

Radicals

Tyler, the Creator

Random disclaimer

Hey, don't do anything that I say in this song, okay? It's fuckin' fiction

If anything happens, don't fuckin' blame me, white America, fuck Bill O'Reilly

4, 3, 2, 1

What the fuck I look like saying I'm sorry
To a bunch of fucking fags that can't potentially harm me?
I ain't never gonna bow down to your expectations
By the way, I got sixty fucking Wolves that'll guard me
That skate hard, Thrash black hoodies, try something
Make sure your fuckin' feelings end up up in a Glad bag
Fuck all your opinions, I'm tyin' 'em with a shoestring
And fuck the fat lady, it's over when all the kids sing

Kill people, burn shit, fuck school
I'm fuckin' radical, nigga
Left, right, left, right

Fuck cops, I'm a fucking rock star
Rebellion and defiance makes my muthafuckin' cock hard
Fuck pigs, fuck guards all some fucking retards
Fuck school, I'm a fuck up? Fuck Harvard
I ain't got no fucking money (Hey mom)
I ain't got no muthafuckin' daddy, he ain't teach me shit
Child support ain't come that faggot still ain't bought me anything
Fuck the fat lady, it's over when all the kids sing

Kill people, burn shit, fuck school
I'm fuckin' radical, nigga
Left, right, left, right

Fuck your traditions, fuck your positions
Fuck your religions, fuck your decisions
They're not mine, you gotta let 'em go
We can be ourselves, but you gotta let us know
You gotta let 'em go

You gotta let these shits go, man
It's not making sense to you right now but
All these little dreams you got, they're not shit
All this rebellion, all this crazy shit you got, saying this shit
Getting too old for this shit, man, you gotta grow out of it
Growing up, your dreams are getting bigger
You gotta look at reality, understand that shit so you don't get caught
I'm just being real (Nigga fuck you)
I'm just trying to help you man, trust me
(Look, I mature day after day nigga
You don't know shit, you're a fucking therapist)
Whatever