

Let's Dance

Tyler, the Creator

Hey! What's your name? Oh, that's nice
Me? I'm Wolf, you can call me Tyler though
I'm eighteen, you from around here?
Oh, you look like my next victim
I said you look like my ex-girlfriend, sister

While James is jamming on the mixer
We can play Twister naked
Don't be afraid, It's just a kiss
I'm open to everything if you're inviting your sister
That's another topic, we should start a project
You could be the lab rat, I could be the doctor
Let me drug you up and put different things in you
But I'm not gonna do that until you begin to pass out
Now I can draw your face up pretty
Or do it jackass and leave your breath all shitty
Or I can get the hand held and hold held titty
And stick my dick in you but that just might offend you
Teenage parties, I recommend you
Never get drunk with a nigga like us
But I kinda like your company
And you rubbing on my dick, yeah it comforts me
Fuck, condom pocket, luckily, I brought one
Herpes Virus, yeah bitch, I fought one
I don't want you to have my yet
That I just haven't came up with a name yet
I got some new shit, well, technically, I got a new dick
The other one fell off in a pulpit
A gay coaches' white grease and Crisco?
Blew the fuck up in gray clouds of thick smoke
Funny, right? Ha-ha, this shit's jokes
I got the idea from a letter that the shit wrote

Hey, you right there
In that pretty red dress, let's dance
Hey, you right there
In that pretty red dress, let's dance
I said hey, you right there
In that pretty red dress, let's fuck

Well, I have a cupcake mix
Mix a little syrup, it ain't no way to cure him
But I don't do the syrup, I just do the sinfuls