

# Who Dat Boy (feat. A\$AP Rocky)

## Tyler, The Creator

Yo, who dat boy? Who him is?  
Him that ni-guh, I swear  
Stand out guy, him don't need no chair  
Well, where the fuck him at? 'Cause nigga, I'm right here  
I don't shop at the mall, all y'all just  
Dumb mothafucka, I'm a goddamn artist  
You can give me some markers and I'll draw you a closet  
And you know that it's GOLF, bitch, gonna make the deposit  
Nigga fresh to death like he got dressed in a coffin  
Cons, overalls, and a striped shirt  
The boy drips swag like a broken faucet  
It's runnin', nigga, I'm runnin' shit  
That cherry be the bomb like he ran in Boston  
Won't stop 'til the cops surround him  
One nigga jiggy and the other awesome  
With his fuckin' face blown off, that's how they found him  
It's Young T  
Who dat boy? Who him is?  
Who dat boy? Who him is?  
Nigga, who dat boy? Who him is?  
Who dem boys? Nigga, who dem is, nigga?  
Why you niggas feel like that?  
Mad 'cause a nigga neck chill like that  
You mad 'cause a nigga push wheel like that?  
Why you puttin' bad vibes in the air like that?  
Nigga, who dem boys?  
Who dem is? Nigga, who dem is?  
Who else step in this bitch this jig?  
Who else your bitch say got a bick this big?  
Who else came through with a wrist this flick?  
Nigga, Guess my pants, do my dance  
Spin around, bitch, you could kiss my ass  
Never seen a nigga in this much Raf  
Still doin' math when I miss my class  
Was it Summertime '06, had the Number (N)ine  
Nigga, never mind, was another time before Vince  
Had the Gucci gold tips with the letterman  
Nigga, dollar sign was my favorite number at the time  
Fresh freshmen 'til they skipped my ass  
Senior citizen, don't forget my pass  
Been that nigga and you knew that there  
Make the dick disappear, how she do that there?

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Why you puttin' bad vibes in the-?Fuck the rap, I'm tryna own a planet  
From my other fuckin' business ventures  
These niggas these days  
Actin' like some bitches, like they're fuckin' with ya (yeah)  
Teeth is glistenin', Jesus, Christmas  
He just shittin', she exquisite, bitches be expensive  
(Yeah, let 'em know, nigga) And I don't even need attention  
WANG\$AP on the bumper sticker, fuck you niggas  
Fuck global warming, my neck is so frío  
I'm currently lookin' for '95 Leo  
My mom say she worried because I'm so ill  
I should stay in bed, but got too much bread  
To make, she said watch my weight  
So I stayed home and start eatin' some meals  
Get out of my way, way, boy that's McLaren  
That's 0 to 60 in 2 point nueve, I'm gone  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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