

Tyler The Creator

"Slater"

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Me and Slater just hit a curb,
Bunny hop, zoning out, listening to N.E.R.D.
Made a couple thousands turds spitting written verbs
Shit, now I kick it in the 'burbs

Me? I'm from the slums, niggas who pushing tons
Tons of drugs, Foul flow dirty mouth like kissing bums
Momma done made her one, a witty son
With no respect for women so-so, show me your titties
hun
"You eighteen?", Me? I'm twenty something
Okay I'm twenty, but I'm soon to be twenty-one
I wild out at shows, break shit it should be fun
Venues are like pussy with me, "Should he cum?"
I'mma wax that like the chapstick in my backpack, for
my black lips
Then dip to Europe and come back with a stack of
cheese
A stack of cheese for these rats, Mac and Cheese
New Preme shit got me feeling flyer than a bag of bees
Fuck critics, (How's your dick?), "Shit, How's your
knees?"
Y'all on my dick more than my index when I take a pee
Came up with "Rella", ain't touch a bag of weed
Shit was doper than, Whitney Houston's needs
Golf Wang, that's the team to be, "Aye!", getting TU,
OF, indeed
We was missing Sweatshirt like, where's the hooded
sleeve
Okay, nevermind, we found him

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Guess I win, checks started cashing in,
I stopped rapping and started asking "Where my
fucking passion is?",
Probably where that faggot went (Who?), Tyler talking
father problems,

Shocky shit he spit to popping topics in a gossip
column,
I ain't ask for this, I did it out of boredom,
Thought that roach was cool, he died and pushed me
into stardom,
Now Ye's PJ sippin leche, Chips Ahoy! boy, listening to
Cowboy,
Aye boy, land in Melbourne and skate to Fitzroy (Aye!),
AUS was AWES, I enjoyed, boy, y'all niggas played as a
tot's toy,
Have a good day as I annoy, oi.

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Cameras with panorama's views
My shoes have seen more vans than Mexicanas with
crackers in Alabama
G-O-to the-L-F, this O-F, I open a store so I don't stress
But nigga I, (What?), mosh in gardens, jazz punk shit
Playing chords, making up shit, pardon my Dolly
Parton's
And I keep sharting, hoodies with rectangles and
different colors
Niggers think I started kindergarten

[Interlude: Frank Ocean, Tyler, the Creator]

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

Slater, Slater, Slater, Slater

Oh my God, seriously? Mister cool guy
You're talking to a fucking bike, loser
(Haha)
Oh...fuck.

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