

Tyler The Creator

"Rap It Up"

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[Big Trouble (Tyler The Creator):]

Y'all better watch out

Cause big trouble's on the mic now

I knock all of your lights out

With my verse, y'all be cursed, explodin' like some fireworks

Bow!

[Blitz Comet (Tyler the Creator):]

Blitz Comet on the scene

You step to me and you're gonna get creamed

Corn all up in your teeth, you reek

You're the opposite of chiq ya freak

Your rhymes are like antiques, nobody wants 'em

They throw 'em all away

Right from the get go like your brain is on delay

Matter of fact, yo, you better get a checkup

Go ask your doctor, why you be so ugly from the neck up?

[Pops:]

Excuse me

A hug can be the most wonderful thing

Two arms wrapped around you like a mother's wing

But we're so selfish when we are blue

Doesn't a hug deserve a hug too?

Thank you

[Alpha Dog (Childish Gambino):]

Yeah, Crew Crew's comin' at ya

Say it twice, don't forget it, y'all better catch up

To where we're at

You're behind the times, can't compete without your rhymes

So you better say your goodbyes

We got Francois, Blitz Comet, B-Tron the Jersey kid on the beats

You know we rocks it, Demolition, the dopest girl on the mic

And Alpha Dog, I bark the truth, my verses be all nice and tight

So now you know who we are
Crew Crew is the crew shining brighter than a Quasar
But you're bizarre
Yes you sir, are a loser
So cover up that freakish dome and head back home
and take your poems

[Rigby:]

Hey Mordecry, or I mean Mordecai
Didn't mean to diss you, please don't run away and
hide
Saw you sobbin' at that movie A Very Happy Bride
Here, I'll pass you a tissue, try and have some male
pride
Cause the ladies don't like your sensitive side
Like Margaret, for example, but I guess that's implied
She won't get with you, she just won't get with you
Never gonna get with you

[Pops:]

What is this place, this magical field
It's wide and it's open, nothing's concealed
It's scenic and peaceful for us to enjoy
Why, this is the park! Good show, old boy!
A place of great [beauty] (undefined) for plenty to use
It inspires us all, so go spread the news
To man, woman, child, or begging cowboy
This is the park! Good show, old boy!
The key to this place puts a smile on your face
It is the people that it does employ
Why, this is the park! Good show, old boy!

[Skips:]

Mordecai Rigby
Friends don't let down other friends
You guys are losers

[Pops:]

Your attitude is unappealing, some would say quite
rude
Your shoes are... colorful

[Alpha Dog (Childish Gambino):]

Come on tough guy, why are you tongue-tied
Watch out everybody, looks like grandpa's 'bout to cry

[Mordecai and Rigby:]

Weathering a righteous storm, the rainiest of days
Friends stick together through thick and thin, always
We're sorry Pops, we were acting like fools
We hope you can forgive us for being complete tools

Your poems aren't lame, they're really works of art
If we're gonna win this battle, we gotta do it from the
heart

[Pops:]

Let's do this!

Beauty is in the center of all that you see
Simple, yet complex and fully textured
And beauty be a part of all that you be
For you are the best rhymers that I've ever heard!

[Demolition (MC Lyte):]

Why you talkin' 'bout beauty man
Don't understand what that's got to do with you, fool
You guys are like spoiled hams in a can
Super bland, expiration date's overdue

[Rigby:]

The canning of meat is quite a sweet treat
So thanks for comparing us so
Your words are inspiring, ideas so concrete
You really put on quite a show!

[Blitz Comet (Tyler the Creator):]

Okay, hold up, you wanna talk words and verbs?
But your face is distracting, so ugly it bugs me
Take care of that mess and sweep it under the rug
please
So trust me, you're only taking matters from bad to
worse
Only solution is to turn around and reverse

[Mordecai:]

A gift to us, new perspective on things
Life looking different from where you stand true
So much to discover, so spread your wings
And take flight for a birds-eye view

[Alpha Dog (Childish Gambino):]

Okay, this be gettin' serious
You guys are delirious, are you hearin' this?
Talkin' 'bout positive things, but you ain't got no game
And it's plain to see, your strange to me, cause we be
Shining like diamonds, y'all be petty cash
Nice mustache, conquistadors be wanting it back
In fact, what are you?
A rat, a squirrel, some kind of fat meercat who thinks
he's rad
Your bird friend's dropping words absurd again
Useless [?] rhymes that expose the nerd in him
You think Alpha Dog is gonna lay down and let you win?

Head be all inflated, I guess, just like a giant blimp

[Pops:]

It's been some time since I felt this way
Challenged by such worthy opponents
Your rhyme-scheme is good, but you're missing a few
components
You may say things that hurt, or some that will sting
But for you, it's all just posturing
Look inside and be true to some real feelings
And the world will be yours, I'm assuring
So I thank you, good sirs, for this great contest
It's certainly been lots of fun
But there's nothing you can say to put me to rest
So really, I've already won

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