

Slater

Tyler, the Creator

Me and Slater just hit a curb
Bunny hop, zoning out, listening to N.E.R.D.
Made a couple thousands turds spitting written verbs
Shit, now I kick it in the 'burbs Me? I'm from the slums, niggas who pushing tons
Tons of drugs, Foul flow dirty mouth like kissing bums
Momma done made her one, a witty son
With no respect for women so-so, show me your titties hun
"You eighteen?", Me? I'm twenty something
Okay I'm twenty, but I'm soon to be twenty-one
I wild out at shows, break shit it should be fun
Venues are like pussy with me, "Should he cum?"
I'ma wax that like the chap stick in my backpack, for my black lips
Then dip to Europe and come back with a stack of cheese
A stack of cheese for these rats, Mac and Cheese
New Preme shit got me feeling flyer than a bag of bees
Fuck critics, (How's your dick?), "Shit, How's your knees?"
Y'all on my dick more than my index when I take a pee
Came up with 'Rella', ain't touch a bag of weed
Shit was doper than, Whitney Houston's needs
Golf Wang, that's the team to be, "Ay!", getting TU, OF, indeed
We was missing Sweatshirt like, where's the hooded sleeve
Okay, nevermind, we found him, yeah Me and Slater just hit a curb
Bunny hop, zoning out, listening to N.E.R.D.
Made a couple thousands turds spitting written verbs
Shit, now I kick it in the 'burbs Guess I win, checks started cashing in
I stopped rapping and started asking "Where my fucking passion is?"
Probably where that faggot went (who?), Tyler talking father problems
Shocky shit he spit to popping topics in a gossip column
I ain't ask for this, I did it out of boredom
Thought that roach was cool, he died and pushed me into stardom
Now Ye's PJ sippin leche, Chips Ahoy boy, listening to Cowboy
Aye boy, land in Melbourne and skate to Fitzroy (ay!)
AUS was AWES, I enjoyed, boy, y'all niggas played as a tot's toy
Have a good day as I annoy, oy Me and Slater just hit a curb
Bunny hop, zoning out, listening to N.E.R.D.
Made a couple thousands turds spitting written verbs
Shit, now I kick it in the 'burbs Cameras with panorama's views
My shoes have seen more vans than Mexicans with crackers in Alabama
G-O-to the-L-F, this O-F, I open a store so I don't stress

But nigga I, (What?), mosh in gardens, jazz punk shit
Playing chords, making up shit, pardon my Dolly Parton's
And I keep sharting, hoodies with rectangles and different colors
Niggers think I started kindergartenMy bitch is on my handle bars
(I just wanna ride my bike)
Slater, Slater, Slater, Slater
My bitch is on my handle bars
Hair blowing in the wind
Her freckles look like candy bars
Hair blowing in the windMy bitch is on my handle bars
(I just wanna ride my bike)
Slater, Slater, Slater, Slater
My bitch is on my handle bars
Hair blowing in the wind
Her freckles look like candy bars
My cool summer never endsMy bitch is on my handle bars
Slater, Slater, Slater, SlaterOh my God, seriously? Mister cool guy
You're talking to a fucking bike, loser, hehe
Oh fuck

Songwriters

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