

BLOW MY LOAD

Tyler, the Creator

I don't want you thinking I love you cause I stay
Girl I really like you and happy we got laid
I think about your [?] like two times in a day
I'm a pervert with a purpose [?] just got saved
Kissing, kissing, I'm on a mission of licking
The holy grail of your body, when you be kissin', Mrs
? I come quick

From Sammy Sosa, you hoping I'm joking, but first I'ma eat your pussy til you tell me you can't take it
Screaming "Stop it," don't you fake it, wanna tape it

Grab my camera

Nine months later with a Tyler baby
But that won't happen til I blow my load
I'ma eat your pussy til you tell me you can't take it
Screaming "Stop it," don't you fake it, wanna tape it

Grab my camera

Nine months later with a Tyler baby
But that won't happen til I blow my load Your pussy tighter than door hinges
I munch you like sandwiches

But not any more cause I'm on tour, so
FaceTime your clit, I will jack off my dick

I go hardship

I might need an ice pack on my wrist
Fucking, I'm pumping
You know it's coming, bust in a couple of seconds

I'm sweating, I leave you slumping
The back of my[?], suck it out of me
Leave you with nothing, get it?

This is what you wanted, this is what you came for I'ma eat your pussy til you tell me you can't take it
Screaming "Stop it," don't you fake it, wanna tape it

Grab my camera

Nine months later with a Tyler baby
But that won't happen til I blow my load You blow me away
With your cherry That was new music from the soundtrack of the upcoming film
Be caller eight to win tickets to the triple feature Moon Theatres tonight
Three back to back to back movies at the Moon Theatres tonight
Be the eighth caller, only on Golf Radio
G-O-L-F, G-O-L-F, it's Golf Radio

Songwriters

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