

# HOT WIND BLOWS

Tyler, the Creator

Ladies and gentlemen  
We just landed in Geneva  
Yeah, that's in Switzerland  
We on a yacht  
A young lady just fed me French vanilla ice cream  
We all got our toes out, too  
Call me when you get lost

I'ma travel the globe, you keep the block hot  
Driver, open the door for me, my hand hurt  
Finders, we playin' hide-and-seek with the passports  
Where the fuck we at? Oh, the pilot gotta remind us, yeah  
The luggage is pilin', I need a close-to-us (Woo)  
So many stinky sit in my wallet, look like a folden chair (Yeah)  
The Cartier so light on my body thought I floated here  
We boated here, it's Tunechi and Tyler but call me Baudelaire, yeah  
Out in Switzerland, travel with my bitch (Nigga), yeah, we kissin', dawg  
I love when she let me rub her like Michelin (Skrtr, skrtr, facts)  
A hundred grand to sleep on a bird, the wings are whistlin' like—  
Man, they ain't listenin'  
Cross the line like immigrants and benefit from it  
Keep on stuntin' on these niggas, make 'em sick to they stomach, man (I can't stop it)  
Y'all don't understand, fish so fresh that you could taste the same  
Yeah, we gettin' lost but we know who we am (True story)  
By the, by the, by the, by the some-some-somethin'  
Treat that last part like you niggas ain't sayin' nothin'

(Are we?)  
Yeah, haha  
You see these excursions right here?  
Just too lavish to post on the 'Gram (Gangsta Grillz)  
Uh (Tunechi)

Excuse me, pardon me, the wind, it blow so hard to me  
Like mother nature arguing about some baby father beepin'  
I'm stuck in the middle of the sandwich like slaughter meat  
Got my middle fingers to the cameras that's recording me  
From y'all to me, brtr, stop callin' me unless you're ordering  
I'm on the beach, I got my feet out, and I stay on my feet  
The corner beat, I'm on a deep route, just throw the ball to me  
Thought all this lean will have me senile, I guess they see now  
Let's touch down, catch a beat-down like I catch touchdowns  
I fuck 'round and slow the beat down and take the drums out  
The speed of my plum so great, I'ma eat my own flow  
And I'm in need of a flaw, may eat me a rapper, I might as well eat me a ho  
(Oh)  
I'm hot as hell when the weather is freezin' the cold, as the devil and demon and ghost  
I'ma get even and even, get even some more, it's too late to even get low, b  
aow  
Wolf Gang, Wolf Gang, that's what I need you to know, Mula, Weezy the goat  
The wind beneath my wings, Desert Eagle underneath my coat  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, Mula (Bitch)

(Are we?)  
(On the boat, nigga)

You see  
We just over here admirin' the view of the mountains from the lake  
Of course  
Y'all know it's Wolf Haley, man, stop fuckin' playin'