

Tyler The Creator

"Bimmer"

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[PartyIsntOver] x2
Uhm, I Said, The Party Isn't Over
We Can Still Dance
But I don't Have No Rhythm
So Fucking Take A Chance With me
The Party Isn't Over
We Can Still Dance Girl
But I don't Have No Rhythm
So Fucking Take A Chance With a nigga
Like me... like me

[CampFire]
Yeah, uhm
All I needed was a stick,
Grab the marshmallows
Mother fuckers getting lynched and burned
I earned it, my flog gnaw badge is looking good
On this brand new jacket
The donuts on the flag waving over the cabin
Now grab them graham crackers and pass them over
here
Hurry, quickly I need a piece of Hersheys
Darker than the corners of the bushes we be lurking
I centered the mellow over the graham
Heated it too long now it's melting over my hand
Fuck it, I'll bite it, I burnt it, but I liked it
Camping with my niggas, it's so fucking exciting

(Kids)
We're making smores, by the campfire
Camp Flog Gnaw, a great summer

(Laetitia Sadier)
(?)

[Bimmer]
[Hook 1: Tyler The Creator]
You remind me of my bimmer
A lot of trunk space, the perfect two seater
You got a lot of drive I'm trying to keep up
But it's not a lot of miles on ya meter

You remind me of my bimmer
See your ignition, baby girl Iâ€™m trying to key up
And your head lights are off Iâ€™m trying to see â€™em
But itâ€™s not a lot of miles on ya meter
So let me start it up and smash it

[Verse 1: Tyler The Creator & (Frank Ocean)]

Pop some Tame Impala, your man got a lame impala
(And itâ€™s dark outside)
And Iâ€™m sharing slurpees and you ainâ€™t even begin
to swallow
(Oooooooooo)
Youâ€™re fucking nuts, green top we coupled up
Run my fingers through em as you wax and buff my
muffler
Cause I fingered you, you think the fucking ring is
coming up?
(Oooooooooo)
Maybe, I donâ€™t know, I think youâ€™re chill
(Ride for)
Riding on my pegs, and my back against your legs
And a seatbelt is needed if I get between â€™em, yeah

[Hook 1: Tyler, The Creator]

You remind me of my bimmer
A lot of trunk space, the perfect two seater
You got a lot of drive Iâ€™m trying to keep up
But itâ€™s not a lot of miles on ya meter
You remind me of my bimmer
See your ignition, baby girl Iâ€™m trying to key up
And your head lights are off Iâ€™m trying to see â€™em
But itâ€™s not a lot of miles on ya meter
So let me start it up and smash it

[Verse 2: Frank Ocean]

Mhhmmm, Itâ€™ll Get Dark Outside Soon (ride for it)
Where the streetlights sing (ride for it)
You don't have to lie girl to kick it it's cool
We moving slow

[Hook 2: Tyler The Creator]

You remind me of my bimmer
A lot of trunk space, the perfect two seater
You got a lot of drive Iâ€™m trying to keep up
But itâ€™s not a lot of miles on ya meter
You remind me of my bimmer
Smash
You remind me of my bimmer

(Outro)

Where you been man?

I had a dropoff to make real quick
Hey You'âve Seen Salem
Oh she with that new dude, wolf, or, Darnell, whatever
his name is
Fuck that nigga man
Hey you know where they went?
I seen 'em going down by the lake
What the fuck
You good man? You Need Some Sherm?
I got some
I got a can of these baked beans, too

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