

## Bronco

Tyler, the Creator

I might just add a verse for no reason, fuck it  
Ayo

I shit in my garden and play Stevie Wonder  
And get foot massages while Clancy talk numbers  
He threw me some game and I swear I won't fumble  
Might cop me a Bronco to ride for the summer  
Marni the trousers, tell Risso to holla  
The carnival sell out, the stadium Dodger  
I cut off some homies, but Taco my brodie  
Until he score millions, I won't leave the goalie  
Might pass 'em the mittens, he never betrayed me  
The E30 sitting, the 675LT my daily  
The engine is stupid, I drive like a tutor  
When I move, it moves, the transmission like Luda  
Now ketchup like packets, my new nigga pretty  
Your new bitch is tacky like Busta Rhymes jackets  
Want smoke? I can match it, the second-hand action  
We exhale you inhale and asthma attack  
Teeing off, niggas nauseous  
As fuck, fuck you thought?  
Bitch, it's GOLF

Brand new whip got no keys  
Tailor my clothes, no starch, please  
Soon as I nut, you can gon' leave  
Got M's in the bank, like: "Yes, indeed"

This shit going crazy, I swear I go crazy  
I never met him but man shout out Lil Baby  
We running the thing [\*gibberish\*] I just ran out of words