

# BÃ¼rger

## Real Lies

(Verse 1: Tyler The Creator)

Nigga this is my cup, drink the cyanide up  
Dope as fuck so i would really shoot a group of guys up  
Deep thought, i'm often lost (fuck it) put me next to awesome  
Still can't tell the difference just like Asians with their eyes shut  
Butt-fuck a couple rocks in a Wendy's parking lot  
Barking at the sight of light from my bright sparkling  
Cock-a-doodle, eat a toaster strudel at a nude beach in Rome  
In a black-pink Spagetti strap made of Roman noodles  
My bitch is bad mixed with a thicky ass  
Get my dicky rocky, this will end up in a sticky blast  
Chrissy Brown, mask on my face, now I'm kicking ass  
Life's a bitch, fuck college Mommy, i am ditching class  
I rather be happy than fucking forty  
So fuck the teacher's lecture i'm having Sydney record me  
For the 2Dope (they didn't like it) oh well  
Let's get XXL to write us a fucking story

(Hook: Hodgy Beats)

It's sitting right in my lap i see it Scribbled across the lines i read it  
I'm the fucking poet, who knows it? You know it, you bogus  
Comprehend the language, you scared of war?  
I'm all anxious, we got the angus if you want beef  
Now that's a burger for ya ass Nigga (Slice the onions)  
Now that's a burger for ya ass nigga (Put on the cheese)  
Now that's a burger for ya ass Nigga (Where's the barbeque sauce?)  
Now have a burger eat it fast Nigga

(Verse 2: Tyler The Creator)

Fuckin aw, get you some, obviously intended pun  
Same time it took to get the stitches done  
Custom made, one of one, sold out Roxy Performance

Ski mask color of a pickle just to perform Sandwiches  
Started back in fuckin London, cracker children wanted something  
they could bump and punch a bunch of fucking faces, stomp 'em out  
Moshing pits to breaking arms, Zombie Circus not a carn  
Evil Wolf is on the farm and were all evil harmed?  
Any sheep creep quiet tender sleep  
Make a peep, fucking body will go missing in a week  
Roam around the city with her titties like a fucking greek God

Bastard was the shit, explains why it never leaked  
I am coming of my age with my Memphis Bleak  
Shooting from the sky, the only problem is the missing beak  
(once i have my wings and my motherfucking chain)  
Oh that's the black talking in me, let me down a couple cups of bleach  
(Hook)

(Verse 3: Tyler The Creator)

Free earl, that's the fucking shit  
And if you disagree lick a couple pimple-covered clits  
From some stripping, lesbian dikes that fight niggas  
That like to rap about those dikes that fight niggas  
Alright, enough with this shit, let's talk business  
Acquire more currency, disregard bitches  
Go to Shake House and play Goblin in his kitchen then  
Force him and his mom to listen to track six then  
If he doesn't like it I'll just slice his fucking dick  
And put it in the cabinet where the fucking cookies and chips is  
Take a bunch of pictures and post them on my Twitters and  
Go to Jimmy Fallon like "faggot, when we performin?"  
then a bunch of Golf Wang niggas start storming on the stage  
In a rage that would scare Zach Rocha  
Better get ya tanks before this Wolf War is over  
History repeats itself, im an O.F soldier

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