

# Okaga, Ca

## Tyler, the Creator

Let's just runaway from here (cause it's not, cause it's not)  
My dear (It's not, cause it's not)  
What you really want girl  
My heart's not sprung in love when I see you (when I see you, when I see you)  
I try to play it cool because (Like you, I really like you)  
You're so special to me, to me  
To me, to me (Let's go)  
Let's move to California  
Right now (pack your bags, go pack your bags)  
I have things on my back so please don't (take the blame, I have to take the blame)  
Girl, I know you ready, I can see it in your eyes  
Boy, I know you're not, I can tell you're terrified  
Nobody has to know and if they did, they wouldn't care  
When you rub my hands switching fifth gear  
Forget about it baby, let's [?] (forget about it baby)  
Cause we're gonna go fly to the moon (I wanna go fly to the moon)  
Yeah, but anyway (Pack your bags, pack your bags)  
Play it cool, play it cool, cause it's cold (Play it cool, play it cool)  
You're so special to me, to me  
To me, to me Don't you wanna go back  
Let's go, let's go  
Right now  
(I think I believe you) Let me show you how girl  
(It's nice that I need to)  
The earth is so [?] from the [?]  
I think I believe you  
Take me higher  
Make a great offer  
To the [?]  
Today (Today)  
X-Y-Z her  
Then we'll begin Suckin on my dad's fingers  
Rubbing through your hair  
Fast [?] fuck yeah, we behaving bad, uh  
Probably couldn't tell but I be blushing when you with me  
When you kiss me, swear to God, blood was rushing to my chimney  
Laying on my trampoline, looking at the stars  
From my fake space fog machine  
Now you know my arm is dead

From the push that you had  
I said I loved you, said it back  
Like it was scripted, instrumented, like the flavor of that lemonade  
That we was sippin on our sushi-ridden dinner date  
Oh, you think you special now?  
Other bitches trippin' now  
Cause we're fleeing to the moon  
Fuck Earth, man we sick of y'all  
Wings on my backs and we ain't gotta cop a ticket, nah, nahOh yeah  
Oh yeah, let's go to the moon!  
(Watch this) Let's go to the moon!  
(Favorite director)  
(Gonna be good)  
Come on, baby  
What you wanna do?  
(I really like [?])

Songwriters

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