

MOMMA TALK

Tyler, the Creator

His daddy fine, I'm fine, what you thought?
Shit, his daddy fine
Nah, his daddy, his momma fine, bitch
What you mean? He got his looks from me
You better tell this ho, this my nigga, though
My ride or die, I'd kill a motherfucker over this one right her
e, nigga
I'd stand in front of a bullet, on God, over this one
My son used to record me beatin' bitches' ass, facts
I didn't give a fuck
I, I bossed up on teachers, principals, mamas, kids
I didn't give a fu-am I lying?
You have no reason to
No
If you fuck with my kids, I'll beat up kids over my kid, okay?
This little boy used to run, he was scared
I said, "Go get your bitch-ass mama"
I would beat your whole family and didn't give a fuck
They be like, "Tyler, Tyler mama crazy, Tyler mama crazy"
Yup, don't fuck with my kids
Tyler would be like "Get 'em, mom"
But she like "No, don't do it"
Tyler would be like "Get 'em, mom, get 'em"
"No, mom, don't do it"
I'd be like "Shut yo ass up"
She cryin' "Noo—"