

Tyler The Creator "Burger"

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[Verse 1]

Nigga this is my cup, drink the cyanide up
Dope as fuck so I would really shoot a group of guys up
Deep thought, I'm often lost (Fuck it) put me next to
awesome
Still can't tell the difference, just like Asians with their
eyes shut
Butt fuck a couple rocks, in the Wendy's parking lot
Barking at the sight of light from my bright sparkling
Cock-a-doodle, eatin' toaster strudel at a nude beach
in Rome
In a black-pink spaghetti strap, made of Roman
noodles
My bitch is bad, mixed with a thick ass
Get my dicky rocky this will end up in a sticky blast
Chrissy Brown, mask on my face, now I'm kicking ass
Life's a bitch, fuck college, mommy I am ditching class
I rather be happy then fucking forty
So fuck the teacher's lecture I'm having Sydney record
me
For the 2Dope... (They didn't like it)
Oh well, let's get XXL to write us a fucking story

[Hook: Hodgy]

It's sitting right in my lap I see it, scribbled across the
lines I read it
I'm the fucking poet who knows it, you know it, you
bogus
Comprehend the language, you scared of war?
I'm all anxious, we got the Angus if you want beef
Now that's a burger for ya ass nigga (Slice the onions)
Now that's a burger for ya ass nigga (Put on the
cheese)
Now that's a burger for ya ass nigga (Where's the
barbeque sauce?)
Now have that burger eat it fast nigga

[Verse 2]

Fucking all, get you some, obviously intended pun
Same time it took, Jason Dill to get the stitching done
Custom made, one of one, sold out Roxy for some
months

Ski mask color of a pickle just to perform Sandwiches
Started back in fucking London cracker children
wanted something
They could bump and punch a bunch and fuck a face
stumble
Now, moshing pits to breaking arms, Zombie Circus not
a carn
Evil wolfs is on the farm and were all evil harmed?
Any sheep creep, quiet tendered sleep
Make a peep, fucking body will go missing in a week
Roam around the city with her titties like a fucking
Greek
God, Bastard was the shit, explains why it never leaked
I am coming of my age with my Memphis Bleek
Shooting from the sky, the only problem is the missing
beak
(Once I have my wings and my motherfucking chain)
Oh that's the black talking in me, let me down a couple
cups of bleach

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Free Earl, that's the fucking shit
And if you disagree, lick a couple pimple covered clits
From some stripping lesbian dikes that fight niggas
That like to rap about those dikes that fight niggas
Alright, enough with this shit, let's talk business
Acquire more currency, disregard bitches
Go to Shake house and plant Goblins in his kitchen
Then force him and his mom to listen to track six then
If he doesn't like it I'll just slice his fucking dick and
Put it in the cabinet where the fucking cookies and
chips is
Take a bunch of pictures then post them on my Twitters
and
Go to Jimmy Fallon like faggot when we perfomin'
Then a bunch of Golf Wang niggas start stormin' on the
stage
In a rage that will scare Zack Rocha
Better get ya tanks before this wolf wars over
History repeats itself, I'm a O.F. soldier

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