

# 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/>