

## Tyler The Creator

### "Escape-Ism"

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[Hook: Tyler, the Creator]

Me and Slater just hit a curb,  
Bunny hop, zoning out, listening to N.E.R.D,  
Made a couple thousands turds spitting written verbs,  
Shit, now I kick it in the 'burbs

[Verse 1: Tyler, the Creator]

Me? I'm from the slums, niggas who pushing tons  
Tons of drugs, Foul flow dirty mouth like kissing bums,  
Momma done made her one, a witty son,  
With no respect for women so-so, show me your titties  
hun,  
"You eighteen?", Me? I'm twenty something,  
Okay I'm twenty, but I'm soon to be twenty-one,  
I wild out at shows, break shit it should be fun,  
Venues are like pussy with me, "Should he cum?",  
I'mma wax that like the chapstick in my backpack, for  
my black lips,  
Then dip to Europe and come back with a stack of  
cheese  
A stack of cheese for these rats, Mac and Cheese,  
New Preme shit got me feeling flyer than a bag of  
bees,  
Fuck critics, (How's your dick?), "Shit, How's your  
knees?",  
Y'all on my dick more than my index when I take a  
pee,  
Came up with "Rella", ain't touch a bag of weed,  
Shit was doper than, Whitney Houston's needs,  
Golf Wang, that's the team to be, "Aye! ", getting  
TU, OF NB,  
We was missing Sweatshirt like, where's the hooded  
sleeve,  
Okay, nevermind, we found him.

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Tyler, the Creator]

Guess I win, checks started cashing in,  
I stopped rapping and started asking "Where my  
fucking passion is?",

Probably where that faggot went (Who?), Tyler talking  
father problems,  
Shocky shit he spit to popping topics in a gossip  
column,  
I ain't ask for this, I did it out of boredom,  
Thought that roach was cool, he died and pushed me  
into stardom,  
Now Ye's PJ sippin leche, Chips Ahoy! boy, listening to  
Cowboy,  
Aye boy, land in Melbourne and skate to Fitzroy (Aye! ),  
(?), I enjoyed, boy, y'all niggas played as a tot's toy,  
Have a good day as I annoy, oy.

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Tyler, the Creator]

Cameras with panorama's views,  
My shoes have seen more vans than Mexicanas with  
crackers in Alabama,  
G-O-to the-L-F, this O-F, I open a store so I don't  
stress,  
But nigga I, (What?), mosh in gardens, jazz punk shit,  
Playing chords, making up shit, pardon my Dolly  
Parton's,  
And I keep sharting, hoodies with rectangles and  
different colors,  
Niggers think I started kindergarten.

[Interlude: Frank Ocean, Tyler, the Creator]

My bitch was on my handle bars,  
(I just wanna ride my bike)  
Slater, Slater, Slater, Slater,  
My bitch was on my handle bars,  
Hair blowing in the wind,  
Her freckles look like candy bars,  
Hair blowing in the wind,

My bitch was on my handle bars,  
(I just wanna ride my bike)  
Slater, Slater, Slater, Slater,  
My bitch was on my handle bars,  
Hair blowing in the wind,  
Her freckles look like candy bars,  
My cool summer never ends,

Slater, Slater, Slater, Slater

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