

Look

Tyler, the Creator

It's the fucking general, Vans cut shorts
Neck covered in colored emerald, the yellow by the blue
Like I pissed inside your swimming pool, I'm Mr. Made-A-Bundle
Fuck being rapper and lyrical, here's a ticket to carnival
Barnacles, now I gotta brag
Beemer drive right by you niggas like I was kinda fat
With a paint job thats flatter than Miley Cyrus ass
Ludicrous niggas is hoping that rapper Tyler crash
I see a victim, call the fucking doctors
I'm starting to see symptoms, faggot getting sick again
Fucker get a syringe and a prayer from all your friends
That are actors that do not have to pretend with me if they see blood
Cuz, red and blue like what the fuck's popping?
I'm the blackface of white America, a noose in my pocket
Everyone's dumb or either dead, so you do not have an option
So I'm sorry Martian and activist I'm bout to tie knots with
And ain't no one gonna stop shit, I wanna find my pops
Locking lips with a hot locksmith, find out I was adopted
By chimps and a hippopotamus, Tyler's a fucking animal
When he spit, he goes ape shit, so it technically makes sense

Nobody ever told me that I spill more than I drink
I didn't know that, I didn't know that I didn't know
Allen meeting and greeting boy fickle
Cucumber turn pickle, nigga, nickel by my cellular sickle
Exchange phrases from heroin addicts pistol arms
Niggas go to the drug dealer like bristol farm when it get it its gone
Seated next to Chunky's(hands fidget marmoset monkeys(
This ain't where I'm supposed to be at(
How am I supposed to react when somebody here test my nervous
(I'm clean and sober(and still got a lot on my mind that I'm getting over(o
nly getting older(
snow and slush is colder
(Love don't get you on the bus free rides are in the Rover(
Where tear drops wet on my shoulder(
Started hitting bars(whiskey style shit(
You know a young nigga always finding new outlets
(Mentally I'm just crowded,but shit I guess it's time to change my outfit

Live from the gutter(young stunner(Trumps what you niggas blundered(
I uppercut by the bundle(Nigga take a number
(By my butter nNever let them suckers take me under(
Cold like I hate the summer(? you ungrateful son of a bitch
(I gave less a fuck and I struck it rich, (suck my dick(
Tell the world that I'm coming, don't fucking spit(
Bump your lips(, guess you really ain't sure who you fucking with(
You won't find me on no office shit (I'm semi auto off this shit
My whole approach is arsonic no party be cautious with(my partners on some
raunchy shit(
You better use your conscious quick
(I swear my whole demeanor all fucked up(
Shitting everywhere like I had a meal off the lunch truck
(Dumb fuck(come one one it and get your mug bucked
(Love what? (No love for these hoes we only love lust(
Inhale that marijuana until my lungs bust
(Still out for blood when the suns up

Fuck what you talking 'bout, nigga, got a Tyler reputation
Just from chalking out niggas and bagging 'em up
Dickies baggy, sagging off my ass, abandoned the cuffs
And Wang syndicates the color of the ambulance trucks
Blunt got a nigga feeling like I'm standing on my head
Wolf pack back up out the shit, foaming at the mouth
Got these bitches lip-locking, britches soggy on the couch
Talking shit, bringing profit in and bodies in to count
I told myself just to walk and let the rumours run
Blue golf overalls, jump when them Goombas come
This the fucking sound of chickens coming home and roosting up
The rudest one, make a nigga take a nigga jewels and run
Hand full of cash, other hand full of homes to feed
Who exactly am I supposed to please?
And nigga, who the fuck you supposed to be? Four-five traffic blasting
Tyler pissy cause I'm action on his momma Rover seat
He lied to the substance, impair the judgement
Sticking to the script, thumb sticking to that pump grip
Wolf Gang nigga