

# Parking Lot (Feat. Casey Veggies, Mike G)

## 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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