

Odd Future "Sam (Is Dead)"

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(Domo Genesis)

This life is a game if you wanna play
Counting on your own mistakes
Livin' it with no delays
so fast im gettin' growing pains
father didn't show me my instincts to take the open
lane
I go insane
all these problems coming with my growing age
blowin' haze
Tryna clear the dobt that's sittin' on my brain
i don't complain
but the kid inside me feeling so restrained
gotta stay golden
let desire rekindle the flame
searching for the fountain of youth while im freeing my
brain

(Tyler the Creator) (Chorus 1)

(Bring in the horns!)

You here that fucking brass (fucking brass nigga)
Thats a little boy nigger with the trumpets
Marching with the bandwagon
looking for his heart , no sleeve but his hand carry
muskets (Pow! (echo))
lurking in the meadows, Oblivion
Mother Fuck Gepetto (he's a leader)
not a puppet

(Man)

Some profess this none of your (clumsticks)
so think before your blink
and eye eye (nigg-assumptions)

(Chorus 2)

Niggas! (Go left, Go left, Go left, right, left)
Niggas is coming! (Go left, Go left, (nigga) Go left ,
(nigga!) right, left)
Niggas! (Go left, Go left, Go left, right, left)
Niggas is coming! (Go left, (right!) Go left, (niggas) Go
left, right, left)

(Tyler the Creator)

They want a story a story
I write the shit that I find very amusing
cause all of they fuckin' stories are boring

It's really awkward to know that a bunch of kids do
adore me
It's like I father these fuckers so you won't find me on
maury
I'm still a kid in my heart
so I have a problem maturing
but it will come from experiences and shit I see touring
I'm like a bird and i'm soaring
really high and I'm
really horny from watching this porn
Nope, but
(Chorus 1)
(Bring in the horns!)

You here that fucking brass (fucking brass nigga)
Thats a little boy nigger with the trumpets
Marching with the bandwagon
looking for his heart , no sleeve but his hand carry
muskets (Pow! (echo))
lurking in the meadows, Oblivion
Mother Fuck Gepetto (he's a leader)
not a puppet
(Man)

Some profess this none of your (clumsticks)
so think before your blink
and eye eye (nigg-assumptions)
(Chorus 2)

Niggas! (Go left, (wolf gang!) Go left, right, left)
Niggas is coming! (Go left, Go left, (nigga) Go left ,
(nigga!) right, left)
Niggas! (Go left, Go left, Go left, right, left)
Niggas is coming! (Go left, (right!) Go left, (niggas) Go
left, right, left)
(Tyler the Creator)

Five----
Four----
Three----
Two----
Now where's Tyler?
Bottom of the countdown
shit ain't been the same since I found out
Hodgy Beats ghostwrote for bow wow
now i'm the loud shot volume style foul mouth fucker
that your young teenage kid likes to bow down
Riding around town in seattle
with the same shotgun that Curt used to
Click-Clack-Boom-Pow!
Still suicidal but
some assume that i'm cool now
cause I got a fucking award in my own room now,
Nope
but I can flip shit like couch pillow, and

have my death sliding like a lose vow, Ummm
the bandwagon turned into caboose so, so
don't let that little nigger trumpet lose sound
(Just let him play)

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