

Parking Lot (feat. Casey Veggies & Mike G)

Tyler, the Creator

So, what's going on Wolf? Talk to me man... People worry, we hear stories about you getting into fights and all this unnecessary bullshit. What's on your mind? Talk to me I'm here. Domo roll another one, I'm just fuckin'

with you I ain't smokin' none

My squad bring terror, no intended pun

Merch booth made niggas extensive funds

Momma got the Rover with the Range

She don't ever ever gotta struggle, not again

And I put that on my dead grandmother's name...too soon My nigga Slater, yeah that's my little pony

Little homies is reppin' like I been fuckin' with Kony

Nigga Phillip and Kobe, to my niggas that know me

Ya boy seem happy as fuck but truthfully ya boy lonely

Niggas a target for marketing, he's an artist

Can't even walk into Target without bothering customers bothering

Asking me for a picture, then I talk to their sister

Naw nigga, get lost, you're fucking smothering

God I wanna quit, but I can't, cause mother and sister can't pay the rent

4 stories with storage, I'm 21 with a mortgage

And tourings' paying the bills, life is paying for thrills

Lifes' a bitch bruh but from the third floor which is gorgeous

A year ago I was broke, now how can I afford this

I started off with disposables now I have an assortment

And I'm using these negatives to develop a portrait

Now the frame is a pain in the ass to get it in

Without a scratch or stain on the glass

But that's not important, just as long as it's printed

And I hinted it is, and when I get it I'll make sure you get a copy bitch

Shit I'll even add a signature with the fuckin' pic-ature

I'll even tell you the film I used in the aperture Domo roll another one, I'm just fuckin' with you I ain't smokin' none

My squad bring terror, no intended pun

Merch booth made niggas extensive funds

Momma got the Rover with the Range

She don't ever ever gotta struggle, not again

And I put that on my dead grandmother's name...too soon Grandmother died, didn't cry not a tear

I got a lot of fuckin' wind no water dripped out the eye

But when I got the news, yup it left your boy stuck

Cause when my mom dipped out she was the one that gave me a fuck

Mom callin' and callin', I'm on my way to a show

I answer, she cryin' sayin' Sadie is dyin'

The doc said she only had a week for us to speak
Before she deceased, cause cancer was just eating her cheeks up
Fuck, nah this is really awkward for me bruh
I hang the phone up, and adjust my seat back
And started to think, like "What the fuck just happened?"
I never had a death and I just seen her a week ago
Meet them at the hospital I should
In between the set of BADBADNOTGOOD
Lionel asked what happened I said it's bad bad, not good
Just take me to the Cedars-Sinai off of Oakwood
Gettin' there, family sittin' center chair
Awkard in the lobby, it was floating in the thinning air
Getting there, need a sticker saying how I got in there, there's a room
Open up the curtain, she's just sitting there, hello
Our conversations brief, couldn't even make eye contact when we speak
Lookin' at her you could tell all she had was weak
And I'm not talkin' days bruh, I'm talkin' 'bout her strenght
I sat there 20 minutes tops, hopin' it was just a fuckin' plea that she could cop
She died that night Oh that's heavy man, I'm sorry for your loss
Yeah whatever, don't worry about it..
Last time I seen Sammy he was lookin' for you
Fuck that nigga Samuel
Uhh... Have you seen him?
Nah but if I seen that nigga I woulda killed 'em

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>