

SMUCKERS (feat. Lil Wayne and Kanye West)

Tyler, the Creator

For your boy
I'm watchin' Freaks and Geeks with the trampoline on the floor
I'm tryna pop the McLaren with the vertical doors nigga Money, money, money, money, money ain't the motive
What's your name again? Nobody knows it
Don't speak to me nigga, you not important
I'm focused
They say I'm nutty, picnic basket
Not short of a sandwich
A peanut butter, Boyce Watkin's a faggot
Please come and get me
Said I suck him at your neck
Like a hickey, boy I'm sicky
Like a HIV victim, man nobody fuckin' with me
I got banned from New Zealand, whitey called me demon
And a terrorist, God dammit I couldn't believe it
Ban a kid from the country, I never fall, never timber
But you fucked up as a parent, your child idol's a nigger
I clearly don't give a fuck, say you could run that shit back
And fuck your loud pack, and fuck your Snapchat
Cherry Bomb, the greatest fuckin' album since the days of sound
And that shit gon' pop just like that nigga that was never 'round
Damn, bout to drop, gas em up, thick exhaust
Young T, came quick, hard to beat, dick is soft
We ain't lyin', we the truth, call him Simba, beats his hooves
Tyler the Creator sweatin' Jesus juice
Put that fuckin' cow on my level, cause I'm raisin' the stakes
Mom I made you a promise, it's no more section 8
When we ate its the steaks, now our section is great
Cause that's the level I'm at, my niggas pass em a plate
Ye! Why, why, why?
Why don't they like me?
Cause Nike gave lot of niggas checks
But I'm the only nigga ever to check Nike Richer than white people with black kids
Scarier than black people with ideas
Nobody can tell me where I'm headin'
But I feel like Michael Jordan, Scottie Pippen at my wedding
They say I'm crazy but that's the best thing going for me
You can't Lynch Marshawn, and Tom Brady throwin' to me
I made a million mistakes, but I'm successful in spite of em

I believe you like a fat trainer takin' a bite or somethin'
 I wanna turn the tanks to playgrounds
 I dream't of 2Pac, he asked me "are you still down?"
 "Yeah my nigga", it's on, its on, its on, its on
 I know they told their white daughters don't bring home Jerome
 I am the free nigga archetype
 I am the light and the beacon, you can ask the deacon
 It's funny when you get extra money
 Every joke you tell just be extra funny
 I mean you can even dress extra bummy
 Cocaine, bathroom break, nose extra runny
 And I gave you all I got, you still want extra from me
 Oxford want a full blown lecture from me
 And the Lexus pull up, skrrtt like hop, I'd hopped out, wassup
 Erg erg erg, step back, hold up, my leg'll be stuck
 Hold up
 I studied the proportions, emotions runnin' out of Autobahn
 Speed level, had a drink with fear, and I was textin' God
 He said "I gave you a big dick, so go extra hard" For your boy
 I'm tryna pop the McLaren with the vertical doors
 I'm watchin' Freaks and Geeks got a trampoline in my room
 DamnTwo, Three, Four
 Hold your fuckin' horses
 Niggas really fuckin' thought that T lost it
 Like I'm better at an auction been exhausted
 I been workin' while y'all cylinders smoke like broken exhaust tips
 Fuckin' losers Hold your fuckin' ponies my homie
 I whip your donkey by my lonely I eat pussy like Shoney's
 That's Tunechi, homie, master of ceremonies
 I knock 'em down, domino effect, no pepperoni
 I swear This them golf boys, like them hot boys
 For the nine, 9 and 2,000, but its the 2,000
 When the one four and the one five, yo what up Wayne
 (What up Slime, nigga go hard)
 Yeah, I'mma go hard like before Cain
 Got too much drive, need like ten lanes
 Life is a broad and she give brain
 That's that road head, that's a dream car
 Got a four ten, of that same year I was born
 That's that one nine nine one, 'nother nigga like I
 You gon' find one, cuz nigga I'm a god, a divine one, TuneMy trigger finger wise but my nine dumb
 Middle finger blind so its fuck A-N-Y one
 Fuck, skate and die son, a hundred ways to die son
 I'm starin' at a tramp on lean, make my eye jump
 Use Adderall like alarm clocks wake my high up

Steaks are high well done and prime cut, eat up
I stick my rollie in her mouth, let the time come
She got hair like Shanaynay, and eyes like Wonda
Oh my goodness Wayne them bitches ugly, these niggas colder than Tommy buddy
Ye we hittin' models like Tony Parker be hittin' bottles
Bitch I'm goin' harder than yellow cabby stoppin' for Lionel
(Black ass nigga)
They be duckin' us niggas, shout out to Donald Sterling
Boy lets get a scrimmage, I'll cut some niggas, I'll bring the Clippers
And a couple owners, that's kinda German
You bring the nooses, and a couple trees
Where the money grow, and get bodies burning
Cuz I'm tryna hang like I'm Mr. Cooper or Jews in Berlin
Or some niggas from Alabama, Birmingham
I need music all over the street like Erick Sermon
Was, fuck us, maybe we should team up
Anti Golf boys 'cause I don't fuck with me either
I'mma liar, I'mma faggot Son you need Jesus
But I heard he left sunset, to go on tour with Yeezus, well
I'm prayin' for the new Yeezys
And you pussies prayin' that we squash the beef like zucchinis
I know, it ain't gain, nor fame, nor tame
Or lame, nor strange Nah faggot its Golf Wang

Songwriters

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