Tron Cat

Tyler, The Creator

Satan's getting jealous of the wolves,
The demons say they preferrin' us,
Books, I'm not givin' a fuck what they referrin' us.
Wolves I know you've heard of us, we murderers,
And young enough to get the fuckin' priest to come and flirt with us.
You niggas rap about fuckin' bitches and getting head.
Instead I rap about fuckin' bitches and getting heads.
While you niggas stacking bread, I could stack a couple dead,
Bodies, makin' red look less of a color, more of a hobby.
I'm not a rapper nor a rapist nor a racist.
I fuck bitches with no permission and tend to hate shit.
Brag about the actions and the rhyming pattern mattering,
Then proceed to sat her down when I go splatter in her chatterbox.
Atta boy, Odd Future, you're not in our catergor'.
Torture with a super soaker at the asian liquor store.
It's the type of shit that make a Chris Brown wanna kick a whore
That makes songs about the wet block cause when it rains it pours (Umbrella).
I hate this, screaming fuck patience.
Got a nigga shakin' like the calmest fuckin' haitian
After chronic masturbation, askin' where Mary-Kate went.
I wanna be the reasons why all lesbians hate dick.
I make this damn Bullwinkle a red moose.
Game of duck duck duct tape with a dead goose.
She run around some motherfuckin' dungeon, her legs loose.
Until I accidently get the saw to her head, oops.
Victim, victim, honey on my fifth one.
Honey on that topping when I stuff you in my system.
Rape a pregnant bitch and tell my friends I had a threesome.
You gotta fuckin deathwish? Im a genie it'll get done.
Nice to meet you but it's more pleasant to eat you
With a leaf, a salad and some dressing pourin' out a teacup.
Bitch I'm Tyler the Creature, suck your feet up like a beacher,
Beat ya rubber more than the fuckin' bottom of a sneaker.
Jeeper the fuckin' creeper, get your daughter and keep her,
In the jeeps where the Wolf Gang rides around deeper.
Take her to Ladera, now she scare and you're embarrassed,

Filled with terror, chop her legs off tell and her to run some errands.
Put her eyes in the canteen, take her to the Berrics.

Berra, Steve say it cost 10 to fuck Eric.
Put her in the lake, her, body sinks great.
Now it's time to fish her, like Derek.
Satan says we're dangerous, we're trading kids for angel dust,
And snuffing sniff and now that Michael Jackson's trying to suck our dick.
Hippopot the fucking llamas, dead bodies, cheerleading squaders,
Gave the team a bunch of fucking bees and a Keke Palmer.
They will never catch em or catch up,
They ask me what it was, I tell them fuckers it was ketchup.
Nutty like my Chex Mix, she bleedin' from her rectum.
Odd Future wolves stirring ruckus, throwing sex up.
This the type of shit that makes children break in apartments.
When you tell a fuckin' orphan you don't love em til they heart thin.
Starve her til I carve her, then I shove her in the rover,
Where I cut her like a barber with a Parkinson's disorder.
Store in a portable freezer with me to Portland.
Catch me with a bunch of fuckin' Mexicans crossing the border.
I be the only wetback who ain't really touch the water,
Cause I be to fuckin' busy tryin' to float with angel's daughter.
I'm awesome, and I fuck dolphins.
Sicker than a starving Nigerian kid's barf, and,
Odd Future Wolf Gang, Nazi bar mitzvah with your sister at the bar playing leg and arm twister.
Evident, that I'm the shit, I'm the pooh like tigger dick.
I got these cracker doctors saying "Yeah bob, this nigger's sick."
Animal safari, if I offend you I'm sorry,
Because I'm the blackest skinhead since India Arie.
I don't smoke weed so no need for the matches.
Said fuck coke, and now I'm snortin' Hitler's ashes.
Plan on either dying for suicide or my asthma,
Being the only bastard in a box logo casket.
Rashes on my dick from licks of shish-kabob Sagets,
And some Kanye West glasses screamin' out "fuck faggots!"
Catch me in the attic taking photos of my dad's dick,
Drop the beat here to make it extra climactic.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/