

Odd Future

"Sam"

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[Verse 1: Domo Genesis]

This life is a game, if you wanna play
Then count all your own mistakes
Livin' it with no delay
So fast I'm getting 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
Trying to clear the doubt that's sitting on my brain
I don't complain
But the kid inside me's feeling so restrained
Gotta stay golden
Let desire rekindle the flame
Searchin' for the Fountain of Youth, when I'm free in my
brain

[Pre-hook]

(Bring in the horns) You hear that f*cking brass?
(F*cking brass, n*gga) That's little boy nigger with the
trumpets
Marchin' with the bandwagon
Looking for his heart, no sleeve
But his hand carry muskets
Working in the meadows, Oblivion
Motherf*ck Geppetto
He's a leader, not a puppet
Some professors nutty, you're the Klump's dick
So think before you blink, and "Aye-Aye" make
assumptions

[Hook (x2)]

N*gga's!
(Go left! Go left! Go left, right, left!)
N*gga's coming!
(Go left! Go left! Go left, right, left!)

[Verse 2: Tyler, The Creator]

They want a story, a story
I write the sh*t that I find very amusing

Cuz all the other f*ckin' stories are boring
It's really awkward to know, that a bunch of kids do
adore me
It's like I fathered these f*ckers, so you will 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 sh*t I see touring
I'm like a birdman, I'm soaring, really high
And I'm really horny, from watching this porn
Nope

[Pre-hook]

(Bring in the horns) You hear that f*cking brass?
(F*cking brass, n*gga) That's little boy nigger with the
trumpets
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[Hook (x2)]

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(Go left! Go left! Go left, right, left!)
N*gga's coming!
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[Bridge]

5
(Erer-erer-erer br-bring in the)
4
(Erer-erer-erer br-bring in the)
3
(Erer-erer-erer br-bring in the)
2
(Erer-erer-erer)
Where's Tyler?

[Verse 3: Tyler, The Creator]

Bottom of the countdown
Sh*t ain't been the same since I found out
Hodgy Beats ghost wrote for Bow-Wow
Now I'm the loud, shot, body-styled, foul mouth f*cker
That your teenage kid, likes to bow down
Riding around town in Seattle
With the same shotgun that Kurt used to "Click-Clack-
Boom-Pow"

Still suicidal, but some assume that I'm cool now
Cuz I got a f*cking award in my own room now
Nope, but I can flip sh*t like a couch pillow
And have my death silent like a loose vow
The bandwagon turned into caboose, so
So, don't let that little nigger trumpet lose sound
Just let him play

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