

LEMONHEAD

Tyler, the Creator

Y'all niggas know what's up
You say, you say pandemic? (Yeah)
Oh, you wanna see a pandemic? (Bunnyhop)
They should remove us from the game
I don't lean
This shit really get crazy
I don't lean
Gangsta Grillz (Yeah)

I don't lean but my house do
Off the hill with the mean view (Yeah)
Nice house, if you look out
You can see some eagles and a few yachts
Got a roommate, he won't move out
If you want smoke, he the cool opp
And he drill shit, got the tool out
It's the Wolf Gang, Brooklyn Zoo out (Ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah, ah-ah)
Nigga, Wu-Tang, you get chewed out
When we woo-hah, this is Flipmode
And they know you're pussy like the douche, ah
Bitch, I'm cuckoo and his mouth wet (Cuckoo, cuckoo)
He a pool now, used to stage dive, but they sue now
I was too hot, TLC waterfalls on my chest help me cool out (Ah)
Got too many cars, shit a go-kart (Yeah)
They catchin' dust, wantin' to stall (Yeah)
In love with lemonheads, lookin' like Bart
Keep your Patek, I spent that on art (Spent that on art, nigga)
How much it cost? Shit, I don't know (Nah)
But I know that stage a million a show (True story)
Stuck in my ways, they say, "How so?"
First nigga put a bike rack on the Rolls, T (Fuck with me)

A young turnt nigga, I be fuckin' these hoes
Twenty appearance, I get it, I go (I'm here)
Rich, tell the world, "Come see me out low"
I ain't rockin' with cuz, nigga, free my bros (Trez)
I ain't got no safe and they see me shinin' (Bitch, huh)
Still fuck, I'm grindin' (Lame)
Eighty for a gram, remind 'em (Ayy, ayy, ayy)
Two-tone Patek in this bitch, goddammit (Ayy, ho)
Ten bad hoes, nigga, look at that bitch (Look at that)
Still sellin' dope, I be cookin' that shit (Man, for real, dog shit)
My hoodie like six bands (Look, dog shit)
Over a hunnid (Yeah, yeah)
I'm from the bottom, bitch, we get money
Might tip a good ho, but then she ain't gettin' nothin'
Car go skrrrt, hold on (Ha, pretty good, start it up)
Nigga, you got lucky (Skrrrt)
All this paper, I can bet she fuck
I ain't doin' no talkin', I ain't doin' no savin' (No, no, no)
Took her from a lame, I get his bitch back (Here)
Know I ain't crazy, nigga still tote straps
Like, "Get on, bitch, just spit on shit"
Man, oh my God, "Remember lil'-'?"
Yeah, he got dropped (Hold on), I'm gone (We gone)
Biatch

Call on me
(My bro is)
If you get lost
(Runnin' his finger around th-the Ai WeiWei, Ai VeiVei bowl)
Call on me
(I got that shit sittin' on my counter like a fruit bowl, that's like a hundred racks)
If you get lost
(I like the color green, in every shade)
If you get lost
(I like life)
Call on me
(Mine, like, my life)
If you get lost
(Don't fucking bite, y'all niggas love to steal)