

TAMALE (BIG MAKK IN THE JUNGLE BOOTLEG)

Tyler, the Creator

Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! They say I've calmed down since the last album

Well, lick my dick, how does that sound? Um
Smell my gooch, you could kiss my buns
And I don't give a shit, bend my rectum
Somebody said bands make her dance
You think you're getting cash, no bitch, you're dumb
The only thing that you're gonna get is this dick
Wait turn this up, bitch, this my jam, (Where the drums at?)
Here, take a goddamn picture

And tell Spike Lee he's a goddamn nigger
And while you're at it, pass the lotion
And fapping and Xbox live, that fun
Before I come, I'm calling your sister
When she comes over, I take picture

Instantly put it on Instagram and suplex her off a building if I get banned Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale!

Why y'all so salty, I do molly and zone
Can't agree bitch I'm on, your boy is bad to the bone Bring back the horns that was played in the beginning
And tell Tony Parker that I found his vision
And if he's tripping off my sneak dissing
Then he has to deal with me and my minions

Tryna get a Bimmer, e46
Have you heard 48, motherfucka I'm great
Golf Wang prints always cover the sleeves
From cuts from the Biebs, 'cause he's puffin' the trees, please
Fuck I look like, got a new bike tire
Never popped like the pussy on a bitch dyke
Think I give a fuck, I do, I go balls
And I bust in her jaw like (Fuck that disease!)

My urethra, hole that I pee from
Bigger than an obese snack on Aretha

Now, turn that snare down
I'm back like I'm Rosa Parks fare on the same damn bus
Like "you're going to jail now!" Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale!

Why y'all so salty, I do molly and zone
Can't agree bitch I'm on, your boy is bad to the bone How much wood could a woodchuck chuck?
If a woodchuck could ever give a fuck?

Bitch suck dick, motherfuck you and your opinions, (Can you kick it?)
Yes I can sir

Where the lump is sicker than the last bar bold-er
I'm a C.O. Colorado, fuck Michael bitch I'm badder than my B.O.
Find me and Lance tryna dance during chemo
Before they repossess our strong arm bands and tuxedos Yeah buddy, na na na na na na na
Golf wang, golf wang, go fuck you, na na na na na na
Why y'all so salty
I do molly and zone
Can't agree, bitch I'm on
Your boy is bad to the bone How many fags can a light bulb screw?
Well if I has a dick, they be two's and sixes
And tell the NRA I'm about to lose my shit
Shoot through Wayne Lapierre's hair with a crucifix
How many ladies in the house?
How many ladies in the house without a rich nigga, huh? A little Jergens in my palm for the jerkin'
Hope my mom don't catch me, tryna set mood
Little Redtube, fuck lotion, I don't need lube, dry fit suits me
Up and down, friction with the sound, shit's kind of disgusting
Fap time and before I flatline, Clancy chimes in my room and catch me
This shit's so damn embarrassing like

Songwriters

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