

# DEATHCAMP (feat. Cole Alexander)

## Tyler, The Creator

Um, excuse me mister but can you please turn down the lights  
I don't really like all these cameras, man  
And this shit just don't feel right  
And I don't really wanna be rude to you, sir  
But fuck you mean I can't wear my hat in here?  
And you got me fucked up, if you think I care, nigga  
I hope you little niggas is listening  
Them Golf Boys is in this bitch like an infant  
The blind niggas used to make fun of my vision  
And now I pay a mortgage and they stuck with tuition  
So special the teacher asked if I was autistic  
And now I'm making plates, you just washing the dishes  
So if you don't mind, get the fuck out of my kitchen  
But keep your ego here so I can butt fuck your opinion  
But in the meantime brainwashing millions of minions  
Leader of the new school  
And you will never catch me in none of their fucking shin-digs  
I hope you fucking niggas is angry, pissed, and offended  
In Search of... did more for me than Illmatic  
That's when I realized we ain't cut from the same fabric  
I made my own shit, you went out and bought yours  
Man I got too much drop, motherfucker, I hate traffic  
La-di-da-di, I'm going harder than coming out the closet to conservative Christian fathers  
[?] let's be honest, I'm really morphing  
Named the album Cherry Bomber cause Greatest Hits sounded boring  
I don't like to follow the rules, she said that I must  
I don't have any armpits  
She wanted to talk who's in charge of this Golf shit  
I said "Howdy do? How are you? I'm the sergeant"  
And who I are isn't really important  
My heart is as dark as a window with car tint  
So hop in with your friends [?]  
And I'll do donuts until the fat one is carsick  
It's young TI don't like to follow the rules  
And that's just who I am  
I hope you understand And I don't really think y'all cool  
So give y'all self a hand  
No, no, give yourself a hand  
Better pose for that camera

Better pose, boy you better pose  
And it's your life nigga I suppose  
For the lights, for the camera, and the action Now you're face is meltin' from the flash of the big ol' lights  
Nigga you ask for this life Welcome to death camp  
Yeah, welcome to death camp  
Yeah, welcome to death camp Kissing on my bean bag  
Your lips on my tongue  
through your hair  
(For the lights, and the camera, and the action)  
This is fun I can tell  
I don't know if you'll handle it well  
Welcome to hell camp  
(Lights, and the camera, and the action)  
You should be mine in a way tonight  
(For the lights, and the camera, and the action)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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