Burger

Tyler, The Creator

(Verse 1: Tyler The Creator)
Nigga this is my cup, drink the cyanide up
Dope as fuck so i would really shoot a group of guys up
Deep thought, i'm often lost (fuck it) put me next to awesome
Still can't tell the difference just like Asians with their eyes shut
Butt-fuck a couple rocks in a Wendy's parking lot
Barking at the sight of light from my bright sparkling
Cock-a-doodle, eat a toaster strudel at a nude beach in Rome
In a black-pink Spagetti strap made of Roman noodles
My bitch is bad mixed with a thicky ass
Get my dicky rocky, this will end up in a sticky blast
Chrissy Brown, mask on my face, now I'm kicking ass
Life's a bitch, fuck college Mommy, i am ditching class
I rather be happy than fucking forty
So fuck the teacher's lecture i'm having Sydney record me
For the 2Dope (they didn't like it) oh well
Let's get XXL to write us a fucking story
(Hook: Hodgy Beats)
It's sitting right in my lap i see it Scribbled across the lines i read it
I'm the fucking poet, who knows it? You know it, you bogus
Comprehend the language, you scared of war?
I'm all anxious, we got the angus if you want beef
Now that's a burger for ya ass Nigga (Slice the onions)
Now that's a burger for ya ass nigga (Put on the cheese)
Now that's a burger for ya ass Nigga (Where's the barbeque sauce?)
Now have a burger eat it fast Nigga
(Verse 2: Tyler The Creator)
Fuckin aw, get you some, obviously intended pun
Same time it took to get the stitches done
Custom made, one of one, sold out Roxy Performance

Ski mask color of a pickle just to perform Sandwitches
Started back in fuckin London, cracker children wanted something
they could bump and punch a bunch of fucking faces, stomp 'em out
Moshing pits to breaking arms, Zombie Circus not a carn
Evil Wolf is on the farm and were all evil harmed?
Any sheep creep quiet tender sleep
Make a peep, fucking body will go missing in a week
Roam around the city with her titties like a fucking greek God

Bastard was the shit, explains why it never leaked
I am coming of my age with my Memphis Bleak
Shooting from the sky, the only problem is the missing beak
(once i have my wings and my motherfucking chain)
Oh that's the black talking in me, let me down a couple cups of bleach
(Hook)
(Verse 3: Tyler The Creator)
Free earl, that's the fucking shit
And if you disagree lick a couple pimple-covered clits
From some stripping, lesbian dikes that fight niggas
That like to rap about those dikes that fight niggas
Alright, enough with this shit, let's talk business
Acquire more currency, disregard bitches
Go to Shake House and play Goblin in his kitchen then
Force him and his mom to listen to track six then
If he doesn't like it I'll just slice his fucking dick
And put it in the cabinet where the fucking cookies and chips is
Take a bunch of pictures and post them on my Twitters and
Go to Jimmy Fallon like "faggot, when we performin?"
then a bunch of Golf Wang niggas start storming on the stage
In a rage that would scare Zach Rocha
Better get ya tanks before this Wolf War is over
History repeats itself, im an O.F soldier

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