

Jamba

Tyler, the Creator

Papa ain't call even though he saw me on TV, it's all good (fuck you)
But now my balls, balls deep in this broad's jaws, swallow girl, it's just n
utt

Bitches scared to let me smash on they ass

Yeah they heard I'm fuckin' nuts like the swag of a fag

Like me and Tekeli was gagging in the back of the cabin

Camp floggnaw nigga you can tell by the badge

(Pass me my inhaler)

I'm sick of hacking and coughing, I'm often this fucking awesome

I'm animals, Noah's ark, and often just rapping nonsense

Four stories in my home like "what the fuck's an apartment?"

Get shit popping like Peter's pores during puberty

And take bets on how quick Tyler can reach maturity

Cussing out Siri like a waitress with no patience

Oh, you want a tip bitch, well here's my dick for gratiturity, bitch

Shut em' down!

Nigga shut em' down!

Shut em' down!

I tumble crush on Hodgy's sluts, give money up then nutty, but

Professor nutty buddy clumpkin's petty when you touch his lunch

Like "what the fuck? I'm drunk as fuck," turn the fucking music up

So I can hear these stupid fucks, talk no walk, like you discussed

You talking too much, "who the fuck are you to us, uterus?"

I put that on my pubes and nuts, if I don't begin moving up, I'm shooting up

You and her, crew on turf, new dessert

I can see the bitch in a nigga through his shirt

I can smell the ho in the bitch flocking 'round my crew to flirt

It's on your shoulder, lose the dirt, yeah, it's the movement first

Fuck a human nurse, I'm ill, I use this earth to infuse the birth

Of my scrotum on the channel 10 news, my only motive is to skip to my Lou

Get hip to the pew, you can drink piss and eat a dick in a few

The sickening view, a visual woos, I eat your ribs, I'm a wolf

Then meet your kids after school and give 'em drugs cause it's cool (fucker)

Shut em' down!

Nigga shut em' down!

Shut em' down!

Hodgy, fuck this beat, nigga let's smoke weed

That shit I need, be the shit that's green, a little purple and pink

Get some swisher sweets, about three up, four more, then leave it be

I got a eight I could face, I got a blunt flavored grape

I hate the grape I can taste it when I'm inhaling the vapes

You can smell us in places when we walk

And our clothing is always covered in flakes

Enough for two shake blunts and "what the fuck is this?"

I think this Mary is laced, my heart is beating at paces that Pacquiao can r
elate

I'm Fucking faded like gradient

Shit I'm stuck like the tape that's super glued

To the center of Kelly price first waist

It's like my first date with Mrs. Mary, this shit is scary

The paranoia from this marijuana is very heavy, I'm lifted

Fainted by my fifth hit, Lionel pass the sherm

Let's use this Philly as a dipstick for this bath salt, you dipshit

Come on my nigga you don't even smoke, you weak as fuck my nigga
You do not smoke, no tux my nigga, you're as weak as f your butt my nigga
Oh mark ass nigga, come oh my god, bro here comes that weak ass nigga Samuel