

## Tyler The Creator

### "Rusty"

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I'm saying, you know, like  
All I ever told you to do was grow up, don't grow down  
You know, like, you know, grow up!  
Don't grow down, grow out  
You go from being a kid, doing your thing, hanging out  
with friends  
Months later you're world famous  
You're a gay rights activist, and you don't even know it  
You know what, I don't wanna say it to you no more,  
Tyler  
Fuck you Tyler!

Watch me get this money nigga, tired of being hungry  
nigga  
Nothing funny, sass me while I'm thrashing, I'mma  
punch a nigga  
Never made of plastic, I'm a savage, you look lunch my  
nigga  
Passing all you hating fucking fags we don't discuss,  
my nigga  
We ain't on no jolly shit and we don't pop no mollies,  
bitch  
I'm hockin', spitting got some niggas out here poppin'  
ollie switch  
Buncha novices, Odd Future the squad, its thick  
Them young niggas is back and brash, attacking with  
no common sense  
We the last of a dying breed  
And we don't give a fuck, so we cannot supply your  
needs  
You stupid niggas who had said our hype is dying,  
please  
My pocket's solid, making profit off the highest tees  
Bitch, [?] twerk as I get on the verse, cursin'  
Nigga Dom so cool, I refer him in third person  
Watch me get this money, I'm up when the bird's  
chirpin'  
Make actions, fuck rehearsing

Nigga, summer, fall, winter-time, 24/365  
You niggas gon' give me mine, I don't have plenty time

Flying out at any time, getting money, any grind  
You niggas gon' give me mine, you niggas gon' give  
me mine

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In a world where kids my age are popping mollies with  
leather  
Sitting on Tumblr, never outside or enjoying the  
weather  
Can name a sweater, but not a talent or don't know if  
whether  
Or not they got one, tried to change their life for the  
better  
I was a drama club kid, I'd run with a fun dip, my nuts  
itched  
I was defiant, always said, "Fuck shit"  
Hated the popular ones, now I'm the popular one  
Also hated homes too, til I start coppin' me some  
See I don't beez in the trap, nigga, I beez in the b's  
And I be gassin' in my buzz like some bees in a Shell  
Fucking sick and getting bigger like I sneezed on Adele  
And bitches getting touchy-feely like they reading  
some braille  
I bust quick like gun-holders with short tempers, and  
well  
I tried to tell the kids, like fuck it, start being yourself  
These fucking rappers got stylists, it's cause they can't  
think for themselves  
See, they don't have an identity, so they needed some  
help, but  
Really, boy? Posers looking silly boy  
I'm in that past season 'Preme shit, older than Tity Boi  
Not a diss, but same with ice cream, my shit is [Diddy  
Riese]  
Na'kel Smith. Transworld page 64  
Poppin' like oil, ollies, and fire flames  
I'm harder than DJ Khaled playing the fucking quiet  
game  
The fuck am I saying? Tyler's not even a violent name  
I'm 'bout as threatening as stained windbreakers in  
hurricanes  
But he rapes women, and spit wrong, like he hate  
dentists  
God damn menace, 666 and he's not finished  
And my shit's missing, he hates women, but loves  
kittens

See y'all niggas trippin' man  
Look at that article that says my subject matter is  
wrong  
Saying I hate gays even though Frank is on 10 of my  
songs  
Look at that Mom who thinks I'm evil, hold that grudge  
against me  
Though I'm the reason that her motherfucking son got  
to eat  
Look at the kid who had the 9 and tried to blow out his  
mind  
But talk is money, I said, "Hi," I guess I bought him  
some time  
Look at the ones in the crowd. That shit is barnacles,  
huh?  
They thought I wasn't fair until I threw a carnival, huh?  
But then again, I'm an athiest that just worships Satan,  
And it's probably why I'm not getting no fucking album  
placements  
And MTV could suck my dick, and I ain't fuckin' playing  
Bruh, they never played it, I just won shit for their  
fucking ratings  
"Analog" fans are getting sick of the rape  
All the "Tron Cat" fans are getting sick of the lakes  
But what about me, bitch? I'm getting sick of  
complaints  
But I don't hate it when I'm taking daily trips to the bank  
Over and over, shit, who really gives a fuck what I  
think?  
My fans don't think turning on me, shit, they're almost  
extinct  
Fuck buying studio time. I'mma go purchase a shrink  
Record the session and send all you motherfuckers a  
link, bitch

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This shit just like the nights I look forward to not  
remembering.  
So much for being sober, I hope that you can forgive  
me

But Momma, I'm close to the edge as possible (Why  
don't you jump you fucking pussy?)  
I'm seeing it's a drop in my occular, jumping like they  
told me  
That the 40's half off, like you know that cliff.  
Don't need a therapist to tell him he could float that shit  
(Fucking faggot).  
Or get compared to fucking pair with all the program  
kids  
So maybe a pair of pale bitches for the gonads lick (I'll  
show you).  
Malt liquor filling me up, and all us not giving no fucks  
and  
All of them sensitive chumps in awe when that pistol  
erupts (Pistol, I got one!).  
Dirty one spitting that sumpy raw till his wrists in the  
cuffs  
(Oh, shut the fuck up!).  
(Gunshot)

Samuel's here!  
Where's Wolf?  
Fucking faggot.  
Salem was mine, bitch!  
Was that good enough, you fucking pussy?

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