

Odd Future "Fucking Lame"

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[Verse 1]

I'm rolling through Ladera in a Beemer looking cleaner
Drinking on the blueberry Slurpee, eating that fajita
My passenger seat is occupied by Senorita
And mother keeps on bugging me about wanting to
meet her
I don't really need her, I'm just tryna treat her real nice
So later on, up in the night, I could go beat her
And make a lie about the gonorrhea
So she don't feel guilty about me wanting to leave her
That "fuck" on t-shirt print is cheetah
And I got that '87 bunny flow, like an Easter
Basket, you faggots, is plastic, like nerds with old
glasses
But I'm still liable to get my ass kicked
Conned-Sort actor, a Baby Milo addict in the attic
Where you losers can't get me
Nikon and the Canon, they were never the same
And please do not take a picture, I can't be seen with
you lames

[Hook]

Man, y'all some muthafuckin' lames
Man, y'all some muthafuckin' lames
Don't lie to yourself, y'all some lames
Man, y'all some lames
The Canon don't flash, y'all some lames
I cannot be seen with you lames
You mothafuckas is some lames

[Verse 2]

Can't stop for, flashing, like a cop car
Me and. rock well, I'm a rock star
Fuck y'all the O.F. is banging on 'em
Custom curlex rolling while we're Ronald Regan on 'em
Y'all drug dealers, I Carl Sagan on 'em
Chop and screw Nas tracks, I got piano's waiting on
'em
My shirt is yellow, but the grill is gold
I couldn't take the Ritalin cause my therapist the pill is
old
I can't skate, but I guess that's lost control

I don't have sense, sorry I sold my soul
For some gold Bapes low-price, stale rate
Authentic, never fake, check the poll, our statistic
Stay with authentics, check my steelo
Cause my mob's goodie like we Ceelo
And he know, I am yes and even she know
Every instrument is a gram, kilo

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