

# SMUCKERS

## Tyler, the Creator

For your boy  
I'm watchin' Freaks and Geeks with the trampoline on the floor  
I'm tryna pop the McLaren with the vertical doors nigga Money, money, money, money, money ain't the motive  
What's your name again? Nobody knows it  
Don't speak to me nigga, you not important  
I'm focused  
They say I'm nutty, picnic basket  
Not short of a sandwich  
A peanut butter, Boyce Watkin's a faggot  
Please come and get me  
Said I suck him at your neck  
Like a hickey, boy I'm sicky  
Like a HIV victim, man nobody fuckin' with me  
I got banned from New Zealand, whitey called me demon  
And a terrorist, God dammit I couldn't believe it  
Ban a kid from the country, I never fall, never timber  
But you fucked up as a parent, your child idol's a nigger  
I clearly don't give a fuck, say you could run that shit back  
And fuck your loud pack, and fuck your Snapchat  
Cherry Bomb, the greatest fuckin' album since the days of sound  
And that shit gon' pop just like that nigga that was never 'round  
Damn, bout to drop, gas em up, thick exhaust  
Young T, came quick, hard to beat, dick is soft  
We ain't lyin', we the truth, call him Simba, beats his hooves  
Tyler the Creator sweatin' Jesus juice  
Put that fuckin' cow on my level, cause I'm raisin' the stakes  
Mom I made you a promise, it's no more section 8  
When we ate its the steaks, now our section is great  
Cause that's the level I'm at, my niggas pass em a plate  
Ye! Why, why, why?  
Why don't they like me?  
Cause Nike gave lot of niggas checks  
But I'm the only nigga ever to check Nike Richer than white people with black kids  
Scarier than black people with ideas  
Nobody can tell me where I'm headin'  
But I feel like Michael Jordan, Scottie Pippen at my wedding  
They say I'm crazy but that's the best thing going for me  
You can't Lynch Marshawn, and Tom Brady throwin' to me  
I made a million mistakes, but I'm successful in spite of em

I believe you like a fat trainer takin' a bite or somethin'  
 I wanna turn the tanks to playgrounds  
 I dream't of 2Pac, he asked me "are you still down?"  
 "Yeah my nigga", it's on, its on, its on, its on  
 I know they told their white daughters don't bring home Jerome  
 I am the free nigga archetype  
 I am the light and the beacon, you can ask the deacon  
 It's funny when you get extra money  
 Every joke you tell just be extra funny  
 I mean you can even dress extra bummy  
 Cocaine, bathroom break, nose extra runny  
 And I gave you all I got, you still want extra from me  
 Oxford want a full blown lecture from me  
 And the Lexus pull up, skrrtt like hop, I'd hopped out, wassup  
 Erg erg erg, step back, hold up, my leg'll be stuck  
 Hold up  
 I studied the proportions, emotions runnin' out of Autobahn  
 Speed level, had a drink with fear, and I was textin' God  
 He said "I gave you a big dick, so go extra hard" For your boy  
 I'm tryna pop the McLaren with the vertical doors  
 I'm watchin' Freaks and Geeks got a trampoline in my room  
 DamnTwo, Three, Four  
 Hold your fuckin' horses  
 Niggas really fuckin' thought that T lost it  
 Like I'm better at an auction been exhausted  
 I been workin' while y'all cylinders smoke like broken exhaust tips  
 Fuckin' losers Hold your fuckin' ponies my homie  
 I whip your donkey by my lonely I eat pussy like Shoney's  
 That's Tunechi, homie, master of ceremonies  
 I knock 'em down, domino effect, no pepperoni  
 I swear This them golf boys, like them hot boys  
 For the nine, 9 and 2,000, but its the 2,000  
 When the one four and the one five, yo what up Wayne  
 (What up Slime, nigga go hard)  
 Yeah, I'mma go hard like before Cain  
 Got too much drive, need like ten lanes  
 Life is a broad and she give brain  
 That's that road head, that's a dream car  
 Got a four ten, of that same year I was born  
 That's that one nine nine one, 'nother nigga like I  
 You gon' find one, cuz nigga I'm a god, a divine one, TuneMy trigger finger wise but my nine dumb  
 Middle finger blind so its fuck A-N-Y one  
 Fuck, skate and die son, a hundred ways to die son  
 I'm starin' at a tramp on lean, make my eye jump  
 Use Adderall like alarm clocks wake my high up

Steaks are high well done and prime cut, eat up  
I stick my rollie in her mouth, let the time come  
She got hair like Shanaynay, and eyes like Wonda  
Oh my goodness Wayne them bitches ugly, these niggas colder than Tommy buddy  
Ye we hittin' models like Tony Parker be hittin' bottles  
Bitch I'm goin' harder than yellow cabby stoppin' for Lionel  
(Black ass nigga)  
They be duckin' us niggas, shout out to Donald Sterling  
Boy lets get a scrimmage, I'll cut some niggas, I'll bring the Clippers  
And a couple owners, that's kinda German  
You bring the nooses, and a couple trees  
Where the money grow, and get bodies burning  
Cuz I'm tryna hang like I'm Mr. Cooper or Jews in Berlin  
Or some niggas from Alabama, Birmingham  
I need music all over the street like Erick Sermon  
Was, fuck us, maybe we should team up  
Anti Golf boys 'cause I don't fuck with me either  
I'mma liar, I'mma faggot Son you need Jesus  
But I heard he left sunset, to go on tour with Yeezus, well  
I'm prayin' for the new Yeezys  
And you pussies prayin' that we squash the beef like zucchinis  
I know, it ain't gain, nor fame, nor tame  
Or lame, nor strange Nah faggot its Golf Wang

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