

## Tyler The Creator

# "Window (feat. Domo Genesis, Frank Ocean, Hodgy Beats and M)"

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[Intro: Dr. TC]

Tyler we ah, I know it's short notice but I brought all  
your friends here  
For some reason I couldn't get a hold of Taco and  
Jasper  
But, I just brought all your friends to talk to you  
Because, they're really worried about you  
I thought it would be better if, they could talk to you

[Verse 1: Domo]

It was all a dream, I used to read Complex magazines  
When I rhyme I'm tryna get pictures in High Times  
Smoke trees and see my dreams hanging in the sky  
line  
Swanton bomb off the bed into a fine dime  
In my mind I'm just tryna smoke the finest  
And get high sticking bad heinas in vaginas  
I'm the flyest when it come to this, fire when I come to  
spit  
I am getting higher when the lighter comes in front of  
this  
I'm a stoner yeah, yeah, yeah you get the picture now  
30 thousand feet gonna make it hard for me to simmer  
down  
Another flight, another beat, another city, wow  
Thus another couple bitches crying when I kick 'em out  
Where we at? We on top of the world

[Verse 2: Frank]

And five minutes from suicide, I biked it to the park  
I walked onto the block, met a guy, burgundy 'Preme  
snap-back  
Hurling himself and cars, and flirting with blonde  
Cadillacs  
All was great, all was great, Frankie had the blues in  
fact  
Bunch of pale hipster girls, pretty, but they booty flat  
Teenage males, couldn't tell, I was going through  
And had a wallet full of cream, Amex Green, Beamer  
almost black  
Parked in front the studio Bastard's recorded at

Earl, Gilbert, Tyler, Hodgy, Domo, Left, Taco, Nakel  
Sydney, Lionel, Juan, Michael, Jasper, Hal and Matt  
Bet I'm missing several but I had to bring that pattern  
back

We live inside a house that says fuck 'em on the  
welcome mat

Deep inside the ear canals of Bill O'Reilly's daughter  
that's

Where I'm at? Now where we at? Wolf Gang, where we  
at?

[Verse 3: Hodgy]

Swell motions get promotions, to my whole team  
Hell yeah I smoke weed cause I like to go green  
Professor Beats educates niggas, let me proceed  
Shine chandelier bright mike, if your nose bleeds  
We at Randy's ordering that 306

Milk and glaze is the greed gold mix me  
Your bitch is coming along, yeah she hum to my song  
Singing like they were for her, but they were for the  
blur

No longer, but we working, premature, immature  
She's unsure, I'm for sure, blouse and dress and my  
shirt

On the floor then pick it up, out the door, door  
Chased an imaginary friend, a reverie absorption  
Impregnate the dream 'til it has an abortion  
Where we at? We on top of the world

[Verse 4: Mike]

Everything they say I'd never have, I'm seeing  
Now, I bet they see that we balling like All-Star  
Weekend

Always been the most cool, they chase our shade  
They say life switches pace when you got shit made  
So I'm just tryna get paid, don't you remember the  
days

When your dreams were the only thing that kept you  
sane

And too often they think that they could stop me  
Now every show we makin' half a Maserati  
And the only thing blocking me is paparazzi  
Now it's gold Rolex's if they try to clock me

Everything stays in the box like fighters in hockey  
Miss me if you're thinking we slack, work hard  
I got the world saying every single Friday is black  
Took your bitch, you ain't getting her back, cause she  
know

Where we at nigga? We on top of the world

[Interlude: Tyler]

Where we at, niggas?  
Where the fuck we at, man? You niggas don't know me,  
huh  
Where we at?

[Verse 5: Tyler]

Down to fucking Earth, huh, down to fucking Earth, huh  
Fuck everybody, here goes some extra girth Sir  
You fucking critics are making my nerves hurt  
Since I'm saying fuck everybody I guess that I'm a  
fucking pervert  
My window is a book and I'm a fucking crook  
Stealing phones to call home but the line is off the hook  
My mom ain't paid the bill, guess I can't pay it either  
I ain't signed a fucking deal yet but when I do  
Clancy and Dave are to take a percentages that  
Could pay the whole fucking city's mortgage  
Hopefully I make a lot porn from touring in fucking  
Oregon  
From playing piano organs and hopefully I can pay the  
bill  
Shit is getting real, people begin to feel  
Like I'm changing, but their complaining making big  
fucking deals  
About some shit, they bitch and pout (Can we get  
backstage man?)  
No, faggot, it's sold out (Come on why you holding out  
I though we was boys, without me, you wouldn't be  
Tyler the Creator  
You're from the Derby, I can tell whenever you perform  
A leopard can't change it's spots) But I'm a fucking  
unicorn  
(Whatever man) Look, you can't stop me, I'm going full  
monty  
Fuck that, I'm Hitler, everyone's a fucking Nazi  
Wolf Gi-di-dang you be roaming where the fox be  
And I be where, anybody cares  
I try to preach "Fuck age, live dreams, and have fun"  
(Here's some give a fuck, cake) Oh, maybe I should  
have some  
(Asshole, have none) How can I wake up on the wrong  
side  
Of the bed, when I don't even fucking have one?  
When I'm on that stage I feel important  
A whole fucking assortment of children that's taking  
Ritalin  
Because the teacher said that the therapist wasn't  
feeling him  
You gotta be fucking kidding me  
At school I was a zero, now I'm every boy's hero  
And they fear it you can hear it

when that little fucker's reciting my lyrics  
Yeah rebel nigga cheer it, dead parents everywhere  
It's smelling like teen spirit..  
okay, fuck it, Elvis has left the building

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