

# Odd Future "Rella"

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[Intro]

I fucked this flow

[Verse 1: Hodgy Beats]

This is my electronic press kit, hot as some fresh shit  
Nigga recollect bitch, grow grey hairs, don't stress it  
I text message, messages to fuckin' estrogen  
She lets me in, I sex her then she sexier than my  
leather vans  
Cause I never am purchasing, reimbursing your  
currency  
Put your body on the curb to work the street, I hearse  
the streets  
Heard she sweet, she Hershey's sweet but me I'm  
extravagent  
Hop on the bandwagon kid, I'm about to tell you some  
tragic shit  
The love is lost and the drugs they cost, in the studio  
mixing raw  
Bitches shit in my draws like you piss in my draws, nigga  
my dick's in her jaw  
I'm Wes Snipes with lead pipes, don't dabble with the  
apple  
Cause a swagga like mine turn them apples into  
Snapple  
Fuck the pick of the raffle, king of the castle  
Nigga, Genghis Khan mansion, we the Marilyn Manson  
Making money in the present, it be safe for my  
grandsons  
African drugs for when the champ come

[Verse 2: Domo Genesis]

Suicide watch nigga, kill yourself  
Opposition who? Nigga reveal yourself  
How you steal our swag and figure you still yourself?  
Splinter Cell creeping in this bitch, you couldn't feel the  
stealth  
Wolves are prowling, hunger at it's fucking best  
I'm a beast like the gorilla head that is on my chest  
Please let me flex, I'm going off I need some fuckin'  
bread  
Drugs are green, my bitches white and tonight I need

fuckin' head

Excuse our swag, I'm tryna tone it down like Jenny Craig  
Fresh to death then I guess we looking like the living  
dead

Oh shit your bitch, look at how I'm doing you  
Bitches on my dick but look at me I'm fucking beautiful  
Niggas tryna figure out, but all I hear in my interviews  
Is why this so cool? You niggas are so unusual  
Wolf Gang, point me to a nigga I should prove it to  
Under pressure, we just stand in the middle like hula  
hoops

[Bridge: Hodgy Beats]

The fortress is fortified (bitch)  
Money in my pockets like I'm 45, Hodgy Beats  
recording live  
Bitch I be surely high and I don't need wings to fly  
I'm the air with the pigs, Left Brain, Domo Genesis

[Verse 3: Tyler the Creator]

Knock-knock, who's there?  
It's me, your girlfriend had a really nice meeting with  
my dick (What?)  
I killed that pussy and grabbed that knife  
Now I got real authentic cheetah print shit (Nigga,  
you're a liar)  
Nigga don't believe me, kiss your lady  
And boy, you're gonna get those heebie jeebies?  
Nigga my dick stay way disease-y, I make it look easy  
51-50, I'm off the Heezy, you ain't got no fuckin' Yeezy?  
(5 albums, 100 songs, and you ain't got no fuckin'  
Yeezy?)  
I bet you got some J-Kwon, you ain't got no fuckin'  
Yeezy?)  
Came in the game like Speedy Gonzalez, I'm fuckin'  
Looney  
See these girls talkin' all that shit (What?)  
I'm just tryna see some tits (What?)  
Let's get it poppin' like, MC Lyte, around some dykes  
Out this bitch like hokus pokus  
And me and Lucas got a couple of pickles  
And met up with bitches, gave 'em cum on their  
dimples  
Then my dick went limp so, took about 3 pills of  
Extenzo  
Now my dick's longer than a 5 door limo  
Harder than a soft right hook from kimbo on PCP and  
cilantro  
When I'm with your bitch I'm like, "Where my dick go?"  
Now she think I'm 'bout to eat her hole  
Enchilada, I gotta lotta that 'Preme and I'm paying nada

It seems that I'm product placement but not I'm just  
fuckin' awesome  
Yo mama look like a ugly, loser

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