

Rusty (feat. Domo Genesis, Earl Sweatshirt)

Tyler, the Creator

Watch me get this money nigga, tired of being hungry nigga
Nothing funny, sass me while I'm thrashing, I'ma punch a nigga
Never made of plastic, I'm a savage, you look lunch my nigga
Passing all you hating fucking fags we don't discuss, my nigga
We ain't on no jolly shit and we don't pop no mollies, bitch
I'm hockin', spitting got some niggas out here poppin' Ollie switch
Buncha novices, odd future the squad, its thick
Them young niggas is back and brash, attacking with no common sense
We the last of a dying breed
And we don't give a fuck, so we cannot supply your needs
You stupid niggas who had said our hype is dying, please
My pocket's solid, making profit off the highest tees
Bitch, twerk as I get on the verse, cursin'
Nigga Dom so cool, I refer him in third person
Watch me get this money, I'm up when the bird's chirpin'
Make actions, fuck rehearsing Nigga, summer, fall, winter-time, 24/365
You niggas gon' give me mine, I don't have plenty time
Flying out at any time, getting money, any grind
You niggas gon' give me mine, you niggas gon' give me mine Nigga, summer, fall, winter-time, 24/365
You niggas gon' give me mine, I don't have plenty time
Flying out at any time, getting money, any grind
You niggas gon' give me mine, you niggas gon' give me mine In a world where kids my age are popping mollies
with leather
Sitting on tumblr, never outside or enjoying the weather
Can name a sweater, but not a talent or don't know if whether
Or not they got one, tried to change their life for the better
I was a drama club kid, I'd run with a fun dip, my nuts itched
I was defiant, always said, "fuck shit"
Hated the popular ones, now I'm the popular one
Also hated homes too, til I start coppin' me some
See I don't beez in the trap, nigga, I beez in the b's
And I be gassin' in my buzz like some bees in a shell
Fucking sick and getting bigger like I sneezed on Adele
And bitches getting touchy-feely like they reading some braille
I bust quick like gun-holders with short tempers, and well
I tried to tell the kids, like fuck it, start being yourself
These fucking rappers got stylists, it's cause they can't think for themselves
See, they don't have an identity, so they needed some help, but
Really, boy posers looking silly boy

I'm in that past season 'preme shit, older than Tity Boi
Not a diss, but same with ice cream, my shit is (diddy riese)

Na'kel smith transworld page 64

Poppin' like oil, ollies, and fire flames

I'm harder than DJ Khaled playing the fucking quiet game

The fuck am I saying? Tyler's not even a violent name

I'm 'bout as threatening as stained windbreakers in hurricanes

But he rapes women, and spit wrong, like he hate dentists

God damn menace, 666 and he's not finished

And my shit's missing, he hates women, but loves kittens

See y'all niggas trippin' man

Look at that article that says my subject matter is wrong

Saying I hate gays even though frank is on 10 of my songs

Look at that mom who thinks I'm evil, hold that grudge against me

Though I'm the reason that her motherfucking son got to eat

Look at the kid who had the 9 and tried to blow out his mind

But talk is money, I said, "hi," I guess I bought him some time

Look at the ones in the crowd, that shit is barnacles, huh?

They thought I wasn't fair until I threw a carnival, huh?

But then again, I'm an atheist that just worships Satan

And it's probably why I'm not getting no fucking album placements

And MTV could suck my dick, and I ain't fuckin' playing

Bruh, they never played it, I just won shit for their fucking ratings

"Analog" fans are getting sick of the rape

All the Tron Cat fans are getting sick of the lakes

But what about me, bitch? I'm getting sick of complaints

But I don't hate it when I'm taking daily trips to the bank

Over and over, shit, who really gives a fuck what I think?

My fans don't think turning on me, shit, they're almost extinct

Fuck buying studio time I'ma go purchase a shrink

Record the session and send all you motherfuckers a link, bitch Nigga, summer, fall, winter-time, 24/365

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You niggas gon' give me mine, I don't have plenty time

Flying out at any time, getting money, any grind

You niggas gon' give me mine, you niggas gon' give me mine This shit just like the nights I look forward to not remembering

So much for being sober, I hope that you can forgive me

But momma, I'm close to the edge as possible (why don't you jump you fucking pussy?)

I'm seeing it's a drop in my ocular, jumping like they told me

That the 40's half off, like you know that cliff

Don't need a therapist to tell him he could float that shit (fucking faggot)

Or get compared to fucking pair with all the program kids

So maybe a pair of pale bitches for the gonads lick (I'll show you)

Malt liquor filling me up, and all us not giving no fucks and
All of them sensitive chumps in awe when that pistol erupts (pistol, I got one!)
Dirty one spitting that sumpy raw till his wrists in the cuffs
Bitch gotta (Oh, shut the fuck up!)

Songwriters

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