

Pigs Fly (feat. Domo Genesis)

Tyler, the Creator

I was taught to act my shoe size, never my age
I always judge a book by the cover, never the page
I never judge a murder by weapons, only the rage
That he felt when he dealt with the physiological phase
They say that I never cease to amaze
While half my mental belongs in a cage
The ape is a beast, tranquilize that bitch
If you niggas selling dope then you selling my shit
Selling my assets, I'm so damn illegal that I need to be arrest
But then they'll get my mom for 18 years of possession
She showed me affection like a drug dealer using her pocket for my protection
The pigs fly away in the morning
But I ain't get to see you today
And if I want to go outside
I got to make sure that I can play here
I bet you've never seen a pig fly
Well you ain't been looking through my eyes
I bet you've never seen a pig fly, nope
Right next to the fat lady hitting high notes
Went to sleep at seven never woke up from the dream
Wore my wings and my jeans but my hat is from Supreme
So I guess that's where I hide my things
Caged, and the wonder is seen
Middle finger missing so I can not give a fuck
I can hear the bells ringing off the nice dream truck
So I'm chasing the dreams, no realities
Hoping that maturity won't be too mad at me
But if so, I'll take the scorn, indeed happily
Long as I can feel my heart tap like happy feet
Fatherless kids, orphans like me and Domo is
A fuck that we will never give is like our pops
But what we did was found our niche and made a stitch
Just like a shirt, that's why our stains smell like the shit, that's from
The pigs fly away in the morning
But I ain't get to see you today
And if I want to go outside
I got to make sure that I can play here
I bet you've never seen a pig fly
Well you ain't been looking through my eyes
And my circus is all night (Don't go home tonight)
It's all night (Don't go home tonight, chill)
It's all night (Please stay, don't go home tonight)
I'm an odd fellow, the opposite of mellow
The therapist said hello but my mom would wonder
I was dealing with iller shit like professional plumbers

Like food for thought was my father but I ain't have the hunger
My self esteem was like me, tall and full of flaws
My pride is gone, I'm that guy like Aaron Hall
Shit, I know some niggas wear their hearts on they sleeves
But I wear mine on my head, Supreme

Songwriters

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