

Ziploc

Tyler, the Creator

Try to do this bitch in one take, or somethin'...

What's the point of bein' rich when you wake up alone?
What's the point of goin' home when it ain't nobody there?
Fuck that, I grab my bike and phone home in the air
And I pedal through the city with the wide frame steer
With that tall pale boy that I met last year
Grape, that's what I call him, love, that's what I fall in
Fell in, I ain't like sports growing up, but now I'm ballin'
I guess I'm a late bloomer
Ayo, look, high tide bottoms 'cause the neck on lunar
Them GOLF le FLEUR unos 'cause, we don't do Puma, nah
20k pairs, gone in 3 seconds
You ain't gotta like him and you ain't gotta respect him
For playin' chess with these niggas
That think that they're bench pressin'
Leg day is getting skipped, guess who really runnin' shit?
Young Teezy, it ain't easy, feelin' wheezy in this bitch
New slaves got y'all niggas feelin' breezy on the ship
Pour a Fanta in your poison so its easier to sip, huh?
My shit leaked two weeks before that release date
First week, did dos, a thousand off, beat Meek
Shout out Meek! Two niggas first week top 3!
And I can't even get a song to play on the radio
But tripled in them ratings, TV channels still pay me tho, haha
P told me not to trip
I am in my Ziploc, nigga
Feel like I got the best album out, uh
I know I got the best album out, preach

Let me, let me hear that