

Sarah

Tyler, the Creator

I like my girls skinny with brains
I like my hoodies fucked with lame
I like my friends imaginary with no names
And I make music for the fuck of it, no fame
Aim, shoot, the gun of love, round
Tried to find ammo but it's none around town
So I went Down South but I ended up North
Uptown sittin' on Cloud 9's white porch
And of course, my car's off course
You're so white, my blinkers don't work
I'm tryna let the force, be with you, I get you
Music is my first, but I contemplate divorce
You make a nigga sing songs nice
You make a nigga's night turn day
And you make the flowers sing say turn green yellow
It sucks that I didn't get the chance to say hello
I wanna eat you out like jello
And mess with your body like the base and the cello
And tell your mom I said hello, you wanna go to prom?
(Nigga hell no!)
Fuck (Shit) and another one, and on another one

Another love song about shit
And I'll be rich if I get another diss
And maybe Cupid won't miss

I like her L-I-K-E, the only difference is she won't
fuck with me
But she will fuck with that vegetable with the hairs
full of X's and O's
I wanna tie her body up and throw her in my basement
Keep her there, so nobody can wonder where her face
went
(Tyler, what you doin'?) Shut the fuck up
You gon' fuckin' love me bitch
But all I really want is a kiss on the cheek
In private, not public in the streets
And your cupcake I will eat and your toes
Cause I got a big fetish with the feet
I just want somebody I can see
You can be a gold digger, you ain't gotta love me
I'm serious, I don't ask for much
Your heart literally is what I do want for lunch
Now this shit is turnin' to a habit
I'm the Burger King, I gotta have it my way
And truthfully girl you really make my day
I would probably kill myself if you told me you was gay
And I can't even look the other way
Your aura is a magnet, my eyes a metal bag, it's
attractive
L-O-L laughin', you're a gold Oscar and I'm just actin'
And I want your sin in my hole, and have our kids play
supportin' role
Climbin' up the pole, Jack and the Beanstalk, bitch
it's gold
And I was in loath, I would never get over you, ever,
Sarah

Another love song about shit
And I'll be rich if I get another diss
And maybe Cupid won't miss

Half your body layin' on my chest
The rest is in my stomach, that's includin' your breast
And I'mma just take another guess
Now you probably wishin' that you woulda said yes
Am I crazy? Maybe, but fucked up is how I been lately
Shit, I don't give a fuck, your family lookin' for you,
wish 'em good luck
Bitch, you tried to play me like a dummy
Now you stuck up in my motherfuckin' basement all
bloody
And I'm fuckin' your dead body, your coochie all cummy
Lookin' in your dead eyes, what the fuck you want from
me?
What did you want from me? What did you want from me?