

# Partyisntover / Campfire / Bimmer

## Tyler, The Creator

Uhm, I said, the party isn't over  
We can still dance, but I don't have no rhythm  
So fucking take a chance with me  
The party isn't over, we can still dance girl  
But I don't have no rhythm  
So fucking take a chance with a nigga  
Like me, like meUhm, I said, the party isn't over  
We can still dance, but I don't have no rhythm  
So fucking take a chance with me  
The party isn't over, we can still dance girl  
But I don't have no rhythm  
So fucking take a chance with a nigga  
Like me, like meYeah, uhm  
All I needed was a stick, grab the marshmallows  
Mother fuckers getting lynched and burned  
I earned it, my flog gnaw badge is looking good  
On this brand new jacket  
The donuts on the flag waving over the cabin  
Now grab them graham crackers and pass them over here  
Hurry, quickly I need a piece of Hersheys  
Darker than the corners of the bushes we be lurking  
I centered the mellow over the graham  
Heated it too long now it's melting over my hand  
Fuck it, I'll bite it, I burnt it, but I liked it  
Camping with my niggas, its so fucking excitingWe're making smores by the campfire  
Camp flog gnaw, golf wang summerSat by the fire  
To witness gentle, but radical  
Transformation ceased to be mindless  
Create our own sweetness  
At last growing the heartYou remind me of my bimmer  
A lot of trunk space, the perfect two seater  
You got a lot of drive Im trying to keep up  
But it's not a lot of miles on ya meter  
You remind me of my bimmer  
See your ignition, baby girl I'm trying to key up  
And your head lights are off I'm trying to see 'em  
But it's not a lot of miles on ya meter  
So let me start it up and smashPop some Tame Impala, your man got a lame impala  
(And it's dark outside)

And I'm sharing slurpees and you ain't even begin to swallow  
(Oooooooooo)  
You're fucking nuts, green top we coupled up  
Run my fingers through em as you wax and buff my muffler  
Cause I fingered you, you think the fucking ring is coming up?  
(Oooooooooo)  
Maybe, I don't know, I think you're chill  
(Ride for)  
Riding on my pegs, and my back against your legs  
And a seatbelt is needed if I get between 'em, yeah You remind me of my bimmer  
A lot of trunk space, the perfect two seater  
You got a lot of drive I'm trying to keep up  
But it's not a lot of miles on ya meter  
You remind me of my bimmer  
See your ignition, baby girl I'm trying to key up  
And your head lights are off I'm trying to see 'em  
But it's not a lot of miles on ya meter  
So let me start it up and smash Mmmm , It'll get dark outside soon (ride for it)  
Where the streetlights sing (ride for it)  
You don't have to lie girl to kick it it's cool  
We moving slow You remind me of my bimmer  
A lot of trunk space, the perfect two seater  
You got a lot of drive I'm trying to keep up  
But it's not a lot of miles on ya meter  
You remind me of my bimmer, smash  
You remind me of my bimmer Where you been man?  
I had a drop off to make real quick. Hey you've seen Salem?  
Oh she with that new dude, wolf, or, Darnell, whatever his name is.  
Fuck that nigga man. Hey you know where they went?  
I seen 'em going down by the lake.  
What the fuck!  
You good man? You need some sherm? I got some.  
I got a can of these baked beans too.

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