

# Sarah

## Tyler, the Creator

[Verse 1]

I like my girls skinny with brains  
I like my hoodies fucked with lane  
I like my friends imaginary with no names  
And I make music for the fuck of it, no fame  
Aim, shoot, the gun of love, round  
Tried to find ammo but it's none around town  
So I went Down South but I ended up North  
Uptown sitting on Cloud 9's white porch  
And of course, my car's off course  
You're so white, my blinkers don't work  
I'm trying to let the force be with you, I get you  
Music is my first, but I contemplate divorce  
You make a nigga sing songs nice  
You make a nigga's night turn day  
And you make the flowers sing say turn green yellow  
It sucks that I didn't get the chance to say hello  
I want to eat you out like jello  
And mess with your body like the bass and the cello  
And tell your mom I said hello, you want to go to prom? (Nigga hell no)  
Fuck (Shit) and another one, there goes another one[Hook]  
Another love song about shit  
And I'll be rich if I get another diss  
And maybe Cupid won't miss[Verse 2]  
I like her L-I-K-E, the only difference is she won't fuck with me  
But she will fuck with that vegetable with the hairs full of X's and O's  
I want to tie her body up and throw her in my basement  
Keep her there, so nobody can wonder where her face went  
(Tyler, what you doing?) Shut the fuck up, you going to fucking love me bitch  
Or I'm a fucking put this gun in your fucking head  
But all I really want is a kiss on the cheek  
In private, not public in the streets  
And your cupcake i would eat and your toes  
Cause I got a big fetish with the feet  
I just want somebody I can see  
You can be a gold digger, you ain't got to love me  
I'm serious (I love you) I don't ask for much  
Your heart literally is what I do want for lunch  
Now this shit is turning to a habit

I'm the Burger King, I gotta have it my way  
And truthfully girl you really make my day  
I would probably kill myself if you told me you was gay  
And I can't even look the other way  
Your aura is a magnet, my eyes a metal bag, it's attractive  
L-O-L laughing, you're a gold Oscar and I'm just actin'  
And I want your cinema hole, and have our kids play supporting role  
Climbing up the pole, Jack and the Beanstalk, bitch it's gold  
And I was in loath, I would never get over you, ever, Sarah[Hook][Verse 3]  
Half your body laying on my chest  
The rest is in my stomach, that's including your breast  
And I'm a just take another guess  
Now you probably wishing that you would have said yes  
Am I crazy? Maybe, but fucked up is how I been lately  
Shit, I don't give a fuck, your family looking for you, wish them good luck  
Bitch, you tried to play me like a dummy  
Now you stuck up in my mothafucking basement all bloody  
And I'm fucking your dead body, your coochie all cummy  
Looking in your dead eyes, what the fuck you want from me?  
What did you want from me? What did you want from me?

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