

CORSO

Tyler, the Creator

You see (Uh)
On this here stage tonight is something legendary (Yo)
He goes by the name of The Creator (Crazy, ayo)
But you, you call him Tyler Baudelaire (Look)

I be talkin' that fresh shit, I don't need gum (Nah)
Cookie crumbs in the Rolls, never no weed crumbs (No)
He ain't talk to his bitch in three days
It ain't gotta be this way, I'm down for the threesome (Woo)
I might buy a boat (Nigga, yeah)
Depends if Capri got space, don't really need one
I can go in the wintertime, baby, I bleed sun
Find another nigga like me 'cause I ain't seen one (Tell 'em, no)
Pull up in that, uh, whatchamacallit? (Nyoom)
Played a couple demos at Madison Square Garden
And tell them motherfuckers at Sony I'm not callin'
I'm plottin' on a billi', chilly in my garden, yuh

Alright
I admit it
We just been playin' with you niggas, man
T, I think you need to load that second clip

B-Hop, uh, French Waltz, uh
She say she like the Royce and I'm like "Which one?"
I got two, hun, look (Let's go)
Catch me in my other-other-other-other crib, that's my AKA
Hurricane-proof all the views, shit like "A Bay Bay" (Damn)
The fuzzy hat, ascot, passport got tattoos
Slim nigga, big dick, with a fuckin' gap tooth
The way he beam (Bunny)
Call me Mr. Always On Some Shit You Never Seen (Hop)
In that mansion, livin' single, bitch, I'm Maxine
"Niggas of your standard shouldn't talk"
Give a fuck about your thoughts, call me if you get lost, bitch

Okay, now you understand what we came here to do, right?
Oh yeah, me, I go by the name of DJ Drama
And on my side, that's Tyler Baudelaire
AKA Bunnyhop
AKA The Creator
Call me if you get lost, suckers (Hahaha)
We didn't come to play wit' you niggas

Look, tried to take somebody bitch 'cause I'm a bad person
I don't regret shit because that ... worth it
In the end, she picked him, I hope when they fuckin'
She still thinkin' of me 'cause I'm that perfect
I'ma get that deep text when this verse surface
Better send it to my ego 'cause that shit hurtin'
Hope y'all shit workin' (True story), I'm a psycho, huh?
Don't give a fuck, you left my heart twerkin'
Movin', losin', grip on my doings (Yeah)
Eyes is cryin' on the jet cruisin' (Phew-phew-phew)
'Bout to spend millions just to fill voids up
Drama, I need you (Yessir), can you turn the noise up?
Can you turn the noise up? Can you turn the noise up? (Go, go, go, go)

Turn the fuckin' noise up, ah, nigga, my heart broken
Remembered I was rich, so I bought me some new emotions
And a new boat 'cause I'd rather cry in the ocean
It's T, baby, uh

Hahahaha, I tried to tell y'all
I don't even like using the word "bitch"
It just sounded cool