

BUFFALO

Tyler, The Creator

(Yeah, you feel alright?)God, goodness gracious
I can't wait to see the look on y'all niggas faces
That boy T not surprised his thoughts and chasten
Fuck them crackers up at Mountain Dew them niggas is racist
Cabbage was made, critic faggots was shook
So I told 'em that I'll exchange the word faggot with book
And all them books is pissed off and at they page in a bunch
Fuckin' attitude switch is like a book with a strife
But, I'm a fraud I pray to God when it's six triple book bashin' while
Me and my favorite archive lips tickle
Peter Parker pickle pack of peppers when the plot thickens
Tyler, The Creator fuckin' kill you with a popsicle
Cold blooded so we rock mittens so they won't find him
Not kiddin' keep the Tommy on me bitch, I'm Ms. Pickles
Said I seem off, last time that team talked
Sick of making niggas cabbage so I took the 'preme off
Should've bought some stock in it
Not Golf when the little homies don't, wait
Lets weigh my options
I bought me a mansion, that bought some attention
Give none to Hopsin
And dear Boyce Watkins
Why you mad, it's the slave in me
It's Facts boy i'm back like Rosa Parks in their favorite seat
Videos, stage dives, popups, they watching T
While y'all niggas watchin' the throne, the throne be watching me! you fuck this up
There are so many fuckin' kids right now, listenin' to this guy
Get those wings flapping motherfucker!
Cause this kid's ready to fucking flyEenie, meenie, miney, mo, nigger nigger on the wall
Rap bars, jail bars, guys shootin' basketballs
Tyler the DARKskin, arrested in AUStin
Cops know who I was cause kids said the show was AWESomeTyler, Tyler, I swear to, I swear to fuck! If you
fucking
Do NOT fuck this up!
You have the whole world in your fucking handsHow many leaders in the house?
Well can't somebody bring the mirrors out, I'm getting lonely
Likes and apologies, the snaps make it obvious
That everybody on this fucking planet lackin' confidence
How many leaders in the house? (Do not fuck this up!)

Well can't somebody bring the camera out so I can film me
See a great director nigga's vision must be blurry
Boy I give them epic shots like jaywalkin' in Missouri
Wait
How many leaders in the house?
Well can't somebody bring my album out so I can hear one
Pour me a drink, shit I don't know what to think
Cause all these niggas leaning like they Forest Whitaker's blink
Wait
How many leaders in the house?
See why nobody got they hands up, see that's the issue

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>