

## Tyler The Creator

### "Slater Escape-ism"

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Me and slater just hit a curb  
Bunny hops only god was listening to nerds  
Made a couple thousand turns, spitting whip and verbs  
Now I kick it in the burbs, me Im from the slums  
Niggas who push a ton, tenem drum,  
With foul flow dirty now if I kiss and bum  
Mama didnt made her one, a woody son  
With no respect for women, so show me your titties hon  
Youre 18, me, Im 20 something  
Ok Im 20, but Im soon to be 21  
I wail out at shows, break shit it should be fun  
Venues are like pussy to me, shit it come  
Ima wax out like the chopstick in my back  
Half of my black lips, then dip to your...  
Be come back with a stack of cheese  
Stack of cheese for these rats,  
The lack of chese, new prime shit  
Got me filling flad and a bag of bees  
Fuck critics, shit, hows your knees?  
Yell on my dick more than my index  
While I take a pee  
I came aparella, touch a bag of weed  
Shit was doper than, whitney houstons niece  
Golf white, as a team to be aid  
Getting tyof indeed, you was missing sweat shirt like  
Wheres the ...sweave, ok, never mind we found them,  
yeah

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Made a couple thousand turns, spitting whip and verbs  
Now I kick it in the burbs,

Guess I went checks started cashing and might stop  
rapping  
I start asking where my fuckin passion is  
Prolly where that fagot went  
Hoop, tyler talking, father problems, shock shitty spit to  
popping topics  
Some of gossip collar  
Damn, I aint ask for this, I did it out of boredom

Thought that roach was cool, he died and pushed me  
in the stardom  
Nowadays its pjs, sippin like chain  
Ships ahoy, boy, listening to cowboy  
Hey boy, lend the mail, burn the state defense boy  
Ous was ous I enjoy, boy  
Yall niggas play as the tops toy  
Have a good day as I annoy, oi

Me and slater just hit a curb  
Bunny hops only god was listening to nerds  
Made a couple thousand turns, spitting whip and verbs  
Now I kick it in the burbs,  
Candles with panorama, fuse,  
My shoes seen more vans than mexicans and crackers  
in alabama  
Go to the lf, this old f, I open up the stove so I dont  
stress  
But nigga I, what, marcy gard is, jazz punk shit  
Playing chorus making up shit, pardon my dolly partons  
And I keep shardons, hoodies with rectangles and  
different colors  
Niggas think I started kindergarten

My bitch is on my handle bars  
I just wanna ride my bike, slater, slater, slater  
My bitch is on my handle bars  
Hair blowing in the wind  
Her freckles look like candy bars  
Hair blowing in the wind  
My bitch is on my handle bars  
I just wanna ride my bike, slater, slater, slater  
My bitch is on my handle bars  
Hair blowing in the wind  
Her freckles look like candy bars  
My cool summer never ends  
My bitch is on my handle bars, bars, bars  
Slater, slater, slater, slater.

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