

Tyler The Creator "Analog"

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I can grab the fireworks
And soda all the cookies we can eat
Make you nauseous but be cautious this is not dawsons
creek
We could sneak away, fuck it, you can bring a eighth
Im not gon smoke but im just asking baby could you
meet
by the lake
Bring a towel, baby, meet by the lake
Bathing suit is going down
We can count the shooting stars
Summer never has to end, with me

Imma give it to her she want that summertime,
Imma give it like no other kind, she knows im hers
And damn right shes mine, we both know it so when we
separate everythings fine.
Her phone ringing in her purse, damn right its me,
Im her nigga nigga, come for mines in summertime
Ima

bust that trigga nigga,
Catch us venice beachin cause she wanna go shoppin,
Sundown at the club cause she like to get it poppin,
Sangria on my freedminds cause she like to get it
poppin,
No ecstasy for her, but she wanna get it poppin,
Drop toppin in I measure her pleasure and then I drop
in,
When she get out of place I quantanize, she is my
concubine,
I am her porky pine, I poke her face, her throat for
taste, give
me head like im in her mind, I
know her analyzation so when she try to fake, summer
time
in the boat of love, meet me by the lake.

I packed a couple sandwiches inside that basket
And brought some extra towels if anyone was asking
We should take a dip, in that lake quick
And then we split, then do something that's beyond

what we
both can imagine
Watch the sunset we can watch the sunset there goes a
rainbow

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