

# Garbage

Tyler, the Creator

Hello, I'm a salesman sorta giant  
I sell molly and mary and other various items  
One time one guy came to where I'm residing  
And I didn't invite him, so instead tried to fight him  
I got violent, long story short he's not breathing  
For some reason I liked it and it was really exciting  
Couldn't stop the addiction, and the irony is  
A couple junkies went missing and I know right where they're hiding

Dope in the bag, pretty bitch on the side  
I sell dope in the back, if you tryna get high

Task force poured into my fortress  
Found some lipstick, a couple corpses  
Bitches was harmed and they couldn't reach the alarm  
I'm ripping sockets out like I had fucking problems with arms  
They found a couple portraits on the porch  
But they don't check up under the floor  
It's bodies and hotties and we was raging I'm gauging a shotty  
Hit so many bitches I was pimping like Scotty  
I'm a bull, red, piss me off  
Like that lipstick position when she kissed me  
So I bit 'em off, they was too soft, I'm a Wolf  
And a designer mixing skin cotton leather and wool  
And most people like flying kites, riding bikes in the woods  
Baking cake cause its good, I mean I would if I could  
But I like playing dress up and mix match  
Sorry I'mma 'fess up, you aren't getting your kids back

What's in my trunk?  
White, girl

You need a warrant, officer  
You could say I kill 'em, if my product doesn't  
Couple basement stairs where I drug them, down  
It's pretty disgusting, finger crush your face  
I'll leave you permanently blushing, blood  
Nosebleed drugs, cook you in the oven