

# Tamale

## Tyler, the Creator

Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale!!! They say I've calmed down since the last album

Well, lick my dick, how does that sound? (Umm)  
Smell my gooch, you could kiss my buns  
And I don't give a shit, bend my rectum  
Somebody said bands make her dance  
You think you're getting cash, no bitch, you're dumb  
The only thing that you're gonna get is this dick  
Wait turn this up, bitch, this my jam, (Where the drums at?)  
Here, take a goddamn picture  
And tell Spike Lee he's a goddamn nigger  
And while you're at it, pass the lotion  
And fapping and Xbox Live, that fun  
Before I come, I'm calling your sister  
When she comes over, I take picture

Instantly put it on Instagram and suplex her off a building if I get banned Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale!  
Why y'all so salty, Hot Tamale is on  
A can of beans bitch I'm on, your boy is bad to the bone Bring back the horns that was played in the beginning

And tell Tony Parker that I found his vision  
And if he's tripping off my sneak dissing  
Then he has to deal with me and my minions  
Tryna get a bimmer, E46  
Have you heard 48, motherfucka I'm great  
Golf Wang prints always cover the sleeves  
From cuts from the Biebs, cause he's puffin' the trees, please  
Fuck I look like? Got a new bike tire  
Never popped like the pussy on a bitch dyke  
Think I give a fuck, I do, I go balls  
And I bust in her jaw like (Fuck that disease!)  
My urethra, hole that I pee from  
Bigger than an obese snack on Aretha  
Now, turn that snare down

I'm back like I'm Rosa Parks fare on the same damn bus  
Like "You're going to jail now!" Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale!

Why y'all so salty, Hot Tamale is on  
A can of beans bitch I'm on, your boy is bad to the bone How much wood could a woodchuck chuck?  
If a woodchuck could ever give a fuck?  
Bitch Suck Dick, motherfuck you and your opinions, (can you kick it?)  
Yes I can sir,

Where the lump is sicker than the last bar bold-er  
Im a CO fuck Michael bitch Im badder than my BO  
Find me and lance tryna dance during chemo  
Before they repossess our strong arm bands and tuxedos Yeah Buddy, (?), Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na!  
Golf Wang, Golf Wang, Go Fuck You, Na Na Na Na Na Na Na!  
Why y'all so salty, Hot Tamale is on  
Can't agree? bitch im on,  
Your boy is bad to the bone How many fags can a lightbulb screw?  
Well if I has a dick, they be two's and sixes  
And tell the NRA I'm about to lose my shit  
Shoot through Wayne LaPierre's hair with a crucifix  
How many ladies in the house?  
How many ladies in the house without a rich nigga, huh?  
A little Jergens in my palm for the jerkin'  
Hope my Mom don't catch me, tryna set mood  
Little Redtube, fuck lotion, I don't need lube, dryfit suits me  
Up and down, friction with the sound, shit's kind of disgusting  
Fap time and before I flatline, Clancy chimes in my room and catch me  
This shit's so damn embarrassing like Wolf: Oh shit, aw fuck.  
Clancy: What the fuck!  
Wolf: Aw, I'm sorry.  
Clancy: Is that my shirt?  
Wolf: Yeah sorry I needed something  
Clancy: Clean that shit up, we're going to the office!

Songwriters

OKONMA, TYLER Published by  
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>