

Tina

Tyler, The Creator

(So, do you party?)
Nah, I just do ignorant hood-rat shit
With me and my niggas in the fucking mall
Odd Future Wolf Gang

[Verse 1: Jasper]Niggas at the fucking mall, niggas where my fucking drawers?
Think I'm happy? Think I'm sad? Bitch you fucking know my dad
He wears his pants up in his ass, touch his ass, grab his dick
You's a fag, you like that shit, O.F. is the fucking clique
I'm going off the top of the brain
Nigga don't know how to rap but I'm in the game
Fuck that shit, I don't give a fuck
I'm back up in the fucking club, niggas know I'm at the mall
Eating chips with my drawers, how you doing? How you fall?

[Hook]Swag, swag, swag, swag
Tina perm your fucking weave

[Verse 2: Tyler]Eat my ass, lick my balls

Bitch I'm in the fucking mall, with my niggas eating ham
Bitch I got that fucking swag, you don't know my fucking dad
I don't know my fucking dad, what is this a fucking purse?
I ain't fucking Mexican, but we can have sex again
With your sister with no rubber (Alexis' real name is Alex)
What the fuck? That's your fucking brother? I ain't with that jerkin' shit
Unless it's Steve Harvey's buff sister trying to jerk my dick

[Hook][Verse 3: Taco]I'm with your girlfriend eating chips
Um, stop the beat, bitch..
Alright, yeah, nigga, I was in the mall
With my niggas busting triggers, yeah, swag

[Hook][Outro]Bitches, hoes, weaves, leather jackets (Nigga don't know)
Bitches, weaves, hoes, leather jackets
Bitches, weaves, hoes, swag (I'm a kill you and that fucking baby, bitch)

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