

Up

Tyler, the Creator

The Supreme Tee is kinda dingy
Pass the fucking puffer nigga stingy with the usher, let it burn
Skate session with my niggas
On a cloud, where's my inhaler, I can't even breath
I don't smoke weed
But I'm on a cloud high enough to give me a nose bleed
Say farewell to the brain cells, neutrons can smell us
My niggas keep enough green to get a bush jealous
Roll tightly, the joint righty, go buy a label
And busters don't get the zimper in Chris Righty, alrighty
Or maybe a swisher, I begin to kiss her
Keep all the arms and limbs in a large bin
My niggas keep mary jane like a fucking Tarzan
In the fuckin toilet where my bars been
They been the shit since Riley figured out she really likes Dark men
Domo hitting bowls, nether size of cold
Rolling a whole nother blunt the size of a troll
Davon on paroll, so if the highway patrol
Sees us rolling to 7-11 to get a Arizona
And some donuts, he'll be in a hole, but were not gona let it happen
I'm not talking music when I say were the best at wrapping
The kush, coke brittleing, and mushroom caps in my system, um

I break number 2 pencils cause I write so strong
Tyler rolling up a stick so when it lights, so long
Brass monkey, clarinet, ten drop in the gong
Gas mask, vaporizer, tranquilize you with the bong
Imagine gas and laxing, puff passing past tense
Future kush, cool tour, poke your arms blue or
Dream, smoke white like vanilla bean ice cream
Besides OF, Mary Jane and me make a nice team
Pause, aw you getting to fat bitch
Much is gaining is weight is, fucking automatic
Can't fit into the plus size of that sack's fifth
She get high, get down on hot dogs and pick up the cat bitch
The powder is packed in the straw, Sammy claim he like chowder
Nostrils are allowed to scream white power
Overdose in a quince then detox, she rocks
Got em sweating like they inhaling on she cops
And we the drug, and we the drug, and we the drug
Bitch I'm high as fuck, just let it sing to you

I stay in the sky so there's no way you can get fly as me
Niggas wish that some point in they're life they will get high as me
Never though, got 'em going through the roof with hella smoke
With towels under the door hoping no one outside smell the dro
Fuck it, I'm blazieing up, bad bitch craving dust
So I passed it to her with last in juicy before waking up
Strong dank leave your main bitches with throat aches
One of em half bakeing, half dressed cause her clothes stank
Rolling paper skills, it's the time I showcase
So rush down, bitches want a star beat like old babes
Where Divon at? Cause he can Zieir too
Big Cam blowing, you can even call Lyonel
Tyler dog, hit it once for the game
Give it to Hodgy Beats then dish it off to the Brain
My eyes heavy, someone give me a orange juice

Louie V shades so my thoughts don't support you
Thoughts decreases, hungry bowls on my torso
Paper plate or paper plane, can I please aboard you, you, you
Uh, ayo Vyron, light that one

Kush, coke, X, mushroom
I'm high as fuck