

# Oldie

## Tyler, The Creator, Hodgy Beats, Left Brain, Mike

[Intro: Taco]

Yo, shout out to everybody that worked on the album  
You feel me, son? Yo, shouts out to Ty Dollas  
Shouts out to Hodgy Daddies, shouts out to Left Brizzle  
Shouts out to Domyon, shouts out to Frankie Ocean  
Shouts out to Syd the Dude, shouts out to L-Boy Awk

[Verse 1: Tyler the Creator]

Big eared bandit is tossin' all his manners  
In a bag and wrappin' them in seran wrap bandages  
Tossin' 'em in baskets with the rest of those sandwiches  
So when he says "Catch up, nigga" it looks like an accident  
Um, flowin' like my pad is the maxiest  
My bitch white and black like she's been mimickin' a panda  
It's the dark skinned nigga, kissin' bitches in Canada  
Then kicking all out like Mr. Lawrence did Pamela  
Put her in the chamber all against her Wilt Chamberlain  
I never had a Reason, nigga I was just Ableton  
Not a fuckin' Logic contradictin' dick head  
Flyer than an ostrich moshin' in a tar pit  
Semen scented cheetah printed tee  
In that 'Preme five panel, I'll repeat it for the season  
Previous items in the present  
With the normal ass past like I cheated on my team  
It's me (Tried to get that nigga, but, Golf Wang)

[Verse 2: Hodgy Beats]

To have some type of knowledge that is one perception  
But knowin' you own your opponent is a defeatin' bonus  
I'm Zeus to a Kronos, cartilage cartridge is boneless  
Smiles of cowards in lead showers, dead spouses in red blouses  
Children who fled houses on Mustang horses and went joustin'  
I'm on my Robin Hood shit, robbing in the hood  
Whips, drugs, jewels, and your pet, I'm stealin' your rings  
Coke diamonds and your Vet, soldiers lace the fuckin' boot  
And salute like the troop when you shoot you gon' poop  
It's KillHodgy, nigga, stay the fuck off my stoop  
And out my Kool aid, Juice

[Verse 3: Left Brain]

Hodgy got the juice, I got the gin  
Jasper got the Henny, my nigga we get it in

Wolf Gang party at the hotel  
I call a ho, you call a ho, and all the hoes tell  
You know Left Brain need a freak  
I need a bitch to go down like a Nitty beat  
Yup, uh, and her ass fat  
Don't be surprised if I ask where the hash at  
Nigga I'm tryna smoke, bitch get higher  
Domo where that Flocka Flame? Talking 'bout a lighter  
Still bang salute me or just shoot me  
Cause if you don't salute me then my team will do the shooting  
Yeah my nigga Ace will pull the black jack  
The king Mike G is in the cut with the black mac  
Living like the Mafia, bitch, don't get to slacking up  
And if these haters acting up, throw 'em in the aqueduct  
Free my nigga Earl, yo, I don't really ask for much  
But two bad bitches in front of me cunnilingus

[Verse 4: Mike G]

What the fuck is caution?  
Often I leave you flossing and cause exes next to coffins  
Lost in translation, the dreams you chase  
Got you diving for the plates like you stealing home base  
That's great, I'm home alone dreaming of two on ones  
With Rihanna and Christina Milian, bring it on  
And Travis is in the closet organizing and hanging the tramp  
Three lettermans that Ace has been making him  
No strays while we catching matinees, huh?  
I'm getting blazed thinking 'bout those days  
I had the top off the GT3 like toupees  
One finger in the air, all's fair when crime pays  
My grand scheme of things is to be attached  
To the game like bitches to their wedding rings  
And you don't even need to look cause we gleam obscene  
In the light, ride slow to my yellow diamond shining  
Like the Batman logo over Gotham, rock LA to Harlem  
If you say "Get 'em Mike G" then I got 'em  
One man squadron, nigga I'm a problem  
From Briggs I got bars and plans to  
Pimp these Polish bitches into pop stars  
Humanity kills, we all suffer from insanity still  
And if I said it then it is or it's gonna be real  
OF 'til I OD and I probably will, uh

[Verse 5: Domo Genesis]

It's still Mr. Smoke-a-Lotta-Pot, get your baby mommy popped  
With my other snobby bop, do I love her? prolly not  
Know your shit is not as hot as anything I fuckin' drop

Bitch I'm in the zone, stand alone, like Macaulay Cock  
I've been runnin' blocks since a snotty tot  
Big wheel was a big deal with the water Glocks  
Now I'm all grown, sing songs just to give 'em watts  
Fire what I talk, but still cooler than an Otter Pop  
Op Dom neck shit in your wish list  
Mad sick shit, mad dick for your bitches  
On some slick shit, your mistress on my hit list  
And I'm lifted 'til I'm stiff out of this bitch  
Odd in your mothafuckin' area  
Blood clots give me five feet 'fore I bury ya  
Suicide flow, let the big wave carry ya  
Tyler got the mask like he held Jim Carrey up  
And fuck your team, ho nigga wassup  
Wolf Gang so you know we not giving no fucks  
You know me dog, I'm a chill in the cut so I can  
Cut it short, break it down, couple pounds, roll it up

[Interlude]

Get me a Persian rug where the center looks like Galaga

[Verse 6: Frank Ocean]

Rent a super car for a day  
Drive around with your friends, smoke a gram of that haze  
Bro, easy on the ounce, that's a lot for a day  
But just enough for a week, my nigga what can I say  
I'm hi and I'm Bi, wait, I mean I'm straight  
I'mma give you this wine, the runner just brought the grapes  
My brother give it some time, Morris, and Day  
Course you know the vibe's as fly as the rhymes  
On the song, cut and you could sample the feel  
Headphone bleed, make this shit sound real  
Used to work the grill, fatburger and fries  
Then I made a mil and them psychics was liars  
Now, how many fucking crystal balls can I buy and own  
Humble old me had to flex for the fogs  
Down in Muscle Beach pumping iron and bone  
Bumping oldies off my cellular phone  
Yeah, bumping oldies off my cellular phone

[Interlude]

Goddammit, this rapping is stupid and it's hard  
Gotta do it over and over and over again but here I go

[Verse 7: Jasper Dolphin]

Hey it's Jasper, not even a rapper  
Only on this beat to make my racks grow faster  
Got a TV show, so I guess I'm an actor  
Pot head, half baked, lookin' like Chappelle

Rollin' up a blunt with that fire from hell  
Still ignorant, still hit a bitch  
Wolf Gang, nigga, so I still don't give a shit  
Catch me in the back with Miley on my lap  
Bong rips as I feel on that little bitch cat

[Interlude]

Hah, nigga came through with a 9 bar real quick  
Just for the bitches, little bit of money in my pocket  
Fuck it, Wolf Gang

[Verse 8: Earl Sweatshirt]

Yeah, fuck that, look, for contrast is a pair of lips  
Swallowin' sarapin, settin' fires to sheriffs whips  
(Whoosp, whoosp) fuckin' All-American terrorist  
Crushin' rapper larynx to feed 'em a fuckin' carrot stick  
And me? I just spent a year Ferrisin'  
And lost a little sanity to show you what hysterics is  
Spit to the lips meet the bottom of a barrel  
So that sterile piss flow remind these niggas where embarrassed is  
Narrow, tight line, might impair him since  
I made it back to Fahrenheit, grimey get dinero type  
Feral, fuckin' ill apparel, wearin' pack of parasites  
Threw his own youth off the roof after paradise  
La di da di, back in here to fuck the party up  
Raidin' fridges, tippin' over vases with a tommy gun  
Never dollars, poppa make it rain hockey pucks  
And 60 day chips from fuckin' awesome anonymous  
Call him bloated 'til he show 'em that the flow deluxe  
Off the wall loafers, Four Loko, and a cobra clutch  
Vocals bold and rough, evoke a ho to pose as drum  
And let me hit and beat it with a stick until the hole was numb  
The culprit of the potent punch  
Scoldin' hot as dunkin' scrotum in a Folgers cup  
Or Nevada, drivin' drunk inside a stolen truck  
Shittin' like his colon bust  
Belly full of chicken and a fifth of old petroleum  
Supernova, I'm rollin' over the novices  
I'm roamin' through the forest and spittin' cold as the porridge is  
Stay gold 'til the case closed and the story end  
Post mortem porkin' this rap shit and record it  
To escort it to the morgue again, lord of lips  
Bored of this, forklift the tippy top, best under 40 list  
Stormin' the gate, ensurin' the bass  
Scorchin' ladies motherfucker sore in torso and face  
Get at me with savages, have a pack of Apache  
Indian pack of niggas who don't give a fuck if we nasty as flatulence

As a matter of fact, your swagger is tacky  
So see me you can't like Crunchy Black catchin' a taxi  
Back like lateral passin'  
With that mothafuckin' gladiator manner of rappin'  
As an addict I let Percocet and Xannies relax me  
Fall back if your paddies is Maxi, please  
[Verse 9: Tyler the Creator]  
OF, shit that's all I got  
From my bigger brother Frankie to my little brother Tac  
From that father figure Clancy to that skatey nigga Naks  
Shredding down 'Fax, Wolf Gang run the fucking block  
Storefront, knee tat  
Book cover is the same lettering on lettermans and cotton socks  
And grip tape...and my shoes  
Um, I was 15 when I first drew that donut  
5 years later, for our label yea we own it  
I started an empire, I ain't even old enough  
To drink a fucking beer, I'm tipsy off this soda pop  
This is for the niggers in the suburbs  
And the white kids with nigger friends who say the n-word  
And the ones that got called weird, fag, bitch, nerd  
Cause you was into jazz, kitty cats, and Steven Spielberg  
They say we ain't acting right  
Always try to turn our fucking color into black and white  
But they'll never change 'em, never understand 'em  
Radical's my anthem, turn my fucking amps up  
So instead of critiquing and bitching, being mad as fuck  
Just admit, not only are we talented, we're rad as fuck, bitches  
[Outro]  
OFM, banging on your FM  
Gnaw, 2011, yeah, Golf Wang

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