

# French! (feat. Hodgy Beats)

## Tyler, the Creator

Got all the black bitches mad cuz my main bitch vallina  
She tryna to get her groove back like stella, grab the umbrella  
When it comes to your perception of my shit I'm hellen keller  
When it comes to the perfection of my shit I know you smell the RECTUM  
I'm like a chromosome I always ex 'em  
Like wolverine steps in attackin a deadly weapon  
I'm openin a church to sell coke and led zeppelin  
And fuck mary in her ass... ha ha... yo  
I'm fucking Goldilocks up in the forest  
In the three bear house eating their muthafuckin' porridge  
I tell her it's my house, give her a tour  
In my basement, and keep that bitch locked up in the storage  
Rape her and record it, then edit it with more shit  
Octopussy special effect, the wet bitches be banging  
And please never disrespect my set with cannon  
Hanging from my neck like it's a muthafuckin' circus You little niggas better check my French  
You getting money better check my French  
Ahh, what time is it, huh? Check my French  
If you cop my shit you better check my French, muthafucka  
Im makin moves check my French  
I speak English but check my French  
Your hoe be on my penis she check my French, bitch I guess I left my dignity up in the cupboard  
Cause every girl im digging, when im digging in her pussy  
Im never using a rubber  
But fuck it I guess I gotta steach it out like it was flubber  
And leave it drippin green and red like it was double cheese buggers  
Chewin on cum like bubble gum from hubbard  
This bitch knew dick like Bubba knew shimp  
(Laughing)  
Yo Im seventeen, already sniffin blow  
I tell my friends its asthma every time I start to itch my throat  
I got a new show for MTV, "Pimp My Boat"  
Because some bitch said my semen was dirty, thats silly ho  
The most that they can do is find me, Im hiding  
Somewhere where Chris Stokes cant find me  
Oh no Mister Stokes I dont like misters no  
Dont tell R. Kelly where my sister goes You little niggas better check my French  
You getting money better check my French  
Ahh, what time is it, huh? Check my French

If you cop my shit you better check my French, muthafucka  
Im making moves check my French  
I speak English but check my French  
Your hoe be on my penis she check my French, bitchYo you little niggas better check my french  
I got allstars and you can check my bench  
Left Brain super three, Creator Ace puttin the expressions in music and create the face  
Of the picture, punchline figured out ahhh I get you  
No you dont nigga so why dont you go figure  
You seem confused anyway, pressure enough?  
You the type to do the choke when the pressure is up  
The pressure is to pump and pressure is us  
Bitches havin eargasms and the pleasure is us  
Niggas wanna B.O.F. and write letters to us  
Competition's competition, yo you better than us?  
Digest what Im sayin? I dont think so  
We sick shit, throw it up down in the sink yo  
The odd niggas are beginning to spill these pink hoes  
We think sorta odd so we think soCrusin in my go kart at walmart sellin cupcakes  
Go ahead admit it faggot this shit is tighter then buttrape  
That evolves Ballpark franks and silver duct tape  
Pornos and hormones and boxes of DiGiorno  
You homos is loco your proolly drinking cuervo  
With some vatos with the door closed watchin zorro you homos

Songwriters

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