Colossus

Billain

Went to Six Flags, six fags came up and said Ayo Can we get a pic?, I said no And they said Oh its Wolf Gang, Yonkers, Goblin is my shit though Now Im like fuck, I don't want to be an asshole So Im sitting there posing with Travis, Devon With a fake smile like her titties was drawing it on So fucking annoyed because I missed Goliath Cause some kid said I was there then they caused a riot Now Im surrounded by a 25 hound of fuckers tryna get a photo All because they noticed the top with the box logo And them fucking ears, guarentee they didnt even hear Bastard They bandwagon-jumped me from a pogo, Im going fucking loco Hey Tyler can I No, bitch, dont you see me tryna buy a fucking churro? But Tyler, youre my hero, I used to get bullied Until I heard Radicals, the last part got to me. See, I used to give a fuck until my cock would bleed Now I'm the happiest I think Ill ever ever be My life is just like yours, no father My momma must have forgot to stop with a pop condom In school I was the one thinking outside boxes So everybody in them would say that I got problems So when I heard you say it, I said it back like fuck em Youre in inspiration to niggas like me Not the niggas who like just cause of lyrics and beats Im talking about the niggas who don't know where theyre going to be I heard the song Bastard right in the moment of heat Not in summer, but of course I was holding a heat Gun on the edge of my feet, I heard first piano chord And it drew me in like predators carrying treats Then I said to myself fuck is he speaking to me See me and you we go together like snare in a beat I mean snare and a kick drum, see me forearm I carved OF on it this morning with a glass shard On my green minimum that I built in my backyard (thats weird) That's hard, that scar from playing air guitar When I see you play at the Roxy (uhhhh) Tyler, I love you, I want to be just like you (alright) I think about your face and I dont even fucking try to (no homo) Wish I had a basement mitt for me to hide you

We could play X-Box and listen to In Search Of and eat donuts Over conversating about what church does Come up with weird ass videos with roach bugs Im straight edge too, so no drugs on this trip And Raquel that bitch, you should killed that bitch You should took me instead (uhhh, that's weird) See, if you cant have then he shouldnt either And I cant have you then she shouldnt either No one should see you, but me in your t-shirt I worship until the fucking wrinkles on my knees hurt (what the fuck) Odd Future, Wolf Gang, Golf Wang, Flog Gnaw, free Earl mobbin I know it seems like just Im slobbing on your knob But Im just a fan and I'm lossing my fucking noggin (yeah you are) I aint got a job and I went out and bought Goblin about 5 times Cause (thanks for the support) I love you man (alright) I like tie-dyed tees or just plain white tees, I like pants that's cut I like words like fuck, I got your pics on my wall With the mouth cut out, now paper cuts on my balls Cause your dicks in my jaw (what the fuck) And I hit on twitter about 10 minutes a day And Im bitter cause you don't even respond with a hey (sorry) And my boys think Im gay cause I play VCR In my car all alone speakers waking up neighbors Alright my nigga, calm down, its getting weird, take this pic So I can get on colossus, rhyme this slow as molasses (Tyler listen) no nigga I see you are loving my shit And I appreciate the fact that you would suck on my dick But I'm not gay so it's awkward, now I'm grouchy like oscar After spilling some shit on his newest pair of beige dockers Yonkers and yonkers (I love that song) Sick of hearing about yonkers I'm grateful that it worked, I attacked and conquered Yeah whatever but I fucking blast at that concert I was at the Boston one, I got a t-shirt from Sagan And when I say sagan lockhart And when you came out to Sandwiches That's when my fucking boycrush got started Just take this fucking picture man Shit

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