

Slow It Down

Tyler, The Creator

[Verse 1: Hodgy Beats] We come through throbbin' like thunder storms

Make them feets get wet and funky up in they under arms

I'm too explosive for your ears like I'm throwin' bombs

With the exclusive on the channel, bitch I know it's on

Niggas get mad like cheerleaders, they throw the pom-poms

Suck a dick, eat salam gettin' they nails done in salons

Hodgy Beats is like limp balm

If you talk shit, I'll make you cry and tell your big moms

I got nice hands, niggas eat out my big palms

Haters must be starvin' nowadays I make California Vietnam

And I'm goin' to embalm my creativity

Into a CD-rom, so you can feel this shit up on

[Hook:] Turn it up, where's the bass?

Bring the keys, yeah

Turn it up, where's the bass?

Bring the keys, oh my God

Turn it up nigga, where's the bass?

Could you bring the keys? Yeah

Turn it up, nigga where's the bass?

Drop the drums

[Verse 2:] Pink chinchilla, cause I'm like Thrilla

My t-shirts are bathin', a bathin' gorilla

You niggas all hype like you drink a cup of Splenda

But I ate that whole plate like a fat bitch dinner

I'm never the winner, always the loser

I don't choose to win, but I will choose her

Her kitty-cat fish loves his tuna

I never use a fork I always spoon her

Go nuts, instrumental flow much

European model white bitch is eatin' donuts

Fuck you faggots, I'm with a fat bitch

Makin' shit come like I'm go-go gadget

I'm mental, it's instrumental

Make your future therapist ask for dental records

And I hope this record have you stabbin' niggas with colored pencils

[Hook][Verse 3:] Yo, bubble gum that Reese's Pieces

You're feelin' life, I'll mug your teachers

I've got Muslims crawlin' on Jesus

I fucked Kelly, where is Regis?
Found Alicia, now she keyless
Cold as ice, and now I'm creamless
Murdered every bod from my squad
So technically, now I'm teamless, O.F. is so prestigious

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