

Tyler The Creator

"Oblivion"

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[Verse 1]

White b*tches, white girls, white drugs
Black girls don't do it but my type does
F*ck it in my white van, beat her with a nice white
nightstand
Until I give her gashes where it's nothin' but the white
meat
E-T-I-H, W's, double D's on her knees
White gargle yellow f*ckin' bumblebees
Use whitey's as my dinner course for intercourse
So much f*ckin' white make Darth Vader have a
dimmer force
But of course, I'm the white boy that shows no remorse
Pull up on a stark with enough white to kill a horse
Black Friday, f*ck a n*gga Friday, umm
Wolf Gang make a white pregnant b*tch wan' abort
Bring the remainin' red and white pieces to the fort
Odd Future, there wolves bang where a couple bears
hang
With a white box logo with a couple stains
From the black and white cream pie make it light grey

[Verse 2]

Oh wow, Oblivion stump
I do not know how that dead body got inside of my
trunk
What the f*ck, Gee Willikers and no I'm not drunk
I could have sworn that Budweiser can read fruit punch
Let you sip casually when you tryna lose calories
I'm not a murderer, this occurrence that is happenin'
Cause sporadically damagin' my reputation
See I'm a good guy but when I see dead casualties
My penis gets erected and my nipples are such
aroused
And the blouses of these b*tches always end up in my
house
And three hours in the showers with the corpse
I've ejaculated enough semen to sink a boat what,
umm
Riley's body is entirely covered and tied up
From my desire now look at the f*ckin' irony

I killed my manager with an iron
All because the b*tch finally decided to fire me
Back at Travy's house even though that faggot admires
me
All because I heard that he was talkin' to Danielle
So now that I finally made that fags hand handheld
He can finally help me masturbate and read fanmail
First letter says motherf*cker you're dead
The king of comedy heard everythin' that you said
And Just in Time your head is mine
You crossed the f*ckin' line like a dirty Mexicans
Second letter read hey son it's me
F*ck you, I'm a subject without my permission
Third letter quote hey Ace I'm addicted to coke
Wanna ask how I been so?
I make songs about sh*t for attention
Put them out randomly hopin' that I get some
I got problems in my head that I want gone
But I don't trust anybody, yeah no one
Savin' up 24 bullets with gun
Cause I got demons that I cannot let out, umm
Hopefully the next album can help me out
Cause I'm now, livin' this life with foolproof doubts
So, I just need someone to talk to, kinda rushed
But nobody gives a f*ck, f*ck it, signed anonymous

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