On the billboard top 20 and jam of the week
Id rather listen to Baduh and Pusha the T
And wacka flocka flame instead of that real hip hop that's full of the shit
But they wanna critique
Everything the the wolf gang has ever released
But they don't get it
'cause its not made for them
The nigga that's in the mirror rapping, its made for him
But they do not have the mindset, that is same as him
I'm not weird, your just a fagot, shame on him
I'm not homophobic fagot
What the fuck is a good performance?
I get on stage and have as much fun as I can
Who doesn't have ADD?! I don't
Therapy's been saying that niggas getting offended
They don't wanna fuck with me 'cause I do not fuck with religion
But see that's my decision you fuckers don't have to listen
And here, put this middle finger in your ear
Someone gets blamed
If some white kid had aimed
His AK-47 at forty seven kids
And I don't wanna see my name mentioned
College wasn't working
And I wasn't working
So I sat at home jerking off until my dick was hurting
But I was determined to be great
So this classes can wait
'cause those 4 days I went, I wasn't learnin' shit
Now I'm living dreams i've wanted since 8th
And I can afford to get my mother something on her birth, day
They claim the shit I say is just wrong
Like nobody has those really dark thoughts when alone
I;m just a teenager, who admits hes suicide prone
My life is doing pretty good
So that day is postponed for now
But wow, life's a cute bitch full of estrogen
And when she gives you lemons nigga throw em at pedestrians
I still live in my grandmas house
Sell out a fuckin' show in London just to end up on couches
I hate my fuckin' life, but when I make that announcement
My hero calls my phone, just to put that in doubt then
And then I am confused and I want energists out
My friends really think I'm playing when I say I need counseling
I sit in grandmothers living room and just pout and shout
Loud inside
Sometimes I just wanna die
Odd future came from the bottom
And its gonna take a couple armed armies to stop em
All you fucking lames don't have to like me
The devil doesn't wear Prada, I'm clearly in a fucking white tee