

## Sarah

## Tyler, the Creator

I like my girls skinny with brains  
I like my hoodies fucked with lame  
I like my friends imaginary with no names  
And I make music for the fuck of it, no fame  
Aim, shoot, the gun of love, round  
Tried to find ammo but it's none around town  
So I went Down South but I ended up North  
Uptown sittin' on Cloud 9's white porch  
And of course, my car's off course  
You're so white, my blinkers don't work  
I'm tryna let the force, be with you, I get you  
Music is my first, but I contemplate divorce  
You make a nigga sing songs nice  
You make a nigga's night turn day  
And you make the flowers sing say turn green yellow  
It sucks that I didn't get the chance to say hello  
I wanna eat you out like jello  
And mess with your body like the base and the cello  
And tell your mom I said hello, you wanna go to prom?  
(Nigga hell no!)

Fuck (Shit) and another one, and on another one

Another love song about shit  
And I'll be rich if I get another diss  
And maybe Cupid won't miss

I like her L-I-K-E, the only difference is she won't  
fuck with me  
But she will fuck with that vegetable with the hairs  
full of X's and O's  
I wanna tie her body up and throw her in my basement  
Keep her there, so nobody can wonder where her face  
went  
(Tyler, what you doin'?) Shut the fuck up  
You gon' fuckin' love me bitch  
But all I really want is a kiss on the cheek  
In private, not public in the streets  
And your cupcake I will eat and your toes  
Cause I got a big fetish with the feet  
I just want somebody I can see  
You can be a gold digger, you ain't gotta love me  
I'm serious, I don't ask for much  
Your heart literally is what I do want for lunch  
Now this shit is turnin' to a habit  
I'm the Burger King, I gotta have it my way  
And truthfully girl you really make my day  
I would probably kill myself if you told me you was gay  
And I can't even look the other way  
Your aura is a magnet, my eyes a metal bag, it's  
attractive  
L-O-L laughin', you're a gold Oscar and I'm just actin'  
And I want your sin in my hole, and have our kids play  
supportin' role  
Climbin' up the pole, Jack and the Beanstalk, bitch  
it's gold  
And I was in loath, I would never get over you, ever,  
Sarah

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Half your body layin' on my chest  
The rest is in my stomach, that's includin' your breast  
And I'mma just take another guess  
Now you probably wishin' that you woulda said yes  
Am I crazy? Maybe, but fucked up is how I been lately  
Shit, I don't give a fuck, your family lookin' for you,  
wish 'em good luck  
Bitch, you tried to play me like a dummy  
Now you stuck up in my motherfuckin' basement all  
bloody  
And I'm fuckin' your dead body, your coochie all cummy  
Lookin' in your dead eyes, what the fuck you want from  
me?  
What did you want from me? What did you want from me?