

Tamale

Tyler, The Creator

Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale!
They say I've calmed down since the last album
Well, lick my dick, how does that sound? (Umm)
Smell my gooch, you could kiss my buns
And I don't give a shit, ban my rectum
Somebody said bands make her dance
You think you're getting cash, no bitch, you're dumb
The only thing that you're gonna get is this dick
Wait turn this up, bitch, this my jam, (Where the drums at?)
Here, take a goddamn picture
And tell Spike Lee he's a goddamn nigger
And while you're at it, pass the lotion
And fapping and Xbox Live, that fun
Before I come, I'm calling your sister
When she comes over, I take picture
Instantly put it on Instagram and suplex her off a building if I get banned
Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale!
Why y'all so salty, Hot Tamale is on
A can of beans, bitch, I'm on, your boy is bad to the bone
Bring back the horns that was played in the beginning
And tell Tony Parker that I found his vision
And if he's tripping off my sneak dissing
Then he has to deal with me and my minions
Tryna get a bimmer, E46
Have you heard "48", motherfucka I'm great
Golf Wang prints always cover the sleeves
From cuts for the Biebs, cause he's puffin' the trees, please
Fuck I look like? Got a new bike tire
Never pop like the puss on a butch dyke
Think I give a fuck, I do go raw
Then I bust in her jaw like (Fuck that disease!)
My urethra, hole that I pee from
Bigger than an obese hanging on Aretha
Now, turn that snare down
I'm back like I'm Rosa Parks dare on the same damn bus
Like "You're going to jail now!"
Tamale! Tamale! Tamale! Tamale!
Why y'all so salty, Hot Tamale is on
A can of beans, bitch, I'm on, your boy is bad to the bone
How much wood could a woodchuck chuck?
If a woodchuck could ever give a fuck?
Bitch Suck Dick, motherfuck you and your opinions, (can you kick it?)
Yes I can sir,

Where the lump is sicker than the last bar bold-er
I'm a CO, Colorado, fuck Michael bitch I'm badder than my BO
Find me and Lance tryna dance during chemo
Before they repossess our strong arm bands and tuxedos
Yeah Buddy, this is my jam, Na Na Na Na Na Na Na!
Golf Wang, Golf Wang, Go Fuck You, Na Na Na Na Na Na!
Why y'all so salty, Hot Tamale is on
Can't agree? bitch im on,
Your boy is bad to the bone
How many fags can a lightbulb screw?
Well if it has a dick maybe two or six
And tell the NRA I'm about to lose my shit
Shoot through Wayne LaPierre's hair with a crucifix
How many ladies in the house?
How many ladies in the house without a rich nigga, huh?
A little Jergens in my palm for the jerkin'
Hope my Mom don't catch me, tryna set mood
Little Redtube, fuck lotion, I don't need lube, dry fist suits me
Up and down, the friction makes a squeaky sound, the shit's kind of disgusting
Fap time and before I flatline, Clancy chimes in my room and catch me
This shit's so damn embarrassing like
Oh shit, aw fuck.
What the fuck!
Aw, I'm sorry.
S that my shirt?
Yeah sorry I needed something
Clean that shit up, we're going to the office!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>