

Tomorrow

Tyler, the Creator

(Give it up)

Nigga, I'm gettin' old and I need a grandchild, please (Give it up)

Just one, please, all I need is one (Give it- Give it up)

We need a little tiny Tyler lurking around here, okay?

We need a little dookie woodie running around here, okay?

My mother's hands don't look the same

These jet black strands are turning gray

I'm gaining weight, I'd rather rest

The thought of children, it brings me stress

Because time is changing (Ooh)

But don't you wait on me (Ooh, don't), I'll be fine

But don't you wait on me (Ooh, don't), oh, I'll be fine

But don't you wait for me (Ooh, don't)

'Cause time got nothing right (Ooh), don't (Don't), uh

Worry 'bout tomorrow, worry 'bout tomorrow

Can you worry 'bout tomorrow? Ayy, ayy, ayy (Tomorrow)

Worry 'bout tomorrow (Tomorrow), worry 'bout tomorrow, ooh

Yeah, what's gotten into me? Nah that ain't the energy

That version of T that you knew was a memory

Who is that? You niggas get too attached to hear the theory

Face clear, few wrinkles on my spirit (No cap)

Now, cousin', this ain't no tuggin'

I don't like cages, I'd rather be floodin'

Thought this shit out, I pop out with that oven

Tell that new version of me that I'm comin' (Oh my, yeah)

Yeah, my brodie had another baby, that's like number two (Number-two)

My homegirl and I tired, she like thirty-two (Thirty-two)

They sharin' pictures of this moment, shit is really cute

And all I got is photos of my 'Rari and some silly suits (Yeah)

Mhm, but I flip the switch and finally settle down

Mhm, go the other way and keep my panties down

Uh-huh, I'm too paranoid, so I'ma air it out

And any pressure that you're puttin' on me, I'ma tear it down

Don't you wait on me, I'll be fine

Don't you wait on me, I'll be fine

Don't you wait for me, I'll be fine

'Cause time got nothing right