

Tyler The Creator

"Jamba"

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Verse 1: Tyler, the Creator

Poppa ain't called even though he saw me on TV it's all good

(Fuck you)

But now my balls balls deep in this broads jaw swallow girl it's just noot

Bitches scared to let me smash on they ass, yeah they heard I'm fuckin nuts like the swag of a fag

Like me and Tekeli was gaggin in the back of the cabin Camp Floggnaw nigga you can tell by the badge

(G, pass me my inhaler!)

I'm sick of hackin and coughin I'm often this fuckin awesome

I'm animals Noah's arkin' and often this rappin nonsense

Four stories in my home like "What the fucks an apartment?"

Get it poppin like Peter's pores during puberty And take bets on how long it takes Tyler to reach maturity

Cussin out Siri like a waitress with no patience Want a tip bitch? Here's my dick for gratuity

Chorus:

Shut em' down!

You gotta shut em' down!

X2

Verse 2: Hodgy Beats

I tumble crush in Hodgy sluts, give money up then nutty But Professor Nutty Buddy Clumpkins petty when you touch his lunch

Like "What the fuck, I'm drunk as fuck," turn the fuckin music up

So I can hear these stupid fucks, talk no walk, like you discussed

You talkin to much, "Who the fuck are you to us, uterus?"

I put that on my pubes and nuts, if I do not begin movin up, I'm shootin up,

you and her, crew and turf, new dessert
I can see the bitch in a nigga through his shirt
I can smell the ho in a bitch whos flockin 'round my
crew to flirt
It's on your shoulder lose the dirt, yeah it's the
movement first
Fuck a human nurse, I'm ill like uses earth to infuse the
birth
Of my scrotum to the channel 10 news,
my only motive is to skip to my Lou
Get hit to the pubes, you can drink piss and suck a dick
in a few, the sickening view
A visual woose, I eat your ribs I'm a wolf
The meet your kids at the school and give em drugs
cause it's cool
(Fucka)

Chorus

Verse 3: Tyler, the Creator

Hodgy, fuck this beat, nigga lets smoke weed
That shit I need, be that shit that's green
A little purple and pink, get some swisher sweets
About three or, four more, then leave it be
I got an eighth I could face, got a blunt flavored grape
I hate the grape I can taste it when I'm inhaling the
vapes
You can smell us in place when we walk and our
clothing always covered in flakes
Enough for two shake blunts and "What the fuck is
this?"
I think this Mary is laced, my hearts beating at paces
that Pacquiao can relate
I'm fuckin faded like gradient
shit, I'm stuck like the tape thats superglued to the
center of Kelly Price first waist
It's like my first date with Mrs. Mary, this shit is scary
The paranoia from this marijuana is very heavy
I'm lifted, fainted my fifth hit, Lionel pass the sherm
lets use this Philly as a dipstick
For this bath salt you dipshit

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