Inglorious

Tyler, The Creator

[Verse 1]My father died the day I came out of my mother's hole
And left a burden on my soul until I was old enough
To understand that the fucking faggot didn't like me much
He loved my moms enough to bust a nut and then he shake Junt
Bring your pops to school today for twelve years I cheated
Told the fucking faculty that he was at a meeting and
Bring that dude to life day, he wasn't at the meeting
Made a U-turn on the weather like "the fuck am I thinking"
Birthdays, Christmas my only fucking wishlist was CD's (and a father)
And a new fitted instead I got some CD's
I hated some Ritalin, some white socks
I was hyper because I didn't get attention from my real pops
Cops say I'm supposed to be in jail but they don't know it's me
Statistics say that niggas with no father ain't going to be shit
Well I guess I had one because nigga I'm it
You smell that? That's the odor of success bitch
[Interlude]I know I'm not the only bastard in America
So I'm going to need some help, on this next part
Scream it with me niggas
[Hook]Fuck you (I'm good)
Fuck you (I graduated)
Without you (I'm good)
Fuck you (I'm good)
Nigga eighteen (I'm good)
Fuck you (I'm good)
Got a car nigga (Fuck you)
Eat a dick nigga, bitch
[Verse 2]Father's Day was the worst when it came to gifts

Cause I ain't know for who or what the fuck to get
Now my momma mentioned the day before what she would like
Cause she's playing both roles like her occupation was dyke, fucking right
I ain't look to Obama and Nixon, I look up to the Hugo's and Dixon's
The niggas in the vision rap about the shit they cooking in the kitchen
Pushing keys like them niggas that were banging on the keys
My father never seen me, the nigga probably Stevie
He bought me a hoodie, a couple albums
Like that's going to make up the years and the tears
And the money that my momma spent on rent and clothes

You fucking dipped out, I swear to God if I see you
I'm a get out the M-16 and let a fucking clip out
Cause in 16 years, you let your kid down the existence, none
I don't give a fuck either like father, like son, I'm done
[Hodgy Beats]He ain't give a fuck about me
He ain't give a fuck about you
He ain't give a fuck about we
So what the fuck we going to do?
[Hook][Verse 3]The cold is nice, and I'm not talking about the weather
The skin is thick, no need for leather, your father called
He said you're better without him, I'm not the only fuck
Without them, how to tie a tie and how to get your suit hemmed up
Take it to the shop, then what?
Fuck it, momma's proud of her asthmatic thin fuck
Luck on my brim Supreme keeps me warm
When the cold blood swarms in my veins, fuck rain in the summer
The bummer is the fact that I'm black
And I hang with white neos who's nero stays frio
Now this counselor is trying to tell me that I'm emo, she don't give a fuck
D-low where's the trigger, I'll let this bullet play hero

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