

# Analog

## Tyler, The Creator

I can grab the fireworks  
And soda all the cookies we can eat  
Make you nauseous but be cautious this is not dawsons  
creek  
We could sneak away, fuck it, you can bring a eighth  
Im not gon smoke but im just asking baby could you meet  
by the lake  
Bring a towel, baby, meet by the lake  
Bathing suit is going down  
We can count the shooting stars  
Summer never has to end, with me  
Imma give it to her she want that summertime,  
Imma give it like no other kind, she knows im hers  
And damn right shes mine, we both know it so when we  
separate everythings fine.  
Her phone ringing in her purse, damn right its me,  
Im her nigga nigga, come for mines in summertime Ima

bust that trigga nigga,  
Catch us venice beachin cause she wanna go shoppin,  
Sundown at the club cause she like to get it poppin,  
Sangria on my freedminds cause she like to get it poppin,  
No ecstasy for her, but she wanna get it poppin,  
Drop toppin in I measure her pleasure and then I drop in,  
When she get out of place I quantanize, she is my concubine,  
I am her porky pine, I poke her face, her throat for taste, give  
me head like im in her mind, I  
know her analyzation so when she try to fake, summer time  
in the boat of love, meet me by the lake.  
I packed a couple sandwiches inside that basket  
And brought some extra towels if anyone was asking  
We should take a dip, in that lake quick  
And then we split, then do something that's beyond what we  
both can imagine  
Watch the sunset we can watch the sunset there goes a  
rainbow

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