

JUGGERNAUT

Tyler, the Creator

Hey Miss Parker
Wait, wait, wait, wait
Somethin' like (Uh-oh)
I just cut some fresh lemons, where's the sugar?
Lemon in my 'ade, lemon in my ears, call 'em boogers
Rather six feet 'fore I'm ever seen with you niggas (Hold up)
Yeah

What it is? It's that nigga T, skin look colored in (Woo)
Ridin' in double-double R, that's that Cullinan (Yeah)
Pullin' in that four hundred gram, I just bought a disc (Yeah)
Switzerland, Lake Geneva where I spend my summer in (True story)
Golf le Fleur, that's Gianno shoe, what I'm runnin' in
Earlobe look like headlights on a new van (Gangsta Grillz)
I'm so motherfuckin' dead-ass, I need some Timberlands (Woo)
I battle any man, Uzi Vert, don't think they understand (Yeah, yeah)

Uh (Skrرت, cool), double C on my feet
Double G on my freak (Ooh), Louis V by my brick
She wan' kick it with me, she better eat it then leave (Leave, whoa)
She try save 'bout the place but keep eatin' my meat
We can't see none of 'em, bro, she keep eatin' my seeds (Woo)
Got a E and a B on the back of the CT
I'm done with the 12, got a V16 (Uh)
Say the money comin' in, yeah, that's true
The more money I get, I don't wan' sex you
Can't think about the last time that I text you
It's probably one Sidekicks out them belt loops
Sign my John Hancock on a bitch every time I check you
Just like a brand new Lamb', I wreck you, uh
So if this mind is yours (Woo, woo, woo)

Ride to the dinner tapin'
Outta time and imagine her in the exit
Last year more than what Google say my net is
I got chatter with the chef in the tinted exit (Like, whoa)
Yeah, uh, uh, uh, whoa

It's the double P, I rock double C
Man, I run them beats like you run in cleats
Man, come to me, you want somethin' to see
This internally flawed, that's a double Vs
What troubles me is you couple me
With these subtle fleas tryna double league
Hornet trapped in the hive of a motherfuckin' bumblebee
They just got the closest picture of the fuckin' sun surface, that was us
Got the LaFerrari, park that bitch just for one purpose, catchin' dust
My Secret Service carry mops, you call 'em street sweepers, back you up
Tat' you up then add you up, then give you a cover like Adwoa
If the shit's fake, I don't respect it, it's clickbait
And that's distaste like a shit shake
What a difference your wrist make when it's Richard-made
Hungry eyes tend to fixate like a empty stomach for a fish plate
Shit-faced, get this straight, this is truck wheels that grip tape

Ride to the dinner tapin'
Outta time and imagine her in the exit (Why you even talkin' to us?)

Last year more than what Google say my net is (Goddamn)
I got chatter with the chef in the tinted exit
Uh, uh, uh