

French!

Tyler, The Creator

Got all the black bitches mad cause my main bitch vanilla
She trying to get her groove back like Stella, grab the umbrella
When it comes to your perception of my shit I'm Helen Keller
When it comes to the perfection of my shit I know you
smell the rectum I'm like a chromosome i always X them
Like Wolverine steps in attacking a deadly weapon
I'm opening a church to sell coke and Led Zeppelin,
and f-ck Mary in her ass... ha ha... yo
I'm fucking Goldilocks up in the forest
In the three bear house eating their motherf-cking porridge
I tell her it's my house, give her a tour
In my basement, and keep that bitch locked up in my storage
Rape her and record it, then edit it with more shit
Octopussy special effect, the wet bitches be banging
And please never disrespect my set with cannons
Hanging from my neck like it's a motherf-cking circus
You little n-ggas better check my French
You getting money better check my French
Ah, what time is it, huh? Check my French
If you cop my shit you better check my French,
Motherf-cker
I make it move check my French
I speak English but check my French
Your hoe be on my penis she check my French, bitch
I guess I left my dick nitty up in the cupboard
cause every girl im digging, when im digging in her pussy
im never using a rubber
but fuck it I guess i gotta steach it out like it was flubber
and leave it drippin green and red like it was devil cheese buggers
chewin on cum like bubble gum from hubbard
This bitch knew dick like Bubba knew shimp
(Laughing)
Yo Im seventeen, already sniffin blow
I tell my friends its asthmary time I itch my throat

I got a new show for MTV, "Pimp My Boat"
Cause some bitch said my semen was dirty, thats silly ho
The most that they can do is find me, Im hiding
somewhere where Christians cant find me

Oh no Mister Stokes I dont like misters no
Dont tell R. Kelly where my sister goes
You little niggas better check my French
You getting money better check my French
Ahh, what time is it, huh? Check my French
If you cop my shit you better check my French, muthafucka
I make it move check my French
I speak English but check my French
Your hoe be on my penis she check my French, bitch
Yo you little niggas better check my french
I got allstars and you can check my bench
Left Brain super three, Creator Ace puttin the expressions in music and create the face
Of the picture, punchline figured out ahhh I get you
No you dont nigga so why dont you go figure
You seem confused anyway, pressure enough?
You the type to do the choke when the pressure is up
The pressure is to pump and pressure is us
bitches havin eargasms and the pleasure is us
Niggas wanna B.O.F. and write letters to us
Competition's competition, yo you better than us?
Digest what Im sayin? I dont think so
We sick shit, throw it up down in the sink yo
The odd niggas are beginning to spill these pink hoes
We think sorta odd so we think so
Crusin in my go kart at walmart sellin cupcakes
Go ahead admit it faggot this shit is tighter then buttrape
That evolves Ballpark franks and silver duct tape
Pornos and hormones and boxes of DiGiornos
You homos is loco your prolly drinking cuervo
with some vatos with the door closed watchin zorro you homos

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