

THAT GUY

Tyler, the Creator

Them niggas used to press me on the carrot-colored bus
El Segundo and Prairie
That's why I'm paranoid now 'cause niggas weird and really bums
Huh
Woof, woof, woof, woof (Hey now, say now, I'm all about my guap)
Okay

Hey now, say now, I'm all about them bands
Shit I'm on, bitch, you wouldn't understand
Hey now, say now, I'm all about my guap
AP, Richie, hmm, not on my watch

'Cause brodie said don't even press the issue
Yellow boogers in my ear lobe, I need a tissue
Oh my God, I'm really that guy, huh
Yeah, bitch, I'm outside (Grr)
LaFerrari popping on the 40 with the 5 (Huh)
One ticket, two ticket, three ticket, four million
Put that lil' Maybach truck in the garage, huh
Lil' Bunny Hop out, you seen me at The Pop Out
Pandemonium screaming like they brought Pac out
Stop it with the chitchat, we airing out the kickback
Big stud energy the way I get my lick back, huh (Huh)

Hey now, say now, I'm all about them bands
Shit I'm on, bitch, you wouldn't understand (Huh)

I'm the suspect, baby, I don't play victim
I'll buy that nigga building just to evict him
What that Coachella pay like? It was eight figures
Why don't I fuck with them guys? 'Cause I hate niggas
Oh (Oh) my (My) God (God), I'm (I'm) really (Really) that (That) guy, huh
I got my Chuck Taylors on, but they look like loafers (Hey now)
I ain't sitting with you niggas, fuck I look like, Oprah?
Rather put 'em in the ground, you niggas look like gophers (Hey now)
Open doors for my niggas, bitch, I look like chauffeur, huh
RIP The Ruler, keep it sewer
Stack the gouda, mind ya business, eat the cooter (Yeah)
Oh my God, I'm really that- (Man, turn this shit the fuck up)
I was up at Westchester dodging all the high beams
Gardena swap meet, shopping bogus ice cream
I'm a Hawthorne baby, shit is not warm, baby
Four or five main bitches, I am not yours, baby
All these women is a habit
Boyfriends mad 'cause they thought I was a f- (Hey now)
Hey now, say now, get sticky like a hun bun
You will never be the main guy, you're a plus one
300k in four days, CHROMAKOPIA (Ugh)
Twelve days gold, I ain't even drop deluxe one (Ugh)
Sold a million tickets first day for that new stage (Bink, bink, bink, bink)
Want smoke? We can puff one (Ugh)
One whip, two whips, black bitch, blue strips
Green face Grinch, Tyler on his Dr. Seuss shit
True shit, I can put a number where your roof is
Paranoid 'cause niggas beef curtains, they got loose lips
Oh my God (Oh my God), I'm really that guy
Hand claps? Congrats? Never said to me

Put him on a Pro Club, that nigga dead to me (Lose my number, nigga)
Stop with that fake shit, stop with that fake shit
Stop with that fake shit, just stop with that fake shit (Fake shit)
Le FLEUR* got me fitted in my best
If you got a problem with me, nigga, get it off your chest (Woo)
Nigga, what?

(Huh, huh, ooh)
Get it off your chest (Huh)
Get it off your chest (Huh, huh, ooh)
I am not a tough guy, nigga, get it off your chest (Huh, huh, huh)
I'm the type to bust on her and just lick it off her breast, nigga, uh (Huh,
huh, huh)
I'm a freak, I don't beef (Huh, huh)
It's a bird, it's a plane, bitch, it's T (Huh, huh)
Cuttin' niggas off, want the rope? Aight, come, get it
You don't love me, you love the optics that come with it

Uh, uh, bitch
CHROMAKOPIA now