

Seven (James Pants Remix)

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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