

Parking Lot (feat. Mike G & Casey Veggies)

Tyler, the Creator

Tall ugly nigga with lips bigger than tigger
Only blue print on these vans like I don't listen to jigger (uh)
Cotton-picking nigger, golf wang season sicker than the block
Colette and skate shops, where wolves deal 'em, (uh)
Workshop is awesome, ask dill and let's pretend like
I'm not making dollar Bill Withers on these fucking stickers, (um)
Pulling down my zipper and she quick to say she doesn't suck
Bitch, cut the crap like dyke booty when they scissor (uh)
Pink haired missus, I'm her mister, sipping Slurpees, bag of chips
Now show your tits for mister fuji, take a picture, (uh)
Of is popping like a blister, need some Listerine
Spitting got us balling like we Mr. Clean's sister (uh)
Sick of being black, sipping paint thinner outta tin flask
Plotting on the babysitter before dinner, and hopefully I get her
If I don't, fuck it then, see I never simp son
Pull the opposite of Smithers, I'm done bitch Until the ozone leaves and the earth is hot
Loiter squad lurking in the parking lot
The moon not working and the stars align
I stay golden, y'all thought I was out my mind
Loiter squad lurking in the parking lot
Loiter squad lurking in the parking lot
Loiter squad lurking in the parking lot, yeah (Somebody told me)
I had a decline in the buzz, not a shocker bruh, I had the stun gun in my bum
And when I drop shit you better have a towel and a sponge
And ask why bitch, I eat a ton bucket of chum
In bikini bottom, I am the biggest problem
This shit fishy niggas dip like we were set in Harlem
Eaters turn them into nuggets like Carmelo Anthon(y)
We just sit and burn shit just like my fucking anthem I'm like goals, those is something you have to stand to
reach
My campaign speech elect me, commander in chief
Respect to me is ever minor, appearances cause mass hysteria
But I'm still incomparable, I'm like the face of America
I'm the ambassador from a land made of gold
I'm a fuckin' centerfold, I'm somethin' to behold
I can kill a hundred shows, take one for the road
I'm results of putting persistent pressure on coals Until the ozone leaves and the earth is hot
Loiter squad lurking in the parking lot
The moon not working and the stars align

I stay golden, y'all thought I was out my mind
Loiter squad lurking in the parking lot
Loiter squad lurking in the parking lot
Loiter squad lurking in the parking lot
It's a dog eat dog world, don't get bit bruh
A son of a bitch I am, yup, I'm a sick pup
(I thought that you were nice)
Yeah I am slut
I'm also half ass a racist who hates niggas, yep I'm a mixed mutt
Preme is the top bunk, green is the pillow case
Golf is the bedsheets, (hat and my t-shirt)
Trashwang sticker on that chima Ferguson
I'm real with the box, and I murder with the pen
It's Bimmer boy's boy never swerving in the benz
I'm listening to dead Sam demos on the ten
Can I get a medium with cheese and bacon?
It's loiter squad nigga
Fucking loiter squad

Songwriters

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