

# Slater

## Tyler, the Creator

Me and Slater just hit a curb  
Bunny hop, zoning out, listening to N.E.R.D.  
Made a couple thousands turds spitting written verbs  
Shit, now I kick it in the 'burbs

Me? I'm from the slums, niggas who pushing tons  
Tons of drugs, Foul flow dirty mouth like kissing bums  
Momma done made her one, a witty son  
With no respect for women so-so, show me your titties hun  
"You eighteen?", Me? I'm twenty something  
Okay I'm twenty, but I'm soon to be twenty-one  
I wild out at shows, break shit it should be fun  
Venues are like pussy with me, "Should he cum?"  
I'ma wax that like the chap stick in my backpack, for my black lips  
Then dip to Europe and come back with a stack of cheese  
A stack of cheese for these rats, Mac and Cheese  
New Preme shit got me feeling flyer than a bag of bees  
Fuck critics, (How's your dick?), "Shit, How's your knees?"  
Y'all on my dick more than my index when I take a pee  
Came up with 'Rella', ain't touch a bag of weed  
Shit was doper than, Whitney Houston's needs  
Golf Wang, that's the team to be, "Ay!", getting TU, OF, indeed  
We was missing Sweatshirt like, where's the hooded sleeve  
Okay, nevermind, we found him, yeah

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Guess I win, checks started cashing in  
I stopped rapping and started asking "Where my fucking passion is?"  
Probably where that faggot went (who?), Tyler talking father problems  
Shocky shit he spit to popping topics in a gossip column  
I ain't ask for this, I did it out of boredom  
Thought that roach was cool, he died and pushed me into stardom  
Now Ye's PJ sippin leche, Chips Ahoy boy, listening to Cowboy  
Aye boy, land in Melbourne and skate to Fitzroy (ay!)  
AUS was AWES, I enjoyed, boy, y'all niggas played as a tot's toy  
Have a good day as I annoy, oy

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Cameras with panorama's views  
My shoes have seen more vans than Mexicans with crackers in Alabama  
G-O-to the-L-F, this O-F, I open a store so I don't stress  
But nigga I, (What?), mosh in gardens, jazz punk shit  
Playing chords, making up shit, pardon my Dolly Parton's  
And I keep sharting, hoodies with rectangles and different colors  
Niggers think I started kindergarten

My bitch is on my handle bars  
(I just wanna ride my bike)  
Slater, Slater, Slater, Slater

My bitch is on my handle bars  
Hair blowing in the wind  
Her freckles look like candy bars  
Hair blowing in the wind

My bitch is on my handle bars  
(I just wanna ride my bike)  
Slater, Slater, Slater, Slater  
My bitch is on my handle bars  
Hair blowing in the wind  
Her freckles look like candy bars  
My cool summer never ends

My bitch is on my handle bars  
Slater, Slater, Slater, Slater

Oh my God, seriously? Mister cool guy  
You're talking to a fucking bike, loser, hehe  
Oh fuck