

Smuckers

Tyler, the Creator

For your boy
I'm watchin Freaks and Geeks with the trampoline on the floor
I'm tryna cop the new McLaren with the vertical doors, nigga

Money, money, money, money; money ain't the motive
What's your name again? Nobody knows it
Don't speak to me nigga, you not impo'tant
I'm focused (2, 3, 4), bring in the horns
They say I'm nutty, I'm picnic basket, I'm short of a sandwich
I'm peanut butter, Boyce Watkin's a faggot
Please come and get me, said I suck him at your neck
Like a hickey, boy I'm sicky
Like a HIV victim, ain't nobody fuckin wit me
I got banned from New Zealand, Whitey called me a demon
And a terrorist, goddammit, I couldn't believe in it
Ban a kid from a country; I never fall, never timber
But you fucked up as a parent; your child idol's a nigger
I clearly don't give a fuck, so you could run that shit back
And fuck your loud pack, and fuck your Snapchat
Cherry Bomb the greatest fuckin album since the days of sound
And that shit gon pop just like that nigga that was never 'round
Damn, bout to drop, gas 'em up, thick exhaust
Young T, came quick, hard to beat, dick is soft
We ain't lyin, we the truth, call him Simba, beats his hooves
Tyler the Creator sweatin Jesus juice
Put that fuckin cow on my level, cause I'm raisin the stakes
Mom I made you a promise, it's no more section 8
When we ate its the steaks, now our section is great
Cause that's the level I'm at, my niggas pass 'em a plate
'Ye!

Why, oh why, why, why don't they like me?
Cause Nike gave a lot of niggas checks
But I'm the only nigga to ever check Nike

Richer than white people with black kids
Scariest than black people with ideas
Nobody can tell me where I'm headin
But I feel like Michael Jordan, Scottie Pippen at my weddin
They say I'm crazy, but that's the best thing goin for me
You can't Lynch Marshawn if Tom Brady throwin to me
I made a million mistakes, but I'm successful in spite of 'em
I believe you like a fat trainer takin a bite or somethin
I wanna turn the tanks to playgrounds
I dreamt of 2Pac; he asked me "Are you still down?"
Yeah my nigga, it's on, it's on, it's on, it's on
I know they tell they white daughters "Don't bring home Jerome"
I am the free nigga archetype, I am the light and the beacon
You can ask the deacon
It's funny, when you get extra money
Every joke you tell just be extra funny
I mean, you can even dress extra bummy
Cocaine bathroom break, nose extra runny
And I gave you all I got, you still want extra from me
Oxford want a full-blown lecture from me
And the Lexus pull up, errr, like hop, I hopped out, like wassup?
Err-err-err, step back, hold up, my nigga, you suck, hold up

I studied the proportions
Emotions runnin at a Autobahn speed-level
Had a drink with fear, and I was textin God
He said "I gave you a big dick, so go extra hard"

For your boy
I'm tryna pop the new McLaren with the vertical doors
I'm watchin Freak and Geeks, got a trampoline in my room
Damn

(2, 3, 4)
Hold your fuckin horses, niggas really fuckin thought that T lost it
Like I bet it at a auction, been exhausted
I been workin while y'all cylinders smoke like broken exhaust tips
Fuckin losers

Hold your fuckin ponies, my homie
I'll whip your donkey by my lonely
I eat pussy like Shoney's (Yeah)
It's Tunechi, homie, master of ceremonies
I knock 'em down, domino effect; no pepperoni
I swear

This them Golf boys, like them Hot Boy\$
For the nine-nine and two-thousand
But its the two-thou'
And the one-four, and the one-five
Yo, what up Wayne?
(What up Slime, nigga go hard)
Yeah, I'mma go hard like before came
Got too much drive, need like ten lanes
Life is a broad and she give brain
That's that road head (yeah) thats a dream car
Got a full tank of that same year I was born
That's that one-nine-nine-one
'nother nigga like I, you won't find one
Cuz nigga I'm a god, a divine one
Tune

My trigger finger wise but my 9 dumb (Yeah)
Middle finger blind, so its fuck A-N-Y-one
Fuck, skate, and die son; a hundred ways to die son
I'm starin at a tramp-on-lean, make my eye jump
Use Adderall like alarm clocks, wake my high up
Stakes are high; well done, and prime cut, eat up
I stick my rollie in her mouth, let the time come
She got hair like Sheneneh, and eyes like Wanda
Oh my goodness

Wayne them bitches ugly
These niggas colder than Tommy buddy
'Ye we hittin models like Tony Parker be hittin bottles
Bitch I'm goin harder than yellow cabbies stoppin for Lionel
(Black ass nigga) They be duckin us niggas
Shout out to Donald Sterling, boy lets get a scrimmage
And cut some niggas I'll bring the Clippers
And a couple owners that's kinda German
You bring the nooses, and a couple trees
Where the money grow, and get bodies burnin
Cause I'm tryna hang like I'm Mr. Cooper, or Jews in Berlin
Or some niggas from Alabama, Birmingham
I need music so I'm over the street like Erick Sermon was
Fuck us, maybe we should team up

Anti-Golf boys, cuz I don't fuck with me either
I'm a liar, I'm a faggot, uhh...

Son you need Jesus
But I heard he left Sunset, to go on tour with Yeezus
Well, I'm prayin for the new Yeezys
And you pussies prayin that we squash the beef like zucchini
I know; it ain't gain, nor fame, nor tame, or lame, nor strange

(2, 3, 4)
Nah faggot, it's Golf Wang