

## Tyler The Creator

### "Cult Shit"

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[Intro:]

I'm recordin' that shit on the fuckin' little mic  
By the little camera thing on the fuckin' Mac book  
So this shit is choppy and bad quality, but fuck it  
Wolf Gang, Ace Creator

[Verse:]

Somebody tell Justin Beiber that I'm fuckin' cummin'  
Ain't no point in runnin', I'm a nigga, just a little eager  
So I catch him stretchin', have him guessin' where his  
cracker throat  
Chop his balls off and use his skin to make a baby coat  
Ain't he dope? No, he the same as shit that Tyler wrote  
This is Ace, Wolf is in the back with Travis snortin' coke  
Riley's here, Connie's dead, pickin' pussy pisses pike  
She won't leave, dick as big as Kelly Price's appetite  
Apprehend a couple men, triple six is fuckin' sin  
Make Queen Latifah and Sydney go slap a couple  
dykes  
Wrap around 'til they hit the ground and they hear a  
sound  
That doesn't make sense like nigga kids wearing cap  
and gowns  
This my album, and when your parents try to come  
around  
Do the fuckin' exact opposite of turnin' it down  
And when they try to get parental and start talkin' loud  
Tell them that you're from the Wolf Gang and you're  
fuckin' proud  
Then start barkin' loud 'til the neighbors wanna calm  
you down  
But call the pigs, will probably come in bout a half an  
hour

Tell them that your sorry, you're a cow, took a fuckin'  
shower  
But make it in time for shitty re-runs of Rocket Power  
This is the shit that is makin' me cynical  
The clinical attempts at schizophrenia's critical  
Fuckin' voices follow me, emulatin' like twitter roll  
O.F. is the coldest thing, and I'm the fuckin' general

So when I mention suicide, I'm being Mr. Literal  
The Pope inside nine capsules, fuck it let's split a roll  
Life is like a phone booth, these pigeons is the fuckin'  
toll  
1-800-fuck-this-shit  
Seven years old in my heart, so I'm stayin' gold  
But when I fuckin' go, Lucifer will probably have my  
soul  
It's hot down there, fuck that, bitch I'm hot as coals  
Out the microwave, mixed with a bowl of yellow raviol  
And a firetruck and Arizona durin' summertime  
In a turtle neck, thermal jeans, spit purple wine  
Wolf Gang pete and gon' live, running outta time  
The fuck I give is the same as the next line

[Outro:]

(Fuck everything) That's what my conscience said  
Then it bunny hopped off my shoulder, now my  
conscience dead  
So the only guidance that I had is splattered on cement  
Actions speak louder than words, let me try this shit

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