

The Brown Stains of Darkeese Latifah Part 6–12

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 your 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, it's Golf Wang-o, and that's the squad I bang-o
Until until my fucking brain go, now let's reload the aim-o

Can't a nigga get some fucking chaos in hurr?
I'm the truth and the dare
And you can get your ass beat like a kick and a snare
ScHoolboy's my niggy, you know I'm good in the 50s
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 that man since Batman had a sidekick
Catch me in some vans like one of them soccer mamas
And them bitches blue like that family went to the Dodgers
Solve em (Oh no!) you can't bitch, I'm a problem
You get fucked up like the thoughts inside 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 that cherry bomb, get my burr on
That's McLaren, '91 out the Chevron
Motors Flog Gnaw, Vans on, fuck your Jordans
Went from throwing up to throwing carnivals

Boy, I'm a sicko, flaco nigga, but kinda macho, boy
I got some vatos and shout out to ScHooly, he kinda loco
Pack a de la pistol, we splitting nachos
Then for that cheese, boy, he was using 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)

Crack a cracker with a barrel

Gang bang tattoos, this ain't a Louis rag
Orange Paisley got me crip crazy
Pants heavy, sag to the left
With the belt strapped, no face mask, nigga, just toe tags
Still the blunts getting passed, yeah
Ain't worried bout no niggas, nigga
Grieve over suckers, gunpowder on my knuckles
Call the ambulance, I'm from the era of crip walking
You was clown-dancing, you wanna be me, huh?

Cuz is wack in his raps and what he rap, he ain't done
Top Dawg, Wolf Gang, smell the cat on your tongue
Pussy boy, you fucked over, nigga, control your gums
Teeth missing, moms' won't recognize your face when it's done
My square homie's license, double life in my trunk
Mind, power, body, and soul, we break handcuffs
Got a strike on my record, double cups, and duck
You want the life like us, you need to crip that coast
You want to steer that wheel, you want to smoke that kil'
Well, who am I?