

Burger (Featuring Hodgy Beats)

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 the Wendy's parking lot
Barking at the sight of light from my bright sparkling
Cock-a-doodle, eatin' toaster strudel at a nude beach in Rome
In a black-pink spaghetti strap, made of Roman noodles
My bitch is bad, mixed with a thick 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 then 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
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 barbecue sauce?)
Now have that burger eat it fast nigga
Fucking all, get you some, obviously intended pun
Same time it took, Jason Dill to get the stitching done
Custom made, one of one, sold out Roxy for some months
Ski mask color of a pickle just to perform Sandwiches
Started back in fucking London cracker children wanted something
They could bump and punch a bunch and fuck a face stumble
Now, moshing pits to breaking arms, Zombie Circus not a carn
Evil wolfs is on the farm and were all evil harmed?
Any sheep creep, quiet tendered 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 fucking shit, explains why it never leaked
I am coming of my age with my Memphis Bleek
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 talk you give me, let me down a couple cups of bleach
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Songwriters

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