

Oblivion

Tyler, the Creator

White bitches, white girls, white drugs
Black girls don't do it but my type does
Fuck it in my white van, beat her with a nice white nightstand
Until I give her gashes where it's nothin' but the white meat
E-T-I-H, W's, double D's on her knees
White gargle yellow fuckin' bumblebees
Use whitey's as my dinner course for intercourse
So much fuckin' white make Darth Vader have a dimmer force
But of course, I'm the white boy that shows no remorse
Pull up on a stark with enough white to kill a horse
Nigga Friday, fuck a Blacc Friday, umm
Wolf Gang make a white pregnant bitch wan' abort
Bring the remainin' red and white pieces to the fort
Odd Future, there wolves bang where a couple bears hang
With a white box logo with a couple stains
From the black and white green pie make it light grey

Oh wow, Obilivion stump
I do not know how that dead body got inside of my trunk
What the fuck, Gee Willikers and no I'm not drunk
I could have sworn that Budweiser can read fruit punch
Let you sip casually when you tryna lose calories
I'm not a murderer, this occurance that is happenin'
Cause sporadically damagin' my reputation
See I'm a good guy but when I see dead casualties
My penis gets erected and my nipples are such aroused
And the blouses of these bitches always end up in my house
And three hours in the showers with the corpse
I've ejaculated enough semen to sink a boat what, umm
Riley's body is entirely covered and tied up
From my desire now look at the fuckin' irony
I killed my manager with an iron
All because the bitch finally decided to fire me
Back at Travvy's house even though that faggot admires me
All because I heard that he was talkin' to Danielle
So now that I finally made that fags hand handheld
He can finnally help me masturbate and read fanmail
First letter says motherfucker you're dead
The king of comedy heard everythin' that you said
And Just in Time your head is mine
You crossed the fuckin' line like a dirty Mexicans
Second letter read hey son it's me
Fuck you, I'm a subject without my permission
Third letter quote hey Ace I'm addicted to coke
Wanna ask how I been so?
I make songs about shit for attention
Put them out randomly hopin' that I get some
I got problems in my head that I want, no
But I don't trust anybody, yeah no one
Savin' up 24 bullets with gun
Cause I got demons that I cannot let out, umm
Hopefully the next album can help me out
Cause I'm now, livin' this life with foolproof doubts
So, I just need someone to talk to, kinda rushed
But nobody gives a fuck, fuck it, signed anonymous