

Bimmer (ft. Frank Ocean)

Tyler, the Creator

Um, I said, the party isn't over
We can still dance, but I don't have no rhythm
So fucking take a chance with meThe party isn't over, we can still dance girl
But I don't have no rhythm
So fucking take a chance with a nigga
Like me, yeah, like meUm, I said, the party isn't over
We can still dance, but I don't have no rhythm
So fucking take a chance with meThe party isn't over, we can still dance girl
But I don't have no rhythm
So fucking take a chance with a nigga
Like me, yeah, like meYeah, um
All I needed was a stick, grab the marshmallows
Mother fuckers getting lynched and burned
I earned it, my flog gnaw badge is looking good
On this brand new jacket
The donuts on the flag waving over the cabin
Now grab them graham crackers and pass them over here
Hurry, quickly I need a piece of Hersheys
Darker than the corners of the bushes we be lurking
I centered the mellow over the graham
Heated it too long now it's melting over my hand
Fuck it, I'll bite it, I burnt it, but I liked it
Camping with my niggas, its so fucking excitingWe're making smores by the campfire
Camp flog gnaw, golf wang summerSat by the fire, do witness gentle
Transformation cease to be mindless
Create your sweetnessYou remind me of my Bimmer
A lot of trunk space, the perfect two seater
You got a lot of drive I'm trying to keep up
But it's not a lot of miles on ya meter
You remind me of my Bimmer
See your ignition, baby girl I'm trying to key up
And your head lights are off I'm trying to see 'em
But it's not a lot of miles on ya meter
So let me start it up and smashPop some tame impala, your man got a lame impala
And I'm sharing slurpees and you ain't even begin to swallow
You're fucking nuts, green top we coupled up
Run my fingers through em as you wax and buff my muffler
Cause I fingered you, you think the fucking ring is coming up?
Maybe, I don't know, I think you're chill

Riding on my pegs, and my back against your legs
And a seat belt is needed if I get between 'em, yeah You remind me of my Bimmer
A lot of trunk space, the perfect two seater
You got a lot of drive I'm trying to keep up
But it's not a lot of miles on ya meter
You remind me of my Bimmer
See your ignition, baby girl I'm trying to key up
And your head lights are off I'm trying to see 'em
But it's not a lot of miles on ya meter
So let me start it up and smash Mmmm, it'll get dark outside soon (ride for it)
Where the streetlights sing (ride for it)
(Ride for it)
You ain't gotta lie to kick it girl its cool
We moving slow You remind me of my Bimmer
A lot of trunk space, the perfect two seater
You got a lot of drive I'm trying to keep up
But it's not a lot of miles on ya meter
You remind me of my Bimmer, smash
You remind me of my Bimmer

Songwriters

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