

## Tyler The Creator "Jack And The Beanstalk"

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[Intro:]

They don't paint pictures, they just trace me

[Verse 1:]

Odd Future, I'm your muthafuckin' sergeant  
Nigga, I'm in charge, I fuck with Freshjive  
Cause I get it, no charge, and BBC for the low price  
No bargain', nigga that's a bargain  
Cow print t-shirt like muthafuckin' dog  
On the muthafuckin' farm with cockadoddle doodles  
I'm making straight bitches pussy wet just like a noodle  
And my dick must be dog food to these bitches'  
poodles  
Felines on the freetime, I'm tossin' bitches' salads  
And I'm eating up they croutons, Erica to Milan  
We was flyin' to Milan, was supposed to go to Bangkok  
Until she figured out that she don't really like to bang  
cock  
To Soho, baby, Milo so dope  
The cocaine flow, niggas spit heat, propane  
Niggas get the picture, I see, why?  
(They don't paint pictures, they just trace me)

[Hook:]

My nigga, no hook  
No hook, fuck a hook

[Verse 2:]

Yo, beside me, nobody likes me  
Mainly because I am not a fuckin' HypeBeast  
I think Supreme suck, we gnarly on our Nikes  
I can wear some Wranglers, with a fuckin' white T  
Doo-rags to match, and I do sag  
In fact, my hat is in tact with the Fubu poor over  
Nigga, you pull over, fuck a Rover Range  
And I'm driving a unicorn, plus my bitch is strange  
And I'm the only fuckin' rapper without a chain  
With a four finger ring like I can't spell my fuckin' name  
And I go to Obama rallies screamin' out "McCain! "  
Them ignorant bashin' muthafuckers is my gang  
And the dirty la dera I can't forget where I came from  
Nigga, you don't claim none, fan I am the teacher

White and black bitch like she's a muthafuckin' zebra  
Candies in my pocket, I see you niggas on Easter

[Hook]

[Bridge:]

(It's gold) The gold is in the back  
(It's gold) The beat's in the front  
(It's gold) The beat's a fuckin' bully  
(Go home) The lyric's just a punk, man  
(Gold) The pink is in the sky  
(That shit's gold) The gold is in my mind  
(It's gold) The mind is in my gold  
The beat is turnin' old, so go

[Verse 3:]

Synthesizer, I'm the muthafuckin' master  
Nigga, I'm a bastard, I fuck with chord keys  
Cause the sound lasts longer, bass drummer song  
And a hi-hat made of plastic, nigga's sound is elastic  
Nigga, you can bite this, unless you wanna bite back  
I didn't take my fuckin' Ritalin, this is a hype track  
HypeTrack that and send it, nigga it's a sack shit  
I had you motherfuckers eatin' salad like a fat bitch

[Outro:]

Drop it, Ace the Creator, O.F.N, bangin' on your FM  
Ace the Creator, drop the drums, nigga, thank you to  
HypeBeast

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