

Jack And The Beanstalk

Tyler, the Creator

They don't paint pictures, they just trace me

Odd Future, I'm your muthafuckin' sergeant
Nigga, I'm in charge, I fuck with Freshjive
Cause I get it, no charge, and BBC for the low price
No bargain', nigga that's a bargain
Cow print t-shirt like muthafuckin' dog
On the muthafuckin' farm with cockadoddle doodles
I'm making straight bitches pussy wet just like a noodle
And my dick must be dog food to these bitches' poodles
Felines on the freetime, I'm tossin' bitches' salads
And I'm eating up they croutons, Erica to Milan
We was flyin' to Milan, was supposed to go to Bangkok
Until she figured out that she don't really like to bang cock
To Soho, baby, Milo so dope
The cocaine flow, niggas spit heat, propane
Niggas get the picture, I see, why?
(They don't paint pictures, they just trace me)

My nigga, no hook
No hook, fuck a hook

Yo, beside me, nobody likes me
Mainly because I am not a fuckin' HypeBeast
I think Supreme suck, we gnarly on our Nikes
I can wear some Wranglers, with a fuckin' white T
Doo-rags to match, and I do sag
In fact, my hat is in tact with the Fubu poor over
Nigga, you pull over, fuck a Rover Range
And I'm driving a unicorn, plus my bitch is strange
And I'm the only fuckin' rapper without a chain
With a four finger ring like I can't spell my fuckin' name
And I go to Obama rallies screamin' out "McCain! "
Them ignorant bashin' muthafuckers is my gang
And the dirty la dera I can't forget where I came from
Nigga, you don't claim none, fan I am the teacher
White and black bitch like she's a muthafuckin' zebra
Candies in my pocket, I see you niggas on Easter

(It's gold) The gold is in the back
(It's gold) The beat's in the front
(It's gold) The beat's a fuckin' bully
(Go home) The lyric's just a punk, man
(Gold) The pink is in the sky
(That shit's gold) The gold is in my mind
(It's gold) The mind is in my gold
The beat is turnin' old, so go

Synthesizer, I'm the muthafuckin' master
Nigga, I'm a bastard, I fuck with chord keys
Cause the sound lasts longer, bass drummer song
And a hi-hat made of plastic, nigga's sound is elastic
Nigga, you can bite this, unless you wanna bite back
I didn't take my fuckin' Ritalin, this is a hype track
HypeTrack that and send it, nigga it's a sack shit
I had you motherfuckers eatin' salad like a fat bitch

Drop it, Ace the Creator, O.F.N, bangin' on your FM
Ace the Creator, drop the drums, nigga, thank you to HypeBeast