

Commercial

Tyler, the Creator

My life? Screw it, with a drunk bitch
Like what the fuck are we doing?
We kissing, I'm weezing, it's time to play Tetris
I play piano, jack off I'm anorexic
I'm fucking asthmatic, my records problematic
Talking to myself because my therapist done had it
All the racial slurs from the [?] playing from Lenny Kravitz
Love lock down like I am some sort of faggot
But I'm not in the first place
Waiting for my dad to say hi on my birthday
Cause Jesus wouldn't even be my friend on Church day
I plan on getting back [censored] the worst way
In the jungle, I planned on the keeper
Inside of the cage cause I'm a motherfucking Zebra
Obama's in office, niggas get job like teachers
Looking out retarded kids screaming out fuck slob, Jesus

And I can write a hook fast
I can get straight to the cash
Y'all niggas come last, I'm first though
No rehearsal, I know it all like Erkel
You can call it commercial
So turn it up, turn it up (Watch it)
Odd Future won't stop it

I make music for a reason, didn't vote Obama
So you can charge me with treason
Year round asshole, the fuck you season
The flu, I'm sick that's why everybody sneezing
I'm always cheesing, smile for a reason
Fuck as I fuck you, I'm always teasing
My daughter need milk and a quilt
So I'm selling the [?] for six bucks cause she always sneezing
Some people need drugs, some people need dubs
On they car note to go to the club
But really, really, really, all I need deep down, is a hug

Look, I'm back like niggas on a bus
With a Rosa Parks state of mind, I don't give a fuck
And I'm strolling Down South like Good Luck Chuck
In a Malcolm X shirt chilling with the Ku Klux
Klan, I ain't nothing to fuck with
O.F. clan they ain't nothing to fuck with
The O.F. clan they ain't nothing to fuck with
The black Saint Mon' is something to suck bitch