Yonkers

YelaWolf

[Verse 1]I'm a f-ckin' walkin' paradox, no I'm not
Threesomes with a fuckin' triceratops, Reptar
Rappin' as I'm mockin' deaf rock stars
Wearin' synthetic wigs made of Anwar's dreadlocks
Bedrock, harder than a muthaf-ckin' Flintstone
Makin' crack rocks outta pissy n-gga fishbone
This n-gga Jasper tryna get grown
About five-seven of his bitches in my bedroom
Swallow the cinnamon, I'mma scribble this sin and shit
While Syd is tellin' me that she's been gettin' intimate with men
Syd, shut the fuck up
Here's the number to my therapist
Tell him all your problems, he's f-ckin' awesome with listenin'
Wolf Haley, Golf Wang
[Verse 2]Jesus called, he said he's sick of the disses
I told him to quit bitchin', this isn't a f-ckin' hotline
For a f-ckin' shrink, sheesh I already got mine
And he's not f-ckin' workin', I think I'm wastin' my damn time
I'm clockin' three past six and goin' postal
This the revenge of the dicks, that's nine cocks that cock nines
This ain't no V Tech shit or Columbine
But after bowlin', I went home to some damn Adventure Time
(What'd you do?) I slipped myself some pink Xanies
And danced around the house in all-over print panties
My mom's gone, that fuckin' broad will never understand me
I'm not gay, I just wanna boogie to some Marvin
(What you think of Hayley Williams?)

F-ck her, Wolf Haley robbin' 'em
I'll crash that f-ckin' airplane at that faggot n-gga B.o.B is in
And stab Bruno Mars in his goddamn esophagus
And won't stop until the cops come in
I'm an over achiever, so how 'bout I start a team of leaders
And pick up Stevie Wonder to be the wide receiver
Green paper, gold teeth and pregnant gold retrievers
All I want, f-ck money, diamonds and bitches, don't need 'em
But where the fat ones at, I got somethin' to feed 'em
In some cookin' books the black kids never wanted to read 'em
Snap back, green ch-ch-chia f-ckin' leaves

It's been a couple months, and Tina still ain't permed her fuckin' weave, damn
Wolf Haley, Golf Wang
[Verse 3]They say success is the best revenge
So I beat DeShay up with the stack of magazines I'm in
Oh, not again, another critic writing report
I'm stabbing any blogging faggot hipster with a Pitchfork
Still suicidal? I am
I'm Wolf, Tyler put this f**king knife in my hand
I'm Wolf, Ace going to put that f**king hole in my head
And I'm Wolf, that was me who shoved a c**k in your bitch
(What the f**k, man?) f**k the fame and all the hype, G
I just want to know if my father would ever like me
But I don't give a f**k so he's probably just like me
A mothaf**king Goblin
(F**k everything, man) That's what my conscience said
Then it bunny hopped off my shoulder, now my conscience dead
Now the only guidance that I had is splattered on cement
Actions speak louder than words, let me try this s**t, dead.

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