

## Tyler The Creator "Oooh"

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White bitches, white girls, white drugs  
Black girls don't do it but my type does  
Fuck 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 fuckin' bumblebees  
Use whitey's as my dinner course for intercourse  
So much fuckin' 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  
Blacc Friday, fuck a Nigga Friday, umm  
Wolf Gang make a white pregnant bitch 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 a black creampie in a whitey, make it light gray

Oh wow, Obilivion stump  
I do not know how that dead body got inside of my  
trunk  
What the fuck? 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 occurance 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 bitches 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 fuckin' irony  
I killed my manager with an iron  
All because the bitch finally decided to fire me  
Back at Travvy'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 head handheld  
He can finally help me masturbate and read fan mail  
First letter says motherfucker you're dead  
The king of comedy heard everythin' that you said  
And Just in Time your head is mine  
You crossed the fuckin' line like a dirty Mexicans  
Second letter read hey son it's me  
Fuck 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 shit for attention  
Put them out randomly hopin' that I get some  
I got problems in my head that I want, no  
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 fuck, fuck it, signed anonymous

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