

# Window

## The Worship Crew

Tyler we ah, I know it's short notice but I brought all your friends here  
For some reason I couldn't get a hold of Taco and Jasper  
But, I just brought all your friends to talk to you  
Because, they're really worried about you  
I thought it would be better if, they could talk to you  
[Verse 1: Domo]It was all a dream, I used to read Complex magazines  
When I rhyme I'm tryna get pictures in High Times  
Smoke trees and see my dreams hanging in the sky line  
Swanton bomb off the bed into a fine dime  
In my mind I'm just tryna smoke the finest  
And get high sticking bad heinas in vaginas  
I'm the flyest when it come to this, fire when I come to spit  
I am getting higher when the lighter comes in front of this  
I'm a stoner yeah, yeah, yeah you get the picture now  
30 thousand feet gonna make it hard for me to simmer down  
Another flight, another beat, another city, wow  
Thus another couple b\*tches crying when I kick 'em out  
Where we at? We on top of the world  
[Verse 2: Frank]And five minutes from suicide, I biked it to the park  
I walked onto the block, met a guy, burgundy 'Preme snap-back  
Hurling himself and cars, and flirting with blonde Cadillacs  
All was great, all was great, Frankie had the blues in fact  
Bunch of pale hipster girls, pretty, but they booty flat  
Teenage males, couldn't tell, I was going through  
And had a wallet full of cream, Amex Green, Beamer almost black  
Parked in front the studio Bastard's recorded at  
Earl, Gilbert, Tyler, Hodgy, Domo, Left, Taco, Nakel  
Sydney, Lionel, Juan, Michael, Jasper, Hal and Matt  
Bet I'm missing several but I had to bring that pattern back  
We live inside a house that says f\*ck 'em on the welcome mat  
Deep inside the ear canals of Bill O'Reilly's daughter that's  
Where I'm at? Now where we at? Wolf Gang, where we at?  
[Verse 3: Hodgy]Swell motions get promotions, to my whole team  
Hell yeah I smoke weed cause I like to go green  
Professor Beats educates n\*ggas, let me proceed  
Shine chandelier bright mike, if your nose bleeds  
We at Randy's ordering that 306  
Milk and glaze is the greed gold mix me  
Your b\*tch is coming along, yeah she hum to my song

Singing like they were for her, but they were for the blur  
No longer, but we working, premature, immature  
She's unsure, I'm for sure, blouse and dress and my shirt  
On the floor then pick it up, out the door, door  
Chased an imaginary friend, a reverie absorption  
Impregnate the dream 'til it has an abortion  
Where we at? We on top of the world  
[Verse 4: Mike]Everything they say I'd never have, I'm seeing

Now, I bet they see that we balling like All-Star Weekend  
Always been the most cool, they chase our shade  
They say life switches pace when you got shit made  
So I'm just tryna get paid, don't you remember the days  
When your dreams were the only thing that kept you sane  
And too often they think that they could stop me  
Now every show we makin' half a Maserati  
And the only thing blocking me is paparazzi  
Now it's gold Rolex's if they try to clock me  
Everything stays in the box like fighters in hockey  
Miss me if you're thinking we slack, work hard  
I got the world saying every single Friday is black  
Took your b\*tch, you ain't getting her back, cause she know  
Where we at n\*gga? We on top of the world  
[Interlude: Tyler]Where we at, n\*ggas?  
Where the f\*ck we at, man? You n\*ggas don't know me, huh  
Where we at?

[Verse 5: Tyler]Down to f\*cking Earth, huh, down to f\*cking Earth, huh  
F\*ck everybody, here goes some extra girth Sir  
You f\*cking critics are making my nerves hurt  
Since I'm saying f\*ck everybody I guess that I'm a f\*cking pervert  
My window is a book and I'm a f\*cking crook  
Stealing phones to call home but the line is off the hook  
My mom ain't paid the bill, guess I can't pay it either  
I ain't signed a f\*cking deal yet but when I do  
Clancy and Dave are to take a percentages that  
Could pay the whole city's f\*cking mortgage  
Hopefully I make a lot porn from touring in f\*cking Oregon  
From playing piano organs and hopefully I can pay the bill  
Shit is getting real, people begin to feel  
Like I'm changing, but their complaining making big f\*cking deals  
About some shit, they b\*tch and pout (Can we get backstage man?)  
No, faggot, it's sold out (Come on why you holding out  
I though we was boys, without me, you wouldn't be Tyler the Creator  
You're from the Derby, I can tell whenever you perform  
A leopard can't change it's spots) But I'm a f\*cking unicorn

(Whatever man) Look, you can't stop me, I'm going full monty  
F\*ck that, I'm Hitler, everyone's a f\*cking Nazi  
Wolf Gi-di-dang you be roaming where the fox be  
And I be where, anybody cares  
I try to preach "F\*ck age, live dreams, and have fun"  
(Here's some give a f\*ck, cake) Oh, maybe I should have some  
(Asshole, have none) How can I wake up on the wrong side  
Of the bed, when I don't even f\*cking have one?  
When I'm on that stage I feel important  
A whole f\*cking assortment of children that's taking Ritalin  
Because the teacher said that the therapist wasn't feeling him  
You gotta be f\*cking kidding me  
At school I was a zero, now I'm every boy's hero  
And they fear it when they hear it when that little f\*cker's reciting my lyrics  
Yeah rebel n\*gga cheer it, dead parents everywhere  
It's smelling like teen spirit.. okay, f\*ck it, Elvis has left the building

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