

SAFARI

Tyler, the Creator

Destination remote
We done been everywhere
Only thing we ain't traveled is time (Yo)

The boy records smell like bleach
I can travel where I want
I'm accustomed clearin' customs
It ain't custom, I don't come
Flee the bird to the truck
I scroll every water to stewardess
Border control, that's some stupid shit
Stayin' at home, I hate
Runaway love but I'm no Ludacris
Sippin' on mint tea, take my shoes off
Then we take off then I snooze off
Until I land, know I'm four grand
And I wake up, have to droop off
Got my passport in my weak hand
I'ma cool off, get a sweet tan
Loafers filled with beach sand
We climb 'til we find the peace sign
Fuck all the checks and the calls, get a passport
See the world, open your eyes 'til your back hurt
Niggas get bread and won't leave, shit is backwards
Start with your feet then a car then a airport
Get our your bubble gum
Blow up horizons, sun
Sled in the Alps or go tube in Missoula
Or tour in Japan or go scuba in Cuba
Or land in a borough, Gerard got the brioche
Ciabatta in Como, it matches my peacoat
Oversee the sea, all the things that you could see
Like them languages I speak, out in Paris for a week
Take my nephews out to Nice, they like "Who?" I'm like, "Oui", ha

Legendary (Find me)
World-renowned
Globally recognized
Catch us if you can (Baby, you should find me)
Are you keepin' up? (Find)
Once in a lifetime (Baby, you should find me)
This what it sounds like when the moon and the sun collide
Speakin' matter-of-factly (Baby, you should find me)
We're just light years ahead (You said that it was you I saw with another in my place)
Yeah

Every car retarded, the garage look like a loony bin
What coupe he in depends on the fit and the type of mood he in (Ugh)
I been switchin' gears since Tracee Ellis Ross was UPN
Clutched then he stroked, got to know her like a droopy grin (Ugh)
Huh, took that Grammy home, couldn't lose again
The suit was so sharp that it could get Medusa coochie trim (Ugh)
Hov talkin' 'bout a hundred million, nigga, loop me in
Like who that young, rich, handsome nigga with the gooey skin? (Ugh)
Mama named him Tyler and his brothers call him T
And the bank, they call him when that wire clear like season three or someth

in' (Ugh)

Skateboard named him Bunnyhop, it's Baudelaire Wolfie though

The felines name him Al for how long he eat the- (Pussy) wait a minute (Ugh)

Pink loafers scuff quickly, Fiat cost a buck sixty

I'll keep it a buck fifty, y'all can't really fuck with me (Ugh)

Bitch, I got the fuzz and I'ma own it 'til they bury him

Only twenty-nine but I've been focused since thirty M (Ugh)

Wolf

Call me if you get lost (Gangsta Grillz)

And like that (Uh), we gone