

# Inglorious

## Tyler, the Creator

[Verse 1]

My father died the day I came out of my mother's hole  
And left a burden on my soul until I was old enough  
To understand that the fucking faggot didn't like me much  
He loved my moms enough to bust a nut and then he shake Junt  
Bring your pops to school today for twelve years I cheated  
Told the fucking faculty that he was at a meeting and  
Bring that dude to life day, he wasn't at the meeting  
Made a U-turn on the weather like "the fuck am I thinking"  
Birthdays, Christmas my only fucking wishlist was CD's (and a father)  
And a new fitted instead I got some CD's  
I hated some Ritalin, some white socks  
I was hyper because I didn't get attention from my real pops  
Cops say I'm supposed to be in jail but they don't know it's me  
Statistics say that niggas with no father ain't going to be shit  
Well I guess I had one because nigga I'm it  
You smell that? That's the odor of success bitch[Interlude]  
I know I'm not the only bastard in America  
So I'm going to need some help, on this next part  
Scream it with me niggas[Hook]  
Fuck you (I'm good)  
Fuck you (I graduated)  
Without you (I'm good)  
Fuck you (I'm good)  
Nigga eighteen (I'm good)  
Fuck you (I'm good)  
Got a car nigga (Fuck you)  
Eat a dick nigga, bitch[Verse 2]

Father's Day was the worst when it came to gifts  
Cause I ain't know for who or what the fuck to get  
Now my momma mentioned the day before what she would like  
Cause she's playing both roles like her occupation was dyke, fucking right  
I ain't look to Obama and Nixon, I look up to the Hugo's and Dixon's  
The niggas in the vision rap about the shit they cooking in the kitchen  
Pushing keys like them niggas that were banging on the keys  
My father never seen me, the nigga probably Stevie  
He bought me a hoodie, a couple albums  
Like that's going to make up the years and the tears  
And the money that my momma spent on rent and clothes

You fucking dipped out, I swear to God if I see you  
I'm a get out the M-16 and let a fucking clip out  
Cause in 16 years, you let your kid down the existence, none  
I don't give a fuck either like father, like son, I'm done[Hodgy Beats]  
He ain't give a fuck about me  
He ain't give a fuck about you  
He ain't give a fuck about we  
So what the fuck we going to do?[Hook][Verse 3]  
The cold is nice, and I'm not talking about the weather  
The skin is thick, no need for leather, your father called  
He said you're better without him, I'm not the only fuck  
Without them, how to tie a tie and how to get your suit hemmed up  
Take it to the shop, then what?  
Fuck it, momma's proud of her asthmatic thin fuck  
Luck on my brim Supreme keeps me warm  
When the cold blood swarms in my veins, fuck rain in the summer  
The bumper is the fact that I'm black  
And I hang with white neos who's nero stays frio  
Now this counselor is trying to tell me that I'm emo, she don't give a fuck  
D-low where's the trigger, I'll let this bullet play hero

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

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