

## Tyler The Creator

### "Cowboy"

Visit "[Cowboy](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Verse 1: Tyler, the Creator)

Knock knock motherfucks it's me Mr. Clusterfuck  
What, when, where, how, like who gives a fuck  
Golf Wang M-O-B, mopping niggas ante up  
Ain't been this fucking sick since brain cancer ate my  
Granny up  
Rest in peace align it, life ain't got no light in it  
Darker than that closet that nigga Frankie was hiding in  
Open it, dope in it, Bobby where's my fucking pipe?  
Trust my little dick is a'ight, twenty says I hit your wife  
This is life, truthfully I just want to fly some kites  
Grab Salem and Slater and go around, ride bikes  
Get some ice cream, Golf Wang rascals for the night  
Skate around and do annoying shit that older peeps  
despise  
Nigga fuck it though, going hard as riggalo  
Got a nigga dollars and a couple crackers hit the show  
Cracked a couple kids in the head with this cast  
Had a blast out Europe, had a Swedish bitch nigga  
hoes  
That's how it goes; designing clothes,  
cats on everything, cats on everything  
You think all this money will make a happy me?  
But I'm about as lonely as crackers that supermodels  
eat  
Everybody's sparking with me I keep coughing  
Can't keep calm in this spot hot box and I'm getting  
nauseous  
Hop in the car and write a song as I'm heading straight  
to the office  
Pissed at Jasper because that's some faggot shit called  
"Pink Dolphin"

(Hook: Tyler, the Creator)

See, I roll here on a mean unicorn  
Green hat, Vans, Golf top with the team uniform  
Tighten the kupris so I'm tying my bandana up  
Sunk them like the Reds I forget it like Dan Manners  
cause  
I am the cowboy on my own trip  
And I am the cowboy on my own trip

And I am the cowboy on my own trip  
And I am the cowboy on my own trip

(Verse 2: Tyler, the Creator)

But when you're alone thoughts start coming in  
Punching in that dark light box and they start  
rummaging  
Shit you've got to battle with, wish that they could  
skedaddle  
But it makes your shadow say none, fuck it grab the  
gun again  
I needed to get out of the house,  
so I hit the dead sams and we were biking it out  
In a black hoodie, with a Arizona and a bag of skittles  
Just to see what all to see what all that fucking hype is  
about  
Now everytime you see a roach you think of me eh?  
Because everytime I see one I think what his parents  
would say  
In court saying I ate him, I wasn't present that day  
I was with Whitney smoking Sitting at the dock in the  
Bay

(Hook)

I am the cowboy on my own trip  
And I am the cowboy on my own trip  
And I am the cowboy on my own trip  
And I am the cowboy on my own trip

(Verse 3: Tyler, The Creator)

Do you know how weird it is knowing I make a bunch of  
Cheese  
While my friends can't afford little pizzas from little  
ceasers  
And their whole goal is to roll up and smoke bowls  
So I don't feel bad when they not eating  
(But you still treating us you punk bitch)  
Wolf Haley got more methods than pink men  
I'm never civil Fuck Lincoln  
Preme out the bag it's no wrinkles  
I'm okie dokie and loopy  
And booboo nana and Caca  
If you think I'm fucking KUKU  
Try talking to my shrink then

(Outro)

(Hey)  
Bitch  
(I'm right here)  
Yo who's that?  
That's Salem

That's my girlfriend  
You stay the fuck away from her alright?

(Hook)  
I am the cowboy on my own trip  
And I am the cowboy on my own trip  
And I am the cowboy on my own trip  
And I am the cowboy on my own trip

Visit [Tyler The Creator](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.