

OKAGA, CA

Tyler, the Creator

Let's just runaway from here (cause it's not, cause it's not)
My dear (It's not, cause it's not)
What you really want girl
My heart's not sprung in love when I see you (when I see you, when I see you)
I try to play it cool because (Like you, I really like you)
You're so special to me, to me
To me, to me (Let's go)
Let's move to California
Right now (pack your bags, go pack your bags)
I have things on my back so please don't (take the blame, I have to take the blame)
Girl, I know you ready, I can see it in your eyes
Boy, I know you're not, I can tell you're terrified
Nobody has to know and if they did, they wouldn't care
When you rub my hands switching fifth gear
Forget about it baby, let's [?] (forget about it baby)
Cause we're gonna go fly to the moon (I wanna go fly to the moon)
Yeah, but anyway (Pack your bags, pack your bags)
Play it cool, play it cool, cause it's cold (Play it cool, play it cool)
You're so special to me, to me
To me, to me Don't you wanna go back
Let's go, let's go
Right now
(I think I believe you) Let me show you how girl
(It's nice that I need to)
The earth is so [?] from the [?]
I think I believe you
Take me higher
Make a great offer
To the [?]
Today (Today)
X-Y-Z her
Then we'll begin Suckin on my dad's fingers
Rubbing through your hair
Fast [?] fuck yeah, we behaving bad, uh
Probably couldn't tell but I be blushing when you with me
When you kiss me, swear to God, blood was rushing to my chimney
Laying on my trampoline, looking at the stars
From my fake space fog machine
Now you know my arm is dead

From the push that you had
I said I loved you, said it back
Like it was scripted, instrumented, like the flavor of that lemonade
That we was sippin on our sushi-ridden dinner date
Oh, you think you special now?
Other bitches trippin' now
Cause we're fleeing to the moon
Fuck Earth, man we sick of y'all
Wings on my backs and we ain't gotta cop a ticket, nah, nah, nah Oh yeah
Oh yeah, let's go to the moon!
(Watch this) Let's go to the moon!
(Favorite director)
(Gonna be good)
Come on, baby
What you wanna do?
(I really like [?])

Songwriters

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