

Deathcamp (feat. Cole Alexander of Black Lips)

Tyler, the Creator

Um, excuse me mister but can you please turn down the lights
I don't really like all these cameras, man
And this shit just don't feel right
And I don't really wanna be rude to you, sir
But fuck you mean I can't wear my hat in here?
And you got me fucked up, if you think I care, nigga I hope you little niggas is listening
Them Golf Boys is in this bitch like an infant
The blind niggas used to make fun of my vision
And now I pay a mortgage and they stuck with tuition
So special the teacher asked if I was autistic
And now I'm making plates, you just washing the dishes
So if you don't mind, get the fuck out of my kitchen
But keep your ego here so I can butt fuck your opinion
But in the meantime brainwashing millions of minions
Leader of the new school
And you will never catch me in none of their fucking shin-digs
I hope you fucking niggas is angry, pissed, and offended
In Search of, did more for me than Illmatic
That's when I realized we ain't cut from the same fabric
I made my own shit, you went out and bought yours
Man I got too much drive, motherfucker, I hate traffic
La-di-da-di, I'm going harder than coming out the closet to conservative Christian fathers
When it's a lot at stake carne asada let's be honest, I'm really morphing
Named the album Cherry Bomb because Greatest Hits sounded boring I don't like to follow the rules, she said
that I must
I don't have any armpits
She wanted to talk who's in charge of this Golf shit
I said "Howdy do? How are you? I'm the sergeant"
And who I are isn't really important
My heart is as dark as a window with car tint
So hop in with your friends, yellin' out "unpark it"
And I'll do donuts until the fat one is carsick
It's young TI don't like to follow the rules
And that's just who I am
I hope you understand And I don't really think y'all cool
So give yourself a hand
No, no, give yourself a hand Better pose for that camera
Better pose, boy you better pose
And it's your life nigga I suppose

For the lights, for the camera, and the action
Now you're face is meltin' from the flash of the big ol' lights
Nigga you ask for this life
Welcome to death camp
Yeah, welcome to death camp
Yeah, welcome to death camp
Kissing on my bean bag
Your lips half on my tongue
Moonwalk through your hair
(For the lights, and the camera, and the action)
This is fun I can tell
I don't know if you'll handle it well
Welcome to hell camp
(Lights, and the camera, and the action)
You should be mine in a way tonight
(For the lights, and the camera, and the action)

Songwriters

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