

Bastard (White Indian Remix)

Tyler, the Creator

This is what the devil plays before he goes to sleep
Some food for thought some food for death, go 'head and fuckin' eat
My father's dead well I don't know, we'll never fuckin' meet
I cut my wrist and play piano cause I'm so depressed
Somebody call the pastor, this bastard is so possessed
This meetin' just begun, nigga I'm Satan's son My mother raised me a single parent so it's apparent
That I got love for my mother, none of you other fuckas
Are much important I'm gettin' angrier while recordin'
I'm feelin' like the Bulls, I've got a Gang of Wolves
Odd Future is children that's fucked up on they mental
Simple but probably not, fuck 'em I'm tall, dark, skinny, my ears are big as fuck
Drunk white girls the only way I'll get my dick sucked
Suspended from school coolest nigga without effort
Easy to spot like black bitches with fake leopard
Soak me up like a tampon, but keep the lamp on
Cause this album packs enough evil
That you can't fit inside a jansport, go to school with this I go from AP to JC inside of fuckin' week
Wakin' up with random girls like "Yo, bitch, how the fuck we meet?"
I stay with grandma, she always bitchin' about her carpet
Every time I walk inside the house, she always tend to start shit
No to drugs I never spark it, I used to be bullied for honour classes
By those slow as molasses, take this shit to school Raquel treat me like my father like a fuckin' stranger
She still don't know I made Sarah to strangle her
Not put her in danger and chop her up in the back of a Wrangler
All because she said no to homecomin', demons runnin'
Inside my head tellin' me evil thoughts
I'm the dream catcher but nothin' but nightmares I caught, go to sleep I wear green hats because I'm fortunately
lucky
Fuck me the monster said, some how the monster's dead
Inside of me, but the thoughts it tells me are still evil
With this state of mind, big moves, max keeble
I'm on my grind feeble, my music is evil
My fuckin' samples are too illegal, play this shit in church I graduated without honors or a fuckin' father
He died, no bitch, don't even fuckin' bother
I wanted a brother my mother I told her
But instead I got a sister, just like me with her mister nada
So both of our imaginations are creations of the fuckin' situation
That's havin' our brains racin' like Dayton, wearin' some fuckin' heelies I know you fuckin' feel me, I want to
fuckin' kill me

But times I'm so serious you think I'm silly
I'm doin' Big Style Willy couldn't touch 11-7
What's religion nigga? I am Legend
I roll with skaters and musicians with an intuition
I created O.F. cause I feel we're more talented
Than 40 year old rappers talkin' 'bout Gucci
When they have kids they haven't seen in years, impressin' their peers
With the same problem, the only way to solve them
Is to go to Father's Day convention with a gold revolver
Life's a salad I'mma toss it eat that shit up, Rick Ross it
Shit it out, bag it up sell it, I'm so damn rebellious
Cause my mother let me do what I want
She wasn't careless, protective she is the bear
The shit is so bare, my diary isn't hid
My father didn't give a fuck, so it's somethin' I inherit
My mother's all I have so it's never meet the parents
When Danielle or Malonda decide to fuckin' share
This confused boy, I wanna hug all ya, I???m bad for you kids to listen to
Soy is not the choice, I'm bad milk, drink itMy wrist is all red from the cutter
Drippin' cold blood like the winter, the summer
Is never that's equivalent to me and Sarah
Well that's not her name, but I think this shit is clever
My niggas wanna know if I'm fuckin', if I'm kissin'
But I'm sittin' here downin' beers simply just wishin'
With tear they try to tell me but I never listen
Cause I don't give a shit like sittin' down pissin'
Eighteen, still talkin' to imaginaries
Hopefully they see the talent I carry just like Jimmy
Losers can never win me, you can never offend me
My goal in life is a Grammy, hopefully momma will attend the
Ceremony with all my homies, I'm suicidal
This my Zombie Circus, I hope the majors heard this
Fuck a deal, I just want my father's email
So I can tell him how much I fuckin' hate him in detail

Songwriters

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