

Tyler, The Creator, Garbage

Hello, I'm a salesman sorta giant
I sell molly and mary and other various items
One time one guy came to where I'm residing
And I didn't invite him, so instead tried to fight him
I got violent, long story short he's not breathing
For some reason I liked it and it was really exciting
Couldn't stop the addiction, and the irony is
A couple junkies went missing and I know right where they're hiding

Dope in the bag, pretty bitch on the side
I sell dope in the back, if you tryna get high

Task force poured into my fortress
Found some lipstick, a couple corpses
Bitches was harmed and they couldn't reach the alarm
I'm ripping sockets out like I had fucking problems with arms
They found a couple portraits on the porch
But they don't check up under the floor
It's bodies and hotties and we was raging I'm gauging a shotty
Hit so many bitches I was pimping like Scotty
I'm a bull, red, piss me off
Like that lipstick position when she kissed me
So I bit 'em off, they was too soft, I'm a Wolf
And a designer mixing skin cotton leather and wool
And most people like flying kites, riding bikes in the woods
Baking cake cause its good, I mean I would if I could
But I like playing dress up and mix match
Sorry I'mma 'fess up, you aren't getting your kids back

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What's in my trunk?
White, girl
/2x

You need a warrant, officer
You could say I kill 'em, if my product doesn't
Couple basement stairs where I drug them, down
It's pretty disgusting, finger crush your face
I'll leave you permanently blushing, blood
Nosebleed drugs, cook you in the oven