

Parade

Tyler, the Creator

Odd (I'm not yet a man)
Future (Still not of a boy)
Wolf (This my only joy)
Gang (Now let's parade in gold)

Welcome to the euphoria of cocaine without able
I can make music that makes sense, but not meant to be stable
Eighteen with the whole world in front of me
Odd Future teenagers, nobody can fuck with we

I scream and jump around on couches while you sit and talk
I skip to places, smilin' faces, while you fuckin' walk
My TV stays on Cartoon Network, fuck that Twilight shit
You have highlights about your life, I have half of my high life
bitch
Go to college, get a job, marry, have a kid
Watch them grow and then you die? No, nigga fuck the system

Good kids make bad grown ups
Stay gold, stray old, maturin' means that your life sucks
In my wolf suit, I roam where the wild things at
Still growin', still learnin', not knowin' that I'm Matt
I don't wanna grow up, I know that shit for a fact, nigga eighteen

They say I'm immature, I say that they depressed
I talk to unicorns, I'm wearin' a uniform
Of a nigga that don't give a fuck about time
You live your life all serious while I'm enjoyin' mine