

Pothole

Tyler, the Creator

My mother warned me that some niggas ain't my right hand
To trust her, only my heart and that elder white man
His name is Clancy, I fancy him, gotta give him props
He half the reason why dealerships even let me cop
So now I'm speedin' and tryna drive away from the fact
That she was right, so I triple left, tryna double back
The streets are filled with some clues, like how I ain't notice that?
(How I ain't see that?) Fuck it, I seen some familiar stuff in the cul-de-sac
I pull up, get out, what up? I wanna help
But what you want for some, some niggas really don't want for themself
Now do I stay? Do I go? That's my dilemma
And traffic is picking up, if I don't leave I'ma get stuck (skrrt)
So I speed off, we talk barely and it seems awk..
-Ward, and I heard through some words that you off it
I got too much drive, don't wanna steer off path
And crash and get distracted
But I listen to that weather man 'cause it might rain
Keep my windshield wipers prepared 'cause y'all threw so much shade
And I got jacket in trunk, but that's in the front
I also got power for both of us if you're ever in need of jump
Just let me know, my nigga

I had to switch the gears on 'em
Fishtail in the rearview mir' on 'em (skrrrrrt!)
I had to switch the gears on 'em
You know, swerve, left turn, steerin' wheel on 'em
Nigga that's a pothole, watch out for the pothole
Watch out for the pothole, watch out for the pothole
Look out for the pothole, watch out for the pothole
Watch out for the pothole, watch out for the pothole

Snakes in the grass, but I walk
I got some new boots, on the back it says GOLF
So I be prepared for their bites, they're all talk
I left the condom in the grass so fuck off
Watchin' Clarence in a mansion with nobody in it
Young successful nigga, ride McLaren with no windows tinted
I draw my piggies when I'm in it 'cause it feels amazin'
The irony is I stopped eatin' bacon
Don't get it twisted, nigga, I'm still hungry, oh he lonely
All my friends talk about their hoes and tenderonies
All I can show 'em is a couple cars and more things
That I've made in the couple past month, he's on, please
Everyone is a sheep, me, a lone wolf
Nobody gon' make a peep 'cause everyone wants some wool
Since everyone is a sheep, not everyone here is cool
Man I'd rather drown in a pool by myself than fuck with their fleece
See, man, T-Man fans be seesaw
Wind blows, they go, which way, who knows?
One day, "Fuck no," the next day, "Okay"
But fuck y'all, I know that T is four for four
I just want that garden and that Batmobile
Good health, success, time on earth worthwhile
Find somebody who love me and raise a couple of lizards
But my vehicle's good for now, that's in a couple of miles
Now keep it pushin', nigga

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Fuck, okay, next one
Do-do-do-do-do-do
Gotta watch out for the potholes
Ooh, said watch out for the potholes