Bastard

Tyler The Creator, Earl Sweatshirt

[Intro]Yo, fuck 2DopeBoyz and fuck Naw Right
And any other fuck-nigga-ass blog that can't put an 18 year old nigga
Making his own fucking beats, covers, videos and all that shit
Fuck you post-Drake-ass cliche-jerking, LA-slauson rapping
Fuck-nigga-ass Hypebeast niggas, now back to the album
[Dr. TC]Well, Tyler, hi, I'm Dr. TC, and um, I'm guessing
That your teacher sent you here to talk cause you were misbehaving
Um, it's gonna be three sessions, today, tomorrow, Wednesday
So, just tell me something about yourself
Well look, if you don't talk, I mean these sessions are going to go slower
[Verse 1]This is what the devil plays before he goes to sleep
Some food for thought some food for death, go ahead and fucking eat
My father's dead, well I don't know, we'll never fucking meet
I cut my wrist and play piano cause I'm so depressed
Somebody call the pastor, this bastard is so possessed
This meeting just begun, nigga I'm Satan's son
[Verse 2]My mother raised me a single parent so it's apparent
That I got love for my mother, none of you other fuckers
Are much important I'm getting angrier while recording
I'm feeling like the Bulls, I've got a Gang of Wolves
Odd Future is children that's fucked up on they mental
Simple but probably not, fuck them
[Verse 3]I'm tall, dark, skinny, my ears are big as fuck
Drunk white girls the only way I'll get my dick sucked
Suspended from school coolest nigga without effort
Easy to spot like black bitches with fake leopard
Soak me up in a tampon, but keep the lamp on
Cause this album pack enough evil
That you can't fit inside a Jansport, go to school with this
[Verse 4]I go from AP to JC inside a fucking week
Waking up with random girls like "Yo, bitch, how the fuck we meet?"
I stay with grandma, she always bitching about her carpet
Every time I walk inside the house, she always tend to start shit
No to drugs I never spark it, I used to be bullied for honor classes
By those that were slow as molasses, take this shit to school
[Verse 5]Raquel treat me like my father like a fucking stranger
She still don't know I made Sarah to strangle her
Not put her in danger and chop her up in the back of a Wrangler
All because she said no to homecoming, demons running

Inside my head telling me evil thoughts
I'm the dream catcher but nothing but nightmares I caught, go to sleep
[Verse 6]I wear green hats because I'm fortunately lucky
Fuck me the monster said, somehow the monster's dead
Inside of me, but the thoughts it tells me are still evil

With this state of mind, big moves, Max Keeble
I'm on my grind feeble, my music is evil
My fucking samples are too illegal, play this shit in church
[Verse 7]I graduated without honors or fucking father
He died (I'm so sorry) No bitch, don't even fucking bother
I wanted a brother my mother I told her
But instead I got a sister, just like me with her mister nada
So both of our imaginations are creations of the fucking situation
That's having our brains racing like dating, wearing some fucking Heelies
[Verse 8]I know you fucking feel me, I want to fucking kill me
But times I'm so serious you think I'm silly
I'm doing Big Style Willy couldn't touch 11
Seven, what's religion nigga? I am legend
I roll with skaters and musicians with an intuition
I created O.F. cause I feel we're more talented
Than 40 year old rappers talking about Gucci
When they have kids they haven't seen in years, impressing their peers
With the same problem, the only way to solve them
Is to go to Father's Day convention with a gold revolver
Life's a salad, I'm a toss it, eat that shit up, Rick Ross it
Shit it out, bag it up, sell it, I'm so damn rebellious
Cause my mother let me do what I want
She wasn't careless, protective she is the bear
The shit is so bare, my diary isn't hid
My father didn't give a fuck, so it's something I inherit
My mom is all I have so it's never meet the parents
When Danielle or Malonda decide to fucking share
This confused boy, I wanna hug hoy, I'm bad for you kids to listen to
Soy is not the choice, I'm bad milk, drink it
[Interlude: Dr. TC]Whoa, umm, it seems you had a lot to say
Uh, who knows I might feel as I'm evaluating
[Verse 9]My wrist is all red from the cutter
Dripping cold blood like the winter, the summer
Is never that's equivalent to me and Sarah
Well that's not her name, but I think this shit is clever
My niggas wanna know if I'm fucking, if I'm kissing
But I'm sitting here downing beers simply just wishing
With a tear they try to tell me but I never listen
Cause I don't give a shit like sitting down pissing

Eighteen, still talking to imaginaries
Hopefully they see the talent I carry just like Jimmy
Losers can never win me, you can never offend me
My goal in life is a Grammy, hopefully momma will attend the
Ceremony with all my homies, I'm suicidal
This my Zombie Circus, I hope the majors heard this
Fuck a deal, I just want my father's email
So I can tell him how much I fucking hate him in detail
[Outro: Dr. TC]Wow, umm, so Tyler if you had the chance to tell him something
What would you tell him?

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