

# BUFFALO (feat. Shane Powers)

## Tyler, the Creator

(Yeah, you feel alright?) God, goodness gracious  
I can't wait to see the look on y'all niggas faces  
That boy T not surprised his thoughts and chasten  
Fuck them crackers up at Mountain Dew them niggas is racist  
Cabbage was made, critic faggots was shook  
So I told 'em that I'll exchange the word faggot with book  
And all them books is pissed off and at they page in a bunch  
Fuckin' attitude switch is like a book with a strife  
But, I'm a fraud I pray to God when it's six triple book bashin' while  
Me and my favorite archive lips tickle  
Peter Parker pickle pack of peppers when the plot thickens  
Tyler, The Creator fuckin' kill you with a popsicle  
Cold blooded so we rock mittens so they won't find him  
Not kiddin' keep the Tommy on me bitch, I'm Ms. Pickles  
Said I seem off, last time that team talked  
Sick of making niggas cabbage so I took the 'preme off  
Should've bought some stock in it  
Not Golf when the little homies don't, wait  
Lets weigh my options  
I bought me a mansion, that bought some attention  
Give none to Hopsin  
And dear Boyce Watkins  
Why you mad, it's the slave in me  
It's Facts boy i'm back like Rosa Parks in their favorite seat  
Videos, stage dives, popups, they watching T  
While y'all niggas watchin' the throne, the throne be watching melf you fuck this up  
There are so many fuckin' kids right now, listenin' to this guy  
Get those wings flapping motherfucker!  
Cause this kid's ready to fucking fly Eenie, meenie, miney, mo, nigger nigger on the wall  
Rap bars, jail bars, guys shootin' basketballs  
Tyler the DARKskin, arrested in AUStin  
Cops know who I was cause kids said the show was AWESome Tyler, Tyler, I swear to, I swear to fuck! If you  
fucking  
Do NOT fuck this up!  
You have the whole world in your fucking hands How many leaders in the house?  
Well can't somebody bring the mirrors out, I'm getting lonely  
Likes and apologies, the snaps make it obvious  
That everybody on this fucking planet lackin' confidence  
How many leaders in the house? (Do not fuck this up!)

Well can't somebody bring the camera out so I can film me  
See a great director nigga's vision must be blurry  
Boy I give them epic shots like jaywalkin' in Missouri  
Wait  
How many leaders in the house?  
Well can't somebody bring my album out so I can hear one  
Pour me a drink, shit I don't know what to think  
Cause all these niggas leaning like they Forest Whitaker's blink  
Wait  
How many leaders in the house?  
See why nobody got they hands up, see that's the issue

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