

# Domo23

## Tyler, The Creator

Sick to my motherfucking tummy  
Bitch must think I'm a motherfucking dummy  
Because I dress bummy, bitch think I'm broke  
Bitch, I ate one roach and I made a lot of money  
Popping since Bastard (manager)  
Clancy's my slave master  
Thanks to them crackers  
My pockets are fatter than excess shit that's weighing on Jasper  
I've never popped a bottle  
But I've fucked a couple models in EuropeYup, and a couple of them swallowed  
Meet me half way, bitch I'm going all in  
And I never pull back, shout-out to my nigga TacoFuck that, Golf WangFuck that, Golf Wang  
Fuck that, Golf Wang (fuck that!)  
Fuck that, (Golf Wang!)  
Fuck that, Golf Wang (Wang)Fuck that, Golf Wang (Wang)  
Fuck that, Golf Wang (Wang)  
Fuck that, Golf Wang  
So, a couple fags threw a little hisffit  
Came to Pitchfork with a couple Jada Pinkett signs  
And said I was a racist homophobic  
So I grabbed Lucas and filmed us kissing  
Feelings getting caught, it's off, I'm pissing  
You think I give a fuck?  
I ain't even stick my dick in yet  
(No homo. Too soon.)  
And while y'all are rolling doobiesI be in my bedroom scoring movies  
Still excited like a fucking newbie  
Suck my dick, motherfucker, sue me  
Mom got a new whip so she could scoop me  
A year ago, I ain't have no hoopty  
Four story home, gotta climb eight set of stairs  
Just to see where my fucking roof beFuck that, Golf Wang  
Fuck that, Golf Wang  
Fuck that, Golf Wang (fuck that!)  
Fuck that, (Golf Wang!)Fuck that, Golf Wang (Wang)  
Fuck that, (Golf Wang)  
Fuck that, Golf Wang (Wang)  
Fuck that, Golf Wang  
Wait a God damn second  
I'm tripping balls, David Beckham  
Would fall cause shit's going down  
Just like Rodney King swimming lessonsNow me and Justin smoke sherm

And been talking 'bout freeing perms  
And purchasing weapons  
Naming them and aim 'em in One Direction (wait a minute)It sounds like midgets in a God  
damn speaker  
Anytime you play this shit loudBut that's just me trying to get milk now  
And the grunts of the god damn cow  
Hit me on my beeper  
While Captain suck my Peter Pan cameraRepeat procedure  
And when the beat drop, have a goddamn seizure  
Fuck that, Golf Wang  
Fuck that, Golf Wang  
Fuck that, Golf Wang (fuck that!)  
Fuck that, (Golf Wang!)  
Fuck that, Golf Wang (Wang)  
Fuck that, Golf Wang (Wang)  
Fuck that, Golf Wang (Wang)  
Fuck that, (Golf Wang)  
Fuck that, Golf Wang  
Fuck that, Golf Wang  
Fuck that, Golf Wang (fuck that!)  
Fuck that, (Golf Wang!)  
Fuck that, Golf Wang (Wang)  
Fuck that, Golf Wang (Wang)  
Fuck that, Golf Wang (Wang)  
Fuck that, Golf Wang  
Cut it out!  
I said I didn't want no goddamn lettuce  
I don't want that shit!  
I don't want your goddamn lettuce. He-he

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