

## Yonkers

### "Tyler The Creator"

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I'm a f-ckin' walkin' paradox, no I'm not  
Threesomes with a fuckin' triceratops, reptar  
Rappin' as I'm mockin' deaf rock stars  
Wearin' synthetic wigs made of anwar's dreadlocks  
Bedrock, harder than a muthaf-ckin' flintstone  
Makin' crack rocks outta pissy n-gga fishbone  
This n-gga jasper tryna get grown  
About five-seven of his bitches in my bedroom  
Swallow the cinnamon, I'mma scribble this sin and shit  
While syd is tellin' me that she's been gettin' intimate  
with men  
Syd, shut the fuck up  
Here's the number to my therapist  
Tell him all your problems, he's f-ckin' awesome with  
listenin'

Wolf haley, golf wang

Jesus called, he said he's sick of the disses  
I told him to quit bitchin', this isn't a f-ckin' hotline  
For a f-ckin' shrink, sheesh I already got mine  
And he's not f-ckin' workin', I think I'm wastin' my damn  
time  
I'm clockin' three past six and goin' postal  
This the revenge of the dicks, that's nine cocks that  
cock nines  
This ain't no v tech shit or columbine  
But after bowlin', I went home to some damn adventure  
time  
(What'd you do?) I slipped myself some pink xanies  
And danced around the house in all-over print panties  
My mom's gone, that fuckin' broad will never  
understand me  
I'm not gay, I just wanna boogie to some marvin  
(What you think of hayley williams?)  
F-ck her, wolf haley robbin' 'em  
I'll crash that f-ckin' airplane at that faggot n-gga b.o.b  
is in  
And stab bruno mars in his goddamn esophagus  
And won't stop until the cops come in  
I'm an over achiever, so how 'bout I start a team of

leaders

And pick up stevie wonder to be the wide receiver  
Green paper, gold teeth and pregnant gold retrievers  
All I want, f-ck money, diamonds and bitches, don't  
need 'em  
But where the fat ones at, I got somethin' to feed 'em  
In some cookin' books the black kids never wanted to  
read 'em  
Snap back, green ch-ch-chia f-ckin' leaves  
It's been a couple months, and tina still ain't permed  
her fuckin' weave, damn

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