

Slow It Down (feat. Hodgy Beats)

Tyler, the Creator

[Verse 1: Hodgy Beats]

We come through throbbin' like thunder storms
Make them feets get wet and funky up in they under arms
I'm too explosive for your ears like I'm throwin' bombs
With the exclusive on the channel, bitch I know it's on
Niggas get mad like cheerleaders, they throw the pom-poms
Suck a dick, eat salam gettin' they nails done in salons
Hodgy Beats is like limp balm
If you talk shit, I'll make you cry and tell your big moms
I got nice hands, niggas eat out my big palms
Haters must be starvin' nowadays I make California Vietnam
And I'm goin' to embalm my creativity
Into a CD-rom, so you can feel this shit up on[Hook:]

Turn it up, where's the bass?

Bring the keys, yeah

Turn it up, where's the bass?

Bring the keys, oh my God

Turn it up nigga, where's the bass?

Could you bring the keys? Yeah

Turn it up, nigga where's the bass?

Drop the drums[Verse 2:]

Pink chinchilla, cause I'm like Thrilla

My t-shirts are bathin', a bathin' gorilla

You niggas all hype like you drink a cup of Splenda

But I ate that whole plate like a fat bitch dinner

I'm never the winner, always the loser

I don't choose to win, but I will choose her

Her kitty-cat fish loves his tuna

I never use a fork I always spoon her

Go nuts, instrumental flow much

European model white bitch is eatin' donuts

Fuck you faggots, I'm with a fat bitch

Makin' shit come like I'm go-go gadget

I'm mental, it's instrumental

Make your future therapist ask for dental records

And I hope this record have you stabbin' niggas with colored pencils[Hook]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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