

# Tron Cat

## Tyler The Creator

Satan's getting jealous of the wolves, the demons say they preferring us  
Books on not giving a fuck is what they're referring us (Wolf Gang)  
Wolves, I know you heard of us, we're murderous  
And young enough to get the fucking priest to come and flirt with us  
You niggas rap about fucking bitches and getting head  
Instead I rap about fucking bitches and getting heads  
While you niggas stacking bread, I can stack a couple dead  
Bodies, making red look less of a color, more of a hobby  
I'm not a rapper nor a rapist nor a racist  
I fuck bitches with no permission and tend to hate shit  
Brag about the actions in a rhyming pattern matter  
Then proceed to sat her down when I go splatter in her chatterbox  
Atta boy, Odd Future, you're not in our category  
Torture with the super soaker at the Asian liquor store  
This the type of shit that make a Chris Brown want to kick a whore  
That make songs about the wet blockers when it rains and pours  
(Umbrella) I hate this, screaming fuck patience  
Got a nigga shaking like the calmest fucking Haitian  
After chronic masturbation, asking where Mary-Kate went  
I want to be the reasons why all lesbians hate dick  
I make this damn Bullwinkle the red moose  
Game of duck-duck-duck tape with a dead goose  
She running 'round this motherfucking dungeon, her legs loose  
Until I accidentally get the saw to her head, oops Victim, victim, honey, you're my fifth one  
Honey on that topping when I stuff you in my system  
Rape a pregnant bitch and tell my friends I had a threesome  
You got a fucking death wish? I'm a genie, it'll get done  
Nice to meet you, but it's more pleasant to eat you  
With a leaf of salad and some dressing pouring out a teacup  
Bitch, I'm Tyler the Creature, suck your feet up like a beach of leeches  
Rubber more than the fucking bottom of a sneaker  
Jeeper the fucking creeper, get your daughter and keep her  
In the jeeps where the Wolf Gang rides around deeper  
Take her to Ladera, now she's scared and you're embarrassed  
Filled with terror, chop her legs off and tell her to run some errands  
Put her eyes in a canteen, take her to the Berrics  
Stare at Steve, say it costs ten to fuck Eric  
Put her in the lake, her body sinks great, now it's time to fish her like Derek  
Satan says we're dangerous, we're trading kids for angel dust

And snuff and sniff, and now that Michael Jackson's trying to suck our dick  
Hippopot the fucking llamas, dead bodies, cheerleading squaders  
Gave the team a bunch of fucking bees and the Keke Palmer  
They will never catch him or catch up  
They asked me what it was, I told them fuckers it was ketchup  
Nutty like my Chex mix, she bleeding from her rectum  
Odd Future wolves stirring ruckus, throwing sets up, yep This the type of shit that make children break in  
apartments  
When you tell a fucking orphan you don't love them 'til they heart thin  
(I hate you!) Starve her 'til I carve her then I shove her in the Rover  
Where I cut her like a barber with a Parkinson's disorder  
Store her in a portable freezer with me to Portland  
Catch me with a bunch of fucking Mexicans crossing the border  
I'll be the only wetback who ain't really touched the water  
Cause I'll be too fucking busy tryna flirt with Jesus' daughter  
(Fuck Mary) I'm awesome, and I fuck dolphins  
Sicker than the starving Nigerian kids barfing  
Odd Future Wolf Gang Nazi bar mitzvah  
With your sister at the bar playing leg and arm twister  
Evident that I'm the shit, I'm the Pooh like Tigger dick  
I got these cracker doctors saying, "yeah Bob, this nigger's sick"  
Animal safari, if I offend you I'm sorry  
Because I'm the blackest skinhead since India Arie  
I don't smoke weed, so no need for the matches  
I said fuck coke and now I'm snorting Hitler's ashes  
I plan on either dying for suicide or my asthma  
Being the only bastard in a box logo casket  
Rashes on my dick from licks of shishkabob Sagets  
In some Kanye West glasses screaming out "fuck faggots"  
Catch me in my attic taking photos of my dad's dick  
Drop the beat here to make it extra climactic What the fuck?  
I'm speechless, that was, fuck  
Shit, Tyler, you're gonna need some help  
I'm not a.. fuck it, different subject  
How's that girl you were telling me about?

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