

Sasquatch

Los Brujos

[Verse 1: Tyler, the Creator]

After filling my reputation of ?

Soar to Taco Bell and ordered some gorditas

Wanted four more, ordered them and then eat em

Then head to Thebe's house for some gymnastics

Fantastic, I backflip on this beat B

Cause we running shit like the Dingleberry's on 4G

This flow colder than Papa Joe's or Domino's

Fuck it, whatever

Trashwang scratched inside the knucks

Got some One Direction tickets, I should hit that up

Drive by with puppy signs plastered on the truck

Then see how many of they fans could fit inside the trunk

Move over the microwave and the cannabis

Try to take the van and the whole band to Canada

Fuck the block news and the venues, they can't handle us

They can't stand us including fruits that Frank's channeling

The Ku Klux Klan see me and my managers

But thank me when they ask where the Five Panels is

Man I suck now, I'm not still dope

But Chris and Rihanna fuckin again so there's still hope

Oh fuck, I went there, balling bitch, I'm Ben's hair

Y'all barely breaking like Taco's self-esteem in a thin chair

Old Navy bitches love this gap, yeah this grin's rare

Watch a nigga smile like five-year-old child

I'm kicking it with Nak and the nigga from Green Mile

It's Red Bull in this cup so a nigga may seem wild but

That's just all the sherm I was burning a little while ago

Don't let me get hold of that rifle

Shout my nigga Sage Elssester and Shaun Pablo

Surround by them niggas that skate with a sick style

And some freckled bitches with giant peaches that's vile

They never did catch that rhino[Verse 2: Earl Sweatshirt]

Squadron full of some lost souls

Sergeant of all that's odd in men not just nolly the pothole

Non-cooperative with his momma's wishes for college

And coppers label, the problems is paying for Damianos

So shimmy through the swamp, nigga, follow me through the fox holes

More Orenthal with a pretty bitch in a Bronco

Hopped right off the seventh and stumbled into some Vatos
Threw a punch, got jumped, dusted it off and then walked home
Shit, it's like six PM and his temper throbbing
Hand in the cabinet by seven, sniff the prescription Oxy's
Logo in the boxes, all my niggas hostile
Cautious of your crosses, scoffing at your doctrines
Bitches augmented and stupid as the group is
Only slightly ripe but sice to get a pussy nigga tooth chin
Any stitches shut the loose lips, stumbled in a rude Crips
Slid into a booth and hid the luggage from his shroom trips
See, Lionel bought with Leonardo on a weekend now
And Maui on a scenic route, we on the second season now
Small fry got 'em seasons salty
Weed and coffee, ease up off me, end is breathing easy as bulimics barfing
From a different breed of doggy
From a different seed and cloth, and teeing off, believe it's Golf Wang, nigga

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