

Tyler The Creator "Hodgy Beats-Lamented"

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[Intro]

Broke dick, I'm looking for a drug lord
Okay, welcome to my 12 bar (One, um.)
The beat, wears it like a kevlar
As I smoke my tree, medlar, South African
Coughing 'til there's pains in my fucking abdomen
I spit negative just like a halogen
My breeze more of a fucking masculine
The rascals win,
killing 'em all with a javelin
Snakes, I'm just rattling,
suit taylor never taddling
You niggas a bunch of squares, Madison
As far as real niggas, bitch nigga my battle's sick
On top of being talented, bitch I'm fucking passionate
I'm a golden curse, call me treacherous, treasure chest
I'll build on to the beat like tetris
Remember me? Forgetfulness, I am your correctionist
I stitched Odd and Future together like a leather vest
You fucking sweater neck, feather peck, Rosetta
checks
I put together decks and push for beef, if head for less
I'm headed out to Sydney Australia with Tim Donnelly
He gets caught up at security, the TSA don't follow me
Tea parties are the shit, forty mags by the scones
I'm fighting for gun rights to shoot a nigga in his dome
Click your fucking heels, there's no place like home
Cock back and blast off written on the tombstone, ain't
that a bitch

[Interlude]

That wasn't a 12 bar (Tyler, what's up, nigga?)
I can't count (What's wrong?)

[Verse 2: Tyler]

Let's see, what's wrong with me?
Might be my fucking Tourette, see?
I need a vacation cause all this shit got me stressing
So after the showers with Sandusky
Me and Sean Kingston went and rented a couple jet
skis
Lionel rolled the blunts up,
so meanwhile me and Lucas getting fucked up
You can smell us coming like a faggot when he hicks

up
Listening to Common's last album to get pumped up
To finally ask
censored
when I can get my dick sucked
You know Casey Anthony, was handling
Dropping her kids off so she could come out and dance
with me
Wine in the pantry, wrestling on my trampoline
Learned some new chords while you uncreative were
sampling
I'm Wolf, I spit flow retardedly
As retarded as the sound of deaf people arguing
You hold the future of the kid you daughter's gargling
Me, I have the Odd Future mothafuckin' sargeaning
(Tyler calm the fuck down) No, I'm the fuck now
My poppa didn't give one, that's why I'm like this now
I'm still down to cut throat and if another fan asks
For a photo while I'm snacking on my pizza lunchable
I'm 'a fucking snap like Berman when he acts right
Then have a mental breakdown and proceed to use a
crack pipe
OF will be done for
niggas will be dumb poor
Don't believe me, ok be right back, I'm headed to the
gun store
M-16's and them 16's
came out of nowhere
Like your kid's wet dream,
what you mean old news
Oh you really need us to fucking show you
That we're harder than finding a fucking snickers bar in
whole foods
In a black hoodie, nose bruised and a gold tooth
Hoping the fuckin' security guard doesn't hold you in
custody
But luckily had a couple of guns with me
Like gay step mom, none of you mothafuckas can fuck
with me
Vete a la casa de tu mama
No mas andan aqui con sus babosadas, que Odd
Future ni que Odd Future
Yo no se que es eso, idiotas, que chingados es Odd
Future
Golf Wang, Golf Tyler? A mi me vale madre
Ja. y mira esa ropa, parecen una bola de payasos
mugrosos! Por favor!

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