

P (feat. Hodgy Beats & Tyler, the Creator)

Odd Future

Okay, welcome to my 12 bar
The beat, wears it like a kevlar
As I smoke my tree, medlar, South African
Coughing 'til there's pains in my fucking abdomen
I spit negative just like a halogen
My breeze more of a fucking masculine
The rascals win, killing them all with a javelin
Snakes, I'm just rattling, suit taylor never taddling
You niggas a bunch of squares, Madison
As far as real niggas, bitch nigga my battle's sick
On top of being talented, bitch I'm fucking passionate
I'm a golden curse, call me treacherous, treasure chest
Better yet, I'll build on to the beat like tetris
Remember me, forgetfulness, I am your correctionist
I stitched odd and future together like a leather vest
You fucking sweater neck, feather peck, rosetta checks
I put together decks and push for beef, If head for less
I'm headed out to Sydney Australia with Tim Donnelly
He gets caught up at security, the TSA don't follow me
Tea parties are the shit, forty mags by the scones
I'm fighting for gun rights to shoot a nigga in his dome
Click your fucking heels, there's no place like home
Cock back and blast off written on the tombstone, ain't that a bitch
Let's see, what's wrong with me might be my fucking tourett sy-
I need a vacation cause all this shit got me stressing
So after the showers with Sandusky, me and Sean Kingston went and rented a couple jet skis
Lionel rolled the blunts up, so meanwhile me and Lucas getting fucked up
You can smell us coming like a faggot when he hicks up
Listening to Common's last album to get pumped up
So finally asked when I can get my dick sucked
You know Casey Anthony, was handling
Dropping her kids off so she could come out and dance with me
Wine in the pantry, wrestling on my trampoline
Learned some new chords while you uncreative were sampling
I'm wolf, I spit flow-y partly
As retarded as the sound of deaf people arguing
You hold the future of the kid you daughter's gargling
Me, I have the odd future motherfucking sargeaning
(Tyler calm the fuck down)
No, I'm the fuck now
My poppa didn't give one, that's why I'm like this now
I'm still down to cut throat

And if another fan asks for a photo while I'm snacking on my pizza lunchable
I'm 'a fucking snap like Berman when he acts right
Then have a mental breakdown and proceed to use a crack pipe
OF will be done for, niggas will be dumb poor
Don't believe me, ok be right back, I'm headed to the gun store
M-16's and them 16's came out of nowhere like your kid's wet dream
What you mean old news, Oh you
Will you need us to fucking show you that we're harder than finding a fucking snickers bar in
whole foods
In a black hoodie, nose bruised and a gold tooth
Hoping the security guard doesn't hold you in custody
But luckily had a couple of guns with me
Like gay step mom, none of you motherfuckers can fuck with me

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