

Potato Salad

Tyler, The Creator & A\$AP Rocky

Ayy, you gon' start me from the top? Listen
Shout out Harlem, man
Shout out A\$AP Rocky, man
AWGE in the building, man
What's good? Is that potato salad?
Yo, listen Niggas give me the cold shoulder, I can speak for myself
So I keep a high waist and alligator the belt
And got a belt with the holster, I ain't playing games
But got some lil' niggas who would do it so I pass the controller
You get pressed and X out, tri-angle your nose
Pause your life if you squares try to mess with my O's, whoa
So cut the crap like shit barbers
Cause we really with the beef like closeted gay fathers
Nigga we get dollars, give 'em to Ben Baller
Exchange for them chains that's all shiny with thick water
I got back pains, neck heavy like whipped cream
My whip clean, and they all white, I whip cream
And cop boys and I joy stick, I whip cream and cop cribs
I got more space than big jeans, y'all sleeping on me Explain why they got shit dreams
I'm alien, got the laser gun with the big beam
Married to the money, my bitch green
No I don't sip lean, but ride around in rockets like Yao Ming
Y'all niggas weak
They thought I was goofy and all mouses
Double C my luggage and fill them with Comme blouses
Y'all cop kush, my nigga I cop houses
And fill em with some Leo DiCap's and some Cole Sprouses, nigga
Where we? Rocky, A\$AP
GOLF, boy, where we at? Nigga in Pari'
Fuck clothes, I cop pieces
Couple thots with me and them hoes is like divas
Got my Vans on but they look like sneakers
Flipped a couple packs, Based
God in the speakers
Bass all in the speakers
In the field like baseball, play ball, face wall when polices come
I don't rock Chanel, I rock channel
And no this ain't a purse, it's a satchel (At you)
Bless, at you, nah I ain't sneeze
But if niggas want steam or smoke, bet I match you
Got a bullet with your name on the barrel
If hollows don't clip, you get nip like it's cat food That dude, when I die, they gotta make a statue

Bad attitude, this ain't a purse, it's a satchel
Go to any nigga with money up in my bracket
Then I think about the state of rapping
All the freshmens in the classes
All the super seniors mumblin' and ramblin'
Mumblin and rappin', mumble rapping?
I find it hard to find actual talent
I find it hard to find an actual challenge
I'm like Shabazz Palace's last acid hit, elaborate
Rap lab's labyrinth, word to Kodak's Black's Lazarus
"Calldrops" on the album skitsAyo, I'm the channel that you watch, I'm the ammo in the Glock
Weird nigga, full suit with the sandals and the socks, stop
And based on my neck boy
You would think I hate glass homes way I'm handling the rocks
Who cast the first stone? Bitch it's me, fuck you thought?
Real grunge nigga, I ain't got a flannel as the top
And I'm picking up guitar, strum nigga
Bum niggas wish they could make a garden shed
But they sleeping on me man like their arm is dead
I'm a wild nigga boy and you farmer bred, born
You ain't animal, you are, corn, hahah, yeah!K shiz, what up nigga!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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