

Cowboy

Tyler, The Creator

Knock knock motherfucks it's me Mr. Clusterfuck
What, when, where, how, like who gives a fuck
Golf Wang M-O-B, mopping niggas ante up
Ain't been this fucking sick since brain cancer ate my Granny up
Rest in peace, her lying it, life ain't got no light in it
Darker than that closet that nigga Frankie was hiding in
Open it, dope in it, Bobby where's my fucking pipe?
Address my little dick as Ike, twenty says I hit your wife
This is life, truthfully I just want to fly some kites
Grab Salem and Slater and go around, riding bikes
Get some ice cream, Golf Wang rascals toward the night
To skate around and do annoying shit that older peeps despise
Nigga fuck it though, going hard as riga mo
Got a nigga dollars and a couple cracker kids at shows
Cracked a couple kids in the head with this cast
Had a blast out Europe, had a Swedish bitch lickin' toes
That's how it goes; designing clothes, cats on everything, cats on everything
You think all this money will make a happy me?
But I'm about as lonely as crackers that supermodels eat
Everybody's sparking it and I keep coughing
Can't keep calm in this hot box and I get nauseous
Hop in the car and write a song as I'm heading straight to the office
Pissed off at Jasper because that's some faggot shit called "Pink Dolphin"
I roll here on a mean unicorn
Green hat, Vans, Golf top is the team uniform
Downin' that Capri Sun, tighten my bandana up
Something like a les, I'm forgetting my damn manners cause I am the cowboy on my own trip
And I am the cowboy on my own trip
And I am the cowboy on my own trip
And I am the cowboy But when you're alone thoughts start coming in
Punching in that dark light box and they start rummaging
Shit you've got to battle with, wish that they could skedaddle
But it makes your shadow say none, fuck it grab the gun again
I needed to get out of the house, so I hit the dead Sams, we were biking it out
In a black hoodie, with a Arizona and a bag of skittles
Just to see what all that fucking hype is about
Now everytime you see a roach you think of me, eh?
Because everytime I see one I think what his parents would say
In court saying I ate him, I wasn't present that day

I was with Whitney smoking Sitting at the dock in the Bay I am the cowboy on my own trip
And I am the cowboy on my own trip
And I am the cowboy on my own trip
And I am the cowboy Do you know how weird it is knowing I make a bunch of cheese
While my friends can't afford little pizzas from Little Caesars
And their whole goal is to roll up and smoke bowls
So I don't feel bad when they not eating
(But you still treating us you punk bitch)
Wolf Haley got more methods than Pinkman
I'm never civil Fuck Lincoln
Preme out the bag it's no wrinkles
I'm okie dokie and loopy
And booboo nana and Caca
If you think I'm fucking COOCOO
Try talking to my shrink then (Hey)
Bitch
(im right here)
Yo who's that?
Thats Salem
That's my girlfriend
You stay the fuck away from her alright? I am the cowboy on my own trip
And I am the cowboy on my own trip
And I am the cowboy on my own trip
And I am the cowboy

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>