

# Tyler The Creator

## "Tina"

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(So, do you party?)  
Nah, I just do ignorant hood-rat shit  
With me and my niggas in the fucking mall  
Odd Future Wolf Gang

[Verse 1: Jasper]  
Niggas at the fucking mall, niggas where my fucking  
drawers?  
Think I'm happy? Think I'm sad? Bitch you fucking know  
my dad  
He wears his pants up in his ass, touch his ass, grab his  
dick  
You's a fag, you like that shit, O.F. is the fucking clique  
I'm going off the top of the brain  
Nigga don't know how to rap but I'm in the game  
Fuck that shit, I don't give a fuck  
I'm back up in the fucking club, niggas know I'm at the  
mall  
Eating chips with my drawers, how you doing? How you  
fall?

[Hook]  
Swag, swag, swag, swag  
Tina perm your fucking weave

[Verse 2: Tyler]  
Eat my ass, lick my balls  
  
Bitch I'm in the fucking mall, with my niggas eating  
ham  
Bitch I got that fucking swag, you don't know my  
fucking dad  
I don't know my fucking dad, what is this a fucking  
purse?  
I ain't fucking Mexican, but we can have sex again  
With your sister with no rubber (Alexis' real name is  
Alex)  
What the fuck? That's your fucking brother? I ain't with  
that jerkin' shit  
Unless it's Steve Harvey's buff sister trying to jerk my  
dick

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Taco]

I'm with your girlfriend eating chips

Um, stop the beat, bitch..

Alright, yeah, nigga, I was in the mall

With my niggas busting triggers, yeah, swag

[Hook]

[Outro]

Bitches, hoes, weaves, leather jackets (Nigga don't know)

Bitches, weaves, hoes, leather jackets

Bitches, weaves, hoes, swag (I'm a kill you and that fucking baby, bitch)

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