

The Brown Stains Of Darkeese Latifah Part 6-12 (remix)

Tyler, the Creator

Oh, you the motherfucking man, huh?
Oh, you be fucking bitches, counting all the bands, huh?
Oh, you be trapping out the bando selling grams, huh?
Oh, you be smoking, drinking lean, and popping Xans, huh?
You see, that's the bullshit that I don't need
I'm telling y'all niggas, y'all ain't fucking with me
See, I look in the mirror and he said, "You are the man"
And I said, "Hey man, I agree"

Rocks on rainbow, Ben's a nice fellow
Your neck reflects yout personality, and mine is yellow
Boy, I hit the block, like I hate Legos
They know they got thirty seconds, Jared Leto
Before they see some halos, and I reload the ammo
Boy is Golf Wang-o, and that's the squad I bang-o
I tell my fucking
Now lets reload the aim-o

Can't a nigga get some fucking chaos in hurr?
Want the truth in the
And you can get your ass like a kick in the
Schoolyboy's my niggy, you know I'm good
That boy's not that bad, enh, it's no biggy
It's the G-O, the L-F, we go-go, no homo
We black out, and go hard like JoJo and fuckin' Diggy
No ship in this series, and I just want Iggy, man
We been Batmen since Batman have a sidekick
Catch me in some vans like one of them soccer mamas
bitches like the family went to a (Oh no!)
You can't bitch, I'm a problem
You get fucked up like the thoughts this side of my noggin
Going harder than the quidditch in Harry Potter
All my shows got one black in it like Larry David
And I'm that nigga
Meaning I'm two niggas
I'm schizo, Brent Lowe, my motherfucking bingo
Pink and yellow on my neck remind you of my dickhole
And I don't really fuck with you niggas, shout out to Jim Crow

Don't get offended, love being darkskinned
23 with the crib and I don't got no tenants
And I don't like sports, but the court got a tennis
Is that diamonds on your neck? Stay the fuck out my bidness
See, that's the cherry bomb, get my burr on
That's McLaren, chevron
Motors Flog Gnaw, Vans on, fuck your Jordans
Went from throwing up to throwing carnivals (Yeah, nigga!)

Boy, I'm a sicko, flacko nigga but kinda macho, boy
I got some vatos shadow, he kinda loco
Pack a pistol, we splitting nachos
Then for that cheese, boy, he some shells just like a taco
So grab your goggles, nigga
Taco Tuesday, you don't want none of that
Have you heard of Fairfax, boy, we was running that
Nigga took the store from us, yeah, fuck all of that
(Man, he really took the store)