Oldie

TraPhik

[Intro: Taco]
Yo, shout out to everybody that worked on the album
You feel me, son? Yo, shouts out to Ty Dollas
Shouts out to Hodgy Daddies, shouts out to Left Brizzle
Shouts out to Domyon, shouts out to Frankie Ocean
Shouts out to Syd the Dude, shouts out to L-Boy Awk
[Verse 1: Tyler the Creator]
Big eared bandit is tossin' all his manners
In a bag and wrappin' them in seran wrap bandages
Tossin' 'em in baskets with the rest of those sandwiches
So when he says "Catch up, nigga" it looks like an accident
Um, flowin' like my pad is the maxiest
My bitch white and black like she's been mimickin' a panda
It's the dark skinned nigga, kissin' bitches in Canada
Then kicking all out like Mr. Lawrence did Pamela
Put her in the chamber all against her Wilt Chamberlain
I never had a Reason, nigga I was just Ableton
Not a fuckin' Logic contradictin' dick head
Flyer than an ostrich moshin' in a tar pit
Semen scented cheetah printed tee
In that 'Preme five panel, I'll repeat it for the season
Previous items in the present
With the normal ass past like I cheated on my team
It's me (Tried to get that nigga, but, Golf Wang)
[Verse 2: Hodgy Beats]
To have some type of knowledge that is one perception
But knowin' you own your opponent is a defeatin' bonus
I'm Zeus to a Kronos, cartilage cartridge is boneless
Smiles of cowards in lead showers, dead spouses in red blouses
Children who fled houses on Mustang horses and went joustin'
I'm on my Robin Hood shit, robbing in the hood
Whips, drugs, jewels, and your pet, I'm stealin' your rings
Coke diamonds and your Vet, soldiers lace the fuckin' boot
And salute like the troop when you shoot you gon' poop
It's KillHodgy, nigga, stay the fuck off my stoop
And out my Kool aid, Juice
[Verse 3: Left Brain]
Hodgy got the juice, I got the gin
Jasper got the Henny, my nigga we get it in

Wolf Gang party at the hotel
I call a ho, you call a ho, and all the hoes tell
You know Left Brain need a freak
I need a bitch to go down like a Nitty beat
Yup, uh, and her ass fat
Don't be surprised if I ask where the hash at
Nigga I'm tryna smoke, bitch get higher
Domo where that Flocka Flame? Talking 'bout a lighter
Still bang salute me or just shoot me
Cause if you don't salute me then my team will do the shooting
Yeah my nigga Ace will pull the black jack
The king Mike G is in the cut with the black mac
Living like the Mafia, bitch, don't get to slacking up
And if these haters acting up, throw 'em in the aqueduct
Free my nigga Earl, yo, I don't really ask for much
But two bad bitches in front of me cunnilingus
[Verse 4: Mike G]
What the fuck is caution?
Often I leave you flossing and cause exes next to coffins
Lost in translation, the dreams you chase
Got you diving for the plates like you stealing home base
That's great, I'm home alone dreaming of two on ones
With Rihanna and Christina Milian, bring it on
And Travis is in the closet organizing and hanging the tramp
Three lettermans that Ace has been making him
No strays while we catching matinees, huh?
I'm getting blazed thinking 'bout those days
I had the top off the GT3 like toupees
One finger in the air, all's fair when crime pays
My grand scheme of things is to be attached
To the game like bitches to their wedding rings
And you don't even need to look cause we gleam obscene
In the light, ride slow to my yellow diamond shining
Like the Batman logo over Gotham, rock LA to Harlem
If you say "Get 'em Mike G" then I got 'em
One man squadron, nigga I'm a problem
From Briggs I got bars and plans to
Pimp these Polish bitches into pop stars
Humanity kills, we all suffer from insanity still
And if I said it then it is or it's gonna be real
OF 'til I OD and I probably will, uh
[Verse 5: Domo Genesis]
It's still Mr. Smoke-a-Lotta-Pot, get your baby mommy popped
With my other snobby bop, do I love her? prolly not
Know your shit is not as hot as anything I fuckin' drop

Bitch I'm in the zone, stand alone, like Macaulay Cock
I've been runnin' blocks since a snotty tot
Big wheel was a big deal with the water Glocks
Now I'm all grown, sing songs just to give 'em watts
Fire what I talk, but still cooler than an Otter Pop
Op Dom neck shit in your wish list
Mad sick shit, mad dick for your bitches
On some slick shit, your mistress on my hit list
And I'm lifted 'til I'm stiff out of this bitch
Odd in your mothafuckin' area
Blood clots give me five feet 'fore I bury ya
Suicide flow, let the big wave carry ya
Tyler got the mask like he held Jim Carrey up
And fuck your team, ho nigga wassup
Wolf Gang so you know we not giving no fucks
You know me dog, I'm a chill in the cut so I can
Cut it short, break it down, couple pounds, roll it up
[Interlude]
Get me a Persian rug where the center looks like Galaga
[Verse 6: Frank Ocean]
Rent a super car for a day
Drive around with your friends, smoke a gram of that haze
Bro, easy on the ounce, that's a lot for a day
But just enough for a week, my nigga what can I say
I'm hi and I'm Bi, wait, I mean I'm straight
I'mma give you this wine, the runner just brought the grapes
My brother give it some time, Morris, and Day
Course you know the vibe's as fly as the rhymes
On the song, cut and you could sample the feel
Headphone bleed, make this shit sound real
Used to work the grill, fatburger and fries
Then I made a mil and them psychics was liars
Now, how many fucking crystal balls can I buy and own
Humble old me had to flex for the fogs
Down in Muscle Beach pumping iron and bone
Bumping oldies off my cellular phone
Yeah, bumping oldies off my cellular phone
[Interlude]
Goddammit, this rapping is stupid and it's hard
Gotta do it over and over and over again but here I go
[Verse 7: Jasper Dolphin]
Hey it's Jasper, not even a rapper
Only on this beat to make my racks grow faster
Got a TV show, so I guess I'm an actor
Pot head, half baked, lookin' like Chappelle

Rollin' up a blunt with that fire from hell
Still ignorant, still hit a bitch
Wolf Gang, nigga, so I still don't give a shit
Catch me in the back with Miley on my lap
Bong rips as I feel on that little bitch cat
[Interlude]
Hah, nigga came through with a 9 bar real quick
Just for the bitches, little bit of money in my pocket
Fuck it, Wolf Gang
[Verse 8: Earl Sweatshirt]
Yeah, fuck that, look, for contrast is a pair of lips
Swallowin' sarapin, settin' fires to sheriffs whips
(Whoosp, whoosp) fuckin' All-American terrorist
Crushin' rapper larynx to feed 'em a fuckin' carrot stick
And me? I just spent a year Ferrisin'
And lost a little sanity to show you what hysterics is
Spit to the lips meet the bottom of a barrel
So that sterile piss flow remind these niggas where embarrassed is
Narrow, tight line, might impair him since
I made it back to Fahrenheit, grimey get dinero type
Feral, fuckin' ill apparel, wearin' pack of parasites
Threw his own youth off the roof after paradise
La di da di, back in here to fuck the party up
Raidin' fridges, tippin' over vases with a tommy gun
Never dollars, poppa make it rain hockey pucks
And 60 day chips from fuckin' awesome anonymous
Call him bloated 'til he show 'em that the flow deluxe
Off the wall loafers, Four Loko, and a cobra clutch
Vocals bold and rough, evoke a ho to pose as drum
And let me hit and beat it with a stick until the hole was numb
The culprit of the potent punch
Scoldin' hot as dunkin' scrotum in a Folgers cup
Or Nevada, drivin' drunk inside a stolen truck
Shittin' like his colon bust
Belly full of chicken and a fifth of old petroleum
Supernova, I'm rollin' over the novices
I'm roamin' through the forest and spittin' cold as the porridge is
Stay gold 'til the case closed and the story end
Post mortem porkin' this rap shit and record it
To escort it to the morgue again, lord of lips
Bored of this, forklift the tippy top, best under 40 list
Stormin' the gate, ensurin' the bass
Scorchin' ladies motherfucker sore in torso and face
Get at me with savages, have a pack of Apache
Indian pack of niggas who don't give a fuck if we nasty as flatulence

As a matter of fact, your swagger is tacky
So see me you can't like Crunchy Black catchin' a taxi
Back like lateral passin'
With that mothafuckin' gladiator manner of rappin'
As an addict I let Percocet and Xannies relax me
Fall back if your paddies is Maxi, please
[Verse 9: Tyler the Creator]
OF, shit that's all I got
From my bigger brother Frankie to my little brother Tac
From that father figure Clancy to that skatey nigga Naks
Shredding down 'Fax, Wolf Gang run the fucking block
Storefront, knee tat
Book cover is the same lettering on lettermans and cotton socks
And grip tape...and my shoes
Um, I was 15 when I first drew that donut
5 years later, for our label yea we own it
I started an empire, I ain't even old enough
To drink a fucking beer, I'm tipsy off this soda pop
This is for the niggers in the suburbs
And the white kids with nigger friends who say the n-word
And the ones that got called weird, fag, bitch, nerd
Cause you was into jazz, kitty cats, and Steven Spielberg
They say we ain't acting right
Always try to turn our fucking color into black and white
But they'll never change 'em, never understand 'em
Radical's my anthem, turn my fucking amps up
So instead of critiquing and bitching, being mad as fuck
Just admit, not only are we talented, we're rad as fuck, bitches
[Outro]
OFM, banging on your FM
Gnaw, 2011, yeah, Golf Wang

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