

## 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?