

Tyler The Creator "Super Market"

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(tyler)

in this fucking line at ralphs buying granola bars,
left my members card and now this shit gon' have an
extra charge,

this old bitch in front of me buying a color printer,
tv dinners, tampons, soy milk paint thinner,
(domo)

so here i am, at the store for some chips,
that imma pay for with dimes, nickels, and quaters and
shit,

and im still high so, im trying to dip,
but imma cut through the line, to get out of this bitch

(tyler)

what the fuck, who the fuck this gay nigga in fake
gucci,

drawing numbers, whatever, wood chain with a Jesus,
hey you, what the fuck you think you doing?

(domo)

nigga fuck you, im just eating ruffles,
got a lot of stuff foo,

so why dont you fucking wipe that stupid look on your
face

(tyler)

dont make me shoot up this place, with lightsabers and
guns,

and shoot caps at knee caps to make it harder to run,
and put your ankles in some boards and pissy water for
fun,

(domo)

nigga im a samurai, cut your skinny ass in half,
look up at the after math blow some fucking hash and
laugh

(tyler)

im a fucking ninja and a jedi and im from comptom,
better pick a better option, 'for these nikes get to
stompin'

chomping at your oxygen chord you fat fake kennan
thompson,

like a virgin cherry faggot we can get it poppin'

(domo)

i bet you lock and drop it faggot, bitch you aint from
compton,

dumbo ears you marry poppin with the piece that gil'
was rocking,
i will fucking beat your ass, box logos through the
glass,
ill hit you hookie like you skipping class, lee would get
the math,
(tyler)
oh really? youre silly, giving tip drills to nilly,
get them ruffles no (?) cuz kiara might kill me,
im grabbing 2 kitchen knives and stabbing this ice cube
look alike to show you a nigga with attitude,
(domo)
wait i heard about you from that other nigga earl,
how you tavel to milan and now it only likes gilrs,
ill roundhouse you, into a fucking basket,
push you into a old lady bagging plastic,
hope you get the message ill stomp you into potholes,
and then fill you up with shells but your used to eating
tacos,
(tyler)
oh a taco joke, domo smoke i heard your album,
sound like some shit a fake wiz khalifa papa wrote,
im insulted shit, damn somebody grab the charmin,
nevermind these messages monica her nigga armin,
(domo)
swift maids, switch blades, made of thick incition in
em',
red dot his forehead cuz rileys into hinduism,
and hipsters who happen to be your listeners,
doobies roll your booty hole alexis know the thruthie
bro,
(tyler)
oh a lexus, i drive all that around the wester
himesphere
like all of kiaras ex's,
and bet this, im a motherfucking monster, fuck talk
and ill stab you with this fucking rocket launcher.
(domo)
when I cock the beam back, im aiming for Supreme
hats
go to hell i mean that burn you like green backs
(tyler)
you don't mean that, you faggot ill get your back and
I'll snap it
And strangle you with that fuckin leather jacket
fall, bitch give me everything
im takin all this and fleein the scene on Rufus
my evil walrus, bitch, fuck you, im out
(domo)
im high as fuck and I didn't call for all this
imma get on my zombie shit wait, here's my carcass

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