

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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>