

I Ain't Got Time!

Tyler, the Creator

Right now we got some new music only here on Golf Radio
(God I love this sample)
(We're going to dance
And exercise
And have some fun)

I ain't got time for these niggas
Better throw a watch at the boy
Had my boys in this bitch, lookin' like a seminar
Who the fuck you talkin' to motherfucka?
Boy I ain't got tiiiime for these bitches
Better throw a clock at these hoes
Had these hoes in this bitch lookin' for a water hose
Who the fuck you talking to, muthafuckin boy?
Boy I ain't got time

Boy, I need a Kleenex
How I got this far? Boy, I can't believe it
That I got this car, so I took scenic
Passenger a white boy, look like River Phoenix
First... (Happy birthday!!!)
You bitch ass nigga yep, I'm thirstay
The little shots that you threw, they ain't hurt me
I ain't fuck with you bitch ass in the first place

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Had these hoes in this bitch lookin' for a water hose
Who the fuck you talking to, muthafuckin boy?
Boy I ain't got time

Nat Turner would be so proud of me
Cause all these (motherfuckers!) got they style from me
I bet they all looking from the crowd at me
And if I ask them, they'll bow to me
But, you a house nigga, so you don't know
How that shit go with my big lips and my big nose
And my big dick and my short hair
Cuz' you already know how slow my shit grow

Tick tock
Tick tock
Tick tock
Tick tock
...

Been the man with a bigger plan
Niggas know the deal
When I set upon, bet I get a 100 mil'
Next line, I'll have em' like woah
I've been kissing white boys since 2004
One need to See three Ms
Four, five, six years ago

Suck selling figure
Conversations with Converse finalized, 'cause Vans fucked up
I'mma be common, so you gon' need commas
Saying what I shoulda did, but you ain't did nada
You ain't important
I'mma keep sporting
All Smiles Over Here
Shout out to The Garden
(Tick tock)
And, I just handle all my business like a chess board
(Tick tock, tick tock)
And them golf boys, that's my muthafuckin' set boy
Hard to swallow like some thick soda
Walk wit' it, 'cause my pockets look like thick Yoda
Do the Skywalker, riding round' sola
And the kid skin sprite, and my tint cola
Getting neck from the ball like some big shoulders
Til' I bust like that 9 in your heat holster
Everything I say is hot, bitch I speak toaster
And I bred orthodox like I eat kosher
Shout out to (shhh) they gave a big loafer
Green bread, I be chilling like a clean sofa
It's that thick odor
Young money T
Young fuckers, black boy, oh silly me
(I ain't got time!)

Better talk shit
'Cause I'm either in my Cons or my Golf shit
Pants got a little flood, nigga pipe down
A lil uzi, lil boosie way I wipe down
(Boy I ain't got time!)
To be sittin' here right now
'Cause niggas dying every day
And I ain't light brown
And I-D ain't wanna give a nigga no pose
So I went and did a 12 page spread in Vogue
(Nigga I ain't got time!)

Listen man I'm dat boy
All you lil niggas clones, boy I feel dat boy
You better kill that noise
Turn around and remap route
When they see that boy with them figures and that gap tooth
Tick tock
Tick tock
Tick tock
"Fuck... Hello"