

Tyler, The Creator "Goblin"

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[Intro: Dr. TC]

You wouldn't do that Tyler, kill yourself or anyone
You don't even have the balls to begin with
What you need is me, someone to talk to
Uh, it's been a while since our last session
So, tell me what's been going on

[Verse 1]

I'm not a fucking role model (I know this)
I'm a 19 year old fucking emotional coaster with pipe dreams
Since Kanye tweeted telling people he's bumping all of my shit
These mothafuckas think I'm 'sposed to live up to something? Shit
I'm still jacking off and proceeding my life careless
But getting more pussy cause I tell bitches I'm Wood Harris (as you should)
From L.A. to Paris, I'm getting these weird stares
At skateparks and airports all in a year, it's weird
Yonkers dropped and left them craniums mindfucked
Now competition missing like that nigga my mom fucked
He still hasn't called me yet (that's not your fault)
But that's a whole fucking different argument, shit, I got over it
And a couple bucks in my pocket, so now I could go buy
A couple hot pockets and grandma could stop cooking
Them nasty ass collard greens, pressure's on me like this top hat
Bastard intro, how the fuck I'm gonna top that?

[Interlude: TC]

Tyler, you'll top it
You'll top that, you're a very capable individual
(Okay, you guys caught me
I'm not a fucking rapist or serial killer, I lied)
You know, you just want attention, you'll be fine
(I try too hard, huh?) No, you don't

[Verse 2]

Made a couple thou' and I just don't know what to buy yet

The 'preme shit is free and I don't drink, so fuck a wine set
Nigga, fuck a mindset, my brain is an obscenity
I'm fucked in the head, I lost my mind with my virginity
Oh, that's a triple three six, isn't he a devil worshiper
Cause I'm too fucking ignorant to do some research?
I'm the star of the group (Yeah)

So no one else gets the respect that they deserve cause of you
(Bastard was good though) What you think I record it for?
To have a bunch a critics call my shit a bunch of horrorcore?
Like I didn't make Parade or Inglorious
Cause I'm too scared to tell my friends the way I really fucking feel?
Of course they only listen to lyrics about me pissin' off
In the tombs of Lara Croft, I'm getting pissed off (I bet)
Message boards are on my dick, I need a pissing waiver (here)
Let me bust one in they mouth, I know they feel the flavor

[Interlude: TC]

(Can't they just be happy for me
Like, a kid with nothing, living out his dreams? Why they got to fucking hate?)
I think everyone's happy, everyone's immature
Everyone loves you Tyler, you have to believe that
(I don't even skate anymore, I'm too fucking busy, I can barely kickflip now)
Why? Why is that? Do you not have any free time at your home?
(What the fuck you mean I'm not talented? You see the shit that I've been doing?)
I have, I mean you're a great person
(I mean, I'm not that great of a rapper but as a whole, I'm pretty cool, right?)

[Verse 3]

People excited, thinking shit is so tight
Getting co-signs from rappers that I don't even like
What the fuck you want me to do? Start to gobble his mic?
And start Jackson him off until his cap blasting off?
Fuck that, these niggas ain't fucking with me
Cause I don't listen to the Immortal of Tech of the nique
And all this underground bullshit that's never gon' peak
On the Billboard Top 20 and Jam of the Week
I'd rather listen to Badu and Pusha the T
And some Waka Flocka Flame instead of that real hip hop
That's bull of the sheet, but they want to critique
Everything that we, Wolf Gang, has ever released
But they don't get it, cause it's not made for them
The nigga that's in the mirror rapping, it's made for him
But they do not have the mindset that's same as him

I'm not weird, you're just a faggot, shame on him

[Interlude: TC]

It is, but Tyler, you're going to have to cut down on that "faggot" word

That's very, that's a bad (I'm not homophobic)

I mean, I don't think you are but (Faggot)

Alright, well, since the last time we..

(The fuck is a good performance?)

I get on stage and I have as much fun as I can)

I mean, you, you, it seems like you have fun

But your Twitter posts, just.. I mean, they're really random

And it's ADD (who doesn't have ADD? Well, I don't)

I mean, sometimes, you're just really out in the distance

And we just want to know, what's the problem for this?

(I wish Thebe was here)

[Verse 4]

Therapy's been sinning and niggas getting offended

They don't want to fuck with me cause I do not fuck with religion

You see, that's my decision, you fuckers don't have to listen

Here, put this middle finger in your ear (I'd rather not)

When someone gets blamed cause some white kid had aimed his AK-47

At 47 kids, I don't wanna see my name mentioned

[Interlude: TC]

I don't think anyone's going to

I don't think anyone takes you serious enough to believe you

[Verse 5]

College wasn't working and I wasn't working

So I was at home jerking off until my dick was hurting

But I was determined to be great, so those classes can wait

Cause the four days that I went, I wasn't learning shit

Now I'm living dreams that I wanted since 8

I can afford to get my mother something on her birthday

[Interlude: TC]

Well, you explained to me that you were in school, but, I mean, I..

[Verse 6]

They claim the shit I say is just wrong

Like nobody has those really dark thoughts when alone

I'm just a teenager, who admits he's suicide prone

My life is doing pretty good, so that date is postponed for now

Wow, life's a cute bitch full of estrogen

And when she gives you lemons, nigga, throw 'em at pedestrians

[Intrelude: TC]

So, what are you saying, take advantage?
I mean, you've been doing pretty good, I've seen that

[Verse 7]

I still live in my grandma's house
Sell out a fucking show in London just to end up on couches
I hate my fucking life, but when I make that announcement
My hero calls my phone, just to put that in doubt then
And then I am confused if I want in or just out
My friends really think I'm playing when I say I need counseling
I sit in grandmother's living room and just pout
And shout loud inside, sometimes I just want to die (No, you don't)
Odd Future came from the bottom
And it's gonna take a couple armed armies tryna stop 'em
(I believe you) All you fucking lames don't have to like me
The devil doesn't wear Prada, I'm clearly in a fucking white tee

[Outro: TC]

Whoa, umm, alright
Uh, so Syd was telling me you went to New York

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