

Sarah

Tyler, The Creator

[Verse 1] I like my girls skinny with brains
I like my hoodies fucked with lane
I like my friends imaginary with no names
And I make music for the fuck of it, no fame
Aim, shoot, the gun of love, round
Tried to find ammo but it's none around town
So I went Down South but I ended up North
Uptown sitting on Cloud 9's white porch
And of course, my car's off course
You're so white, my blinkers don't work
I'm trying to let the force be with you, I get you
Music is my first, but I contemplate divorce
You make a nigga sing songs nice
You make a nigga's night turn day
And you make the flowers sing say turn green yellow
It sucks that I didn't get the chance to say hello
I want to eat you out like jello
And mess with your body like the bass and the cello
And tell your mom I said hello, you want to go to prom? (Nigga hell no)
Fuck (Shit) and another one, there goes another one
[Hook] Another love song about shit
And I'll be rich if I get another diss
And maybe Cupid won't miss
[Verse 2] I like her L-I-K-E, the only difference is she won't fuck with me
But she will fuck with that vegetable with the hairs full of X's and O's
I want to tie her body up and throw her in my basement
Keep her there, so nobody can wonder where her face went
(Tyler, what you doing?) Shut the fuck up, you going to fucking love me bitch

Or I'm a fucking put this gun in your fucking head
But all I really want is a kiss on the cheek
In private, not public in the streets
And your cupcake how we eat and your toes
Cause I got a big fetish with the feet
I just want somebody I can see
You can be a gold digger, you ain't got to love me
I'm serious (I love you) I don't ask for much
Your heart literally is what I do want for lunch
Now this shit is turning to a habit

I'm the Murder King, I gotta have it my way
And truthfully girl you really make my day
I would probably kill myself if you told me you was gay
And I can't even look the other way
Your aura is a magnet, my eyes a metal bag, it's attractive
L-O-L laughing, you're a gold Oscar and I'm just actin'
And I want your cinema hole, and have our kids play supporting role
Climbing up the pole, Jack and the Beanstalk, bitch it's gold
And I was in loath, I would never get over you, ever, Sarah
[Hook][Verse 3]Half your body laying on my chest
The rest is in my stomach, that's including your breast
And I'm a just take another guess
Now you probably wishing that you would have said yes
Am I crazy? Maybe, but fucked up is how I been lately
Shit, I don't give a fuck, your family looking for you, wish them good luck
Bitch, you tried to play me like a dummy
Now you stuck up in my mothafucking basement all bloody
And I'm fucking your dead body, your coochie all cummy
Looking in your dead eyes, what the fuck you want from me?
What did you want from me? What did you want from me?

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