

## Tyler The Creator "Couch"

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If this was a game  
I already know that I would come out winner  
And I'm not braggin', I'mma be in her  
But this bitch really think that I'm 'bout to buy her  
dinner  
My steak good, I got a good cut like splinter  
Juicy and hot such a black bitch temper  
Now she wanna talk and chop it up like a blender  
But I don't give a fuck and keep her list'in like Schindler  
She's cute but her forehead's big  
Got stretch marks like she got four kids  
Her legs can't close like the four door hinge Bronco  
That O.J. killed the white hos with  
A wealthy white girl without the facelift  
Lure her with expensive dinners and a nice bracelet  
Leave the bitch breathless, what the bitch don't know is  
that  
I'm a muthafuckin' sellout and a rapist

Baby, you're an angel  
How 'bout we turn this into a fable of some sort?  
You already know you're dead  
Ironic cause your lipstick is red, of course  
I stuff you in the trunk, drunk  
Cause all I really wanna do is fuck and snort blow

If this was a game  
I would be considered a muthafuckin' legend  
And I ain't tryna gas you up like Chevron  
But I'm high as fuck bitch, you really need to get on my  
leverage  
Now we're in the cabin, in the middle of uhh  
Tryna find ways to really stuff you in my cabinet  
Dreamy little bastard, I done ran outta luck so now  
It's time for a bloody foot you little rabbit  
You're very attractive, and notice that  
My hat is always the color of cactus  
And I hang with wolves cause I'm an evil Bastard  
Pictures of you on my wall no glue, no tape but just cum  
plastered  
Met you at my school, departed at my house  
Ended at your panties, started at your blouse

Pushed you down stairs, I took a nap up on the couch  
If you wanted a date, don't come  
Now you gotta make it easy for me don't run  
You call this shit kids, well I call these kids cum  
And you call this shit rape but I think that rape's fun  
Wait now it's about eight somethin  
It's late and you stuck in my base-one  
Come downstairs with nothin' but a shoe string  
Yeah bitch this date's done

Baby, you're an angel  
How 'bout we turn this into a fable of some sort?  
You already know you're dead  
Ironic cause your lipstick is red, of course  
I stuff you in the trunk, drunk  
Cause all I really wanna do is fuck and snort blow

I like my girls how I like my drugs, white  
Lord, you're so pretty, lyin' in my arms  
I just got one request, stop breathin'

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