

# Seven

## Tyler, the Creator

[Verse 1]

I'd tell him to eat a dick quicker than Mexicans sprint over borders  
I give a fuck like a quarter with 20 cent  
At Hamptons with Fred Hampton relaxing at Happy Camper  
It's the fucking financial aid at Hamptons wasn't relaxing, I'm taxing  
"Fuck 'em all!" I'm chanting, don't complain I'm just ranting  
Fuck ranking, I'm the best, I'm the champion's chariot  
I'm a liar like Carrey in "Liar, Liar"  
I'm dirtier than the sheets in the Marriott, Cable guy like Larry  
Peter Pan in my youth, fucking fairies  
I'm using my tooth bait to get that bitches teeth paste  
Fuck it, Odd Future some Nazis, black Nazis don't copy  
We perfect, you sloppy, huddled and slightly tacky  
Fuck a label on my jacket, screw you like a ratchet  
Screw you like a black teen on Judge Hatchett  
Hang with thrashers and jackers  
Drug dealers and crackers, AP students and slackers  
I'm backwards like Jermaine Dupri in '93  
Escaping from concentration camps with a fucking girl board and a ramp  
That I ordered from CCS with some diamonds that's VVS  
Like I went to Sierra Leone in a homecoming dress  
With some matching pink panties, lipstick from my granny  
Sup on my hat like that motherfucker friendly  
White, red-headed bitch reminded me of Annie  
She dyno like my state of mind, so yeah she understand me  
Fuck you bunches here, never disrespect my family  
That's for my little brother, sister, cousin and my auntie  
Wasted fucking youth? All you old niggas antiques  
We go skate, rape sluts and eat donuts from Randy  
Bitches like Tia Landry watching Billy and Mandy  
Motherfuckers wanna be Odd but you can't be  
Sit the fuck down all you old niggas stand me, faggot[Verse 2]  
I guess I got to be a fucking hand-me-down rapper  
From Los Angee area anytime I'm fucking landing  
Fuck 2DopeBoyz and NahRight, shout out to Hype Track  
Them motherfuckers could never get rid of me  
Guess I gotta do a fucking song with Dom Kennedy  
Get these fucking hip hop bloggers to start feeling me  
Because I'm seventeen, compose my own beats

Lyricaly I'm dope enough to ass-fuck the dude who made nicotine  
Maybe I should buy some Hundreds, wear some fucking skinny jeans  
And follow in your footsteps like a motherfucking millipede  
Centipede, make songs about Gucci and ciggaweed  
Jerk with my friends like it's some motherfucking little league  
No I ain't no fucking hipster, mister  
No I'm not no fucking Kid Cudi, all my fucking fans love me  
Collaboration hits for fans screaming fuck buddies, yo, yo[Verse 3]  
I'm driving in a stolen truck, and I'm probably fucking drunk  
Wasted as fuck, can't walk it out, DJ Unk  
My nose is filled with coke and my license is revoked  
(Shut the fuck up!) Who the fuck told me not to spoke?  
Fuck everybody here, everybody vanished, I'm managed  
Hop off my dick and make a fucking sandwich  
Everybody listening can suck my dick in Spanish  
Fuck you, faggot (fucking bastard)[Outro]  
Yeah, um, as you can probably tell from listening to this record  
I was, I was probably angry, probably on my period  
But um, I didn't mean to offend anyone, alright, I'm lying, OF

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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