

Inglorious

Tyler, the Creator

My father died the day I came outta my mother's hole
And left the burden on my soul until I was old enough
To understand that the fuckin' faggot didn't like me much
He loved my moms enough to bust a nut and then he shake Junt
Bringin' pops to school today for twelve years I cheated
Told the fuckin' faculty that he was at a meeting and
Bring that dude to life then he wasn't at the meeting
Made a U-turn on the weather like the fuck am I thinking
Birthdays, Christmas my only fucking wishlist was CD's
And a new fitted instead I got some CD's
I hated some Ritalin, some white socks
I was hyper cause I didn't get attention from my real pops
Cops say I'm supposed to be in jail but they don't know it's me
Statistics say that niggas with no father ain't go be shit
Well I guess I had one because nigga I'm it
You smell that? That's the odor of success bitch

I know I'm not the only bastard, in America
So I'm gonna need some help, on this next part, scream it with me niggas

Fuck you (I'm good)
Fuck you (I graduated)
Without you (I'm good)
Fuck you (I'm good)
Nigga eighteen (I'm good)
Fuck you (I'm good)
Got a car nigga (Fuck you)
Eat a dick nigga, bitch

Father's Day was the worst when it came to gifts
Cause I ain't know for who or what the fuck to get
Now my momma mentioned the day before she would like
Cause she's playin' both roles like her occupation was dyke, fuckin' right
I ain't look to Obama and Nixon, I looked up to the Hugo's and Dixon's
The niggas in the vision rap about the shit they cookin' in the kitchen
Pushin' keys like them niggas that were bangin' on the Keynes
My father never seen me, the nigga probably Stevie
He bought me a couple hoodies a couple albums
Like that's gonna make up the years and the tears
And the money that my momma spent on rent and clothes
You fuckin' fucked out, I swear to God if I see you
I'm a get out the M-16 and let a fuckin' clip out
Cause in 16 years, you let your kid down the existence, none
I don't give a fuck either like father like son I'm done

He ain't give a fuck about me
He ain't give a fuck about you
He ain't give a fuck about we
So what the fuck we gon' do?

The cold is nice, and I ain't talkin' 'bout the weather
The skin is thick, no need for leather, your father called
He said you're better without him, I'm not the only fuck
Without them, how to tie a tie and how to get your suit hemmed up
Take it to the shop, then what?
Fuck it, mommas proud of her asthmatic thin fuck
Luck on my brim Supreme keeps me warm

When the cold blood swarms in my veins, fuck rain in the summer
The bummer is the fact that I'm black
And I hang with white neos who's nero stays frio
Now this consolor is tryna tell me that I'm emo, she don't give a fuck
D-low where's the trigger, I'll let this bullet play hero