

Radical

Tyler, the Creator

Random disclaimer

Hey, don't do anything that I say in this song, okay? It's f*ckin' fiction

If anything happens, don't f*ckin' blame me, white America, f*ck Bill O'Reilly

4, 3, 2, 1

What the f*ck I look like saying I'm sorry
To a bunch of f*cking fags that can potentially harm me?
I ain't never gonna bow down to your expectations
By the way, I got sixty f*cking Wolves that'll guard me
That skate hard, Thrash black hoodies, try something
Make sure your f*ckin' feelings end up up in a Glad bag
F*ck all your opinions, I'm tyin' 'em with a shoestring
And f*ck the fat lady, it's over when all the kids sing

Kill people, burn shit, f*ck school
I'm f*ckin' radical, n*gga
Left, right, left, right

F*ck cops, I'm a f*cking rock star
Rebellion and defiance makes my muthaf*ckin' cock hard
F*ck pigs, f*ck guards all some f*cking retards
F*ck school, I'm a f*ck up? F*ck Harvard
I ain't got no f*cking money (Hey mom)
I ain't got no muthaf*ckin' daddy, he ain't teach me shit
Child support ain't come that faggot still ain't bought me anything
F*ck the fat lady, it's over when all the kids sing

F*ck your traditions, f*ck your positions
F*ck your religions, f*ck your decisions
They're not mine, you gotta let 'em go
We can be ourselves, but you gotta let us know
You gotta let 'em go

You gotta let these shits go, man
It's not making sense to you right now but
All these little dreams you got, they're not shit
All this rebellion, all this crazy shit you got, saying this shit
Getting too old for this shit, man, you gotta grow out of it
Growing up, your dreams are getting bigger
You gotta look at reality, understand that shit so you don't get caught
I'm just being real (N*gga f*ck you)
I'm just trying to help you man, trust me
(Look, I mature day after day n*gga
You don't know shit, you're a f*cking therapist)
Whatever