

Seven

Tyler, The Creator

[Verse 1] I'd tell him to eat a dick quicker than Mexicans sprint over borders

I give a fuck like a quarter with 20 cent

At Hamptons with Fred Hampton relaxing at Happy Camper

It's the fucking financial aid at Hamptons wasn't relaxing, I'm taxing

"Fuck 'em all!" I'm chanting, don't complain I'm just ranting

Fuck ranking, I'm the best, I'm the champion's chariot

I'm a liar like Carrey in "Liar, Liar"

I'm dirtier than the sheets in the Marriott, Cable guy like Larry

Peter Pan in my youth, fucking fairies

I'm using my tooth bait to get that bitches teeth paste

Fuck it, Odd Future some Nazis, black Nazis don't copy

We perfect, you sloppy, huddled and slightly tacky

Fuck a label on my jacket, screw you like a ratchet

Screw you like a black teen on Judge Hatchett

Hang with thrashers and jackers

Drug dealers and crackers, AP students and slackers

I'm backwards like Jermaine Dupri in '93

Escaping from concentration camps with a fucking girl board and a ramp

That I ordered from CCS with some diamonds that's VVS

Like I went to Sierra Leone in a homecoming dress

With some matching pink panties, lipstick from my granny

Sup on my hat like that motherfucker friendly

White, red-headed bitch reminded me of Annie

She dyno like my state of mind, so yeah she understand me

Fuck you bunches here, never disrespect my family

That's for my little brother, sister, cousin and my auntie

Wasted fucking youth? All you old niggas antiques

We go skate, rape sluts and eat donuts from Randy

Bitches like Tia Landry watching Billy and Mandy

Motherfuckers wanna be Odd but you can't be

Sit the fuck down all you old niggas stand me, faggot

[Verse 2] I guess I got to be a fucking hand-me-down rapper

From Los Angee area anytime I'm fucking landing

Fuck 2DopeBoyz and NahRight, shout out to Hype Track

Them motherfuckers could never get rid of me

Guess I gotta do a fucking song with Dom Kennedy

Get these fucking hip hop bloggers to start feeling me

Because I'm seventeen, compose my own beats

Lyricaly I'm dope enough to ass-fuck the dude who made nicotine
Maybe I should buy some Hundreds, wear some fucking skinny jeans
And follow in your footsteps like a motherfucking millipede
Centipede, make songs about Gucci and ciggaweed
Jerk with my friends like it's some motherfucking little league
No I ain't no fucking hipster, mister
No I'm not no fucking Kid Cudi, all my fucking fans love me
Collaboration hits for fans screaming fuck buddies, yo, yo
[Verse 3]I'm driving in a stolen truck, and I'm probably fucking drunk
Wasted as fuck, can't walk it out, DJ Unk
My nose is filled with coke and my license is revoked
(Shut the fuck up!) Who the fuck told me not to spoke?
Fuck everybody here, everybody vanished, I'm managed
Hop off my dick and make a fucking sandwich
Everybody listening can suck my dick in Spanish
Fuck you, faggot (fucking bastard)
[Outro]Yeah, um, as you can probably tell from listening to this record
I was, I was probably angry, probably on my period
But um, I didn't mean to offend anyone, alright, I'm lying, OF

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>