

# MASSA

## Tyler, the Creator

Whatever your shit is, man, do it  
Whatever bring you that immense joy, do that, that's your luxury  
The greatest thing that ever happened to me was  
Bein' damn near twenty and leavin' Los Angeles for the first time  
I got out my bubble, my eyes, just wide  
My passport is the most valuable

Massa couldn't catch me, my legs long than a bitch  
Got too much self-respect, I wash my hands 'fore I piss  
They try to talk me, eh, I'ma just go

Yeah, when I turned twenty-three that's when puberty finally hit me  
My facial hair started growin', my clothing ain't really fit me  
That caterpillar went to cocoon, do you get me?  
See, I was shiftin', that's really why Cherry Bomb sounded so shifty  
My taste started changin' from what it was when they met me  
But first impression is everything, ain't wanna let me go  
Always curious as a child and askin' questions, so  
I ain't give no fucks, if, and, but, if they accept me  
Yo, my boy Skateboard P gave me that speech in Italy session, uhm  
Thankfully, by hour three that detour perspective, uhm  
Thoughts change so rapid, turn into a butterfly, Flower Boy happened  
All the bees buzz, be they buzz, scream, they love me  
First time I private airline, accolade, song got airtime  
Went to my style, body, and feelings and fixed my hairline  
Calmed down in front of cameras, been there since tens of millions  
I'm not that little boy y'all was introduced to at 1-9  
Mom was in the shelter when "Yonkers" dropped, I don't say it (I don't say it)  
When I got her out, that's the moment I knew I made it (Yeah, yeah)  
I don't come from money, they deny it  
Since I don't mirror the stereotypical products of my environment  
Eight figures in taxes, takin' that shit is stupid  
A flower gets its petal, they pluck it but never use it  
It's still potholes in the schools, when does it go?  
It's still loopholes that I use, nobody knows

Massa couldn't catch me, my legs longer than a bitch  
Got too much self-respect, I wash my hands 'fore I piss  
They try to talk me up but I keep short like Caesar  
Eyes open if I pray 'cause I can't trust God either, uh

See, right there, you got one life to live  
How far do you really wanna take it?  
Don't let 'em ever tell you nothin' you can't do

Yeah, I purchase more wheels when I feel like I'm third-wheelin'  
My favorite part of the double R is the bird ceilin'  
The panoramic view of the sky and the sun beamin'  
That ray of light show that nobody is front-seatin'  
I'm on the hunt for perfect but decent is what I been on  
I know she fell in love but commitment is not my end goal  
And all my friends that did get too comfy, a little chubby  
And that drive to make that money dried up when that nose was runny  
We ain't gotta pay attention to the stuff that he battles  
Everyone I ever loved had to be loved in the shadows  
Tug-o-war with X and Y felt like a custody battle

Felt like the boat goin' down, it felt like I'm missin' a paddle  
Might buy that crib in Seattle, covered in grass, lichen, gravel (Yeah)  
It come with two boats and cattle, I'm livin' sweet ain't you heard? (Ain't  
you heard nigga?)  
This perspective from the beak of a bird  
You hope I peak, you take my peace  
You gon' see me run, like thieves in the night  
I'm paranoid, I sleep with a gun  
The heat on my dungaroos because they beefin' for fun  
I'm vegan for now, I'm conscious, know my hands meet when I bow  
I'm grateful, you niggas hateful, you eat at me, you got a plate full  
You can't relate to these things I say to these instrumentals  
Whether it's wealth talk or shit that's painful  
I paint full pictures of my perspective on these drum breaks  
Just for you to tell me, "It's not good," from your lunch break

Holiday season  
A vision you have to understand from perspective  
Check your resources, nigga