Sasquatch

Careerers

[Verse 1: Tyler, the Creator]
After filling my reputation of ?
Soar to Taco Bell and ordered some gorditas
Wanted four more, ordered them and then eat em
Then head to Thebe's house for some gymnastics
Fantastic, I backflip on this beat B
Cause we running shit like the Dingleberry's on 4G
This flow colder than Papa Joe's or Domino's
Fuck it, whatever
Trashwang scratched inside the knucks
Got some One Direction tickets, I should hit that up
Drive by with puppy signs plastered on the truck
Then see how many of they fans could fit inside the trunk
Move over the microwave and the cannabis
Try to take the van and the whole band to Canada
Fuck the block news and the venues, they can't handle us
They can't stand us including fruits that Frank's channeling
The Ku Klux Klan see me and my managers
But thank me when they ask where the Five Panels is
Man I suck now, I'm not still dope
But Chris and Rihanna fuckin again so there's still hope
Oh fuck, I went there, balling bitch, I'm Ben's hair
Y'all barely breaking like Taco's self-esteem in a thin chair
Old Navy bitches love this gap, yeah this grin's rare
Watch a nigga smile like five-year-old child
I'm kicking it with Nak and the nigga from Green Mile
It's Red Bull in this cup so a nigga may seem wild but
That's just all the sherm I was burning a little while ago
Don't let me get hold of that rifle
Shout my nigga Sage Elssester and Shaun Pablo
Surround by them niggas that skate with a sick style
And some freckled bitches with giant peaches that's vile
They never did catch that rhino[Verse 2: Earl Sweatshirt]
Squadron full of some lost souls
Sergeant of all that's odd in men not just nolly the pothole
Non-cooperative with his momma's wishes for college
And coppers label, the problems is paying for Damianos
So shimmy through the swamp, nigga, follow me through the fox holes
More Orenthal with a pretty bitch in a Bronco

Hopped right off the seventh and stumbled into some Vatos
Threw a punch, got jumped, dusted it off and then walked home
Shit, it's like six PM and his temper throbbing
Hand in the cabinet by seven, sniff the prescription Oxy's
Logo in the boxes, all my niggas hostile
Cautious of your crosses, scoffing at your doctrines
Bitches augmented and stupid as the group is
Only slightly ripe but sice to get a pussy nigga tooth chin
Any stitches shut the loose lips, stumbled in a rude Crips
Slid into a booth and hid the luggage from his shroom trips
See, Lionel bought with Leonardo on a weekend now
And Maui on a scenic route, we on the second season now
Small fry got 'em seasons salty
Weed and coffee, ease up off me, end is breathing easy as bulimics barfing
From a different breed of doggy
From a different seed and cloth, and teeing off, believe it's Golf Wang, nigga

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