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