

Couch

Earl Sweatshirt

Uh, was always smartmouthed and quick-witted
But something was always missing like six digits
Lucky seven probably poppa
Little nigga so they picked on him, hassled him
Things changed when I hassled back, so
David hit the pavement with his grapple rap
Snapple fact: you rather wack
While I am popping like a snapping crack
So high you could see like Tallahass, the opposite of cataracts
Matter fact I am Farmer John milking cattle tracks
Action packed nipple squeezing, boy colder than sniffle season
Simple genius, go hard and spit bits of semen
So when the street is split
Don't act surprised, agree with it
The Gang of Wolves and creeps and Crips
Is deep as Dawson's Creek and shit
I pray they got gills either that or grab some floaties
I know I got skills, why you think I'm posted boasting
Bragging tell this faggots to stop nagging
Cause them Wolf Gang niggas threw them off the bandwagon like

Uh, was always fucked up as shit with it
But I didn't cross the line until the bridge hit it.. Troll
I got you niggas nervous like virgins flirting with Uncle Mervin
Fucking y'all with no lubricant go grab the detergent
I preach to demons at your church, now I'm the newest sermon
Wearing nothing but they fucking blast with their matching turban
I drive through white suburbans in the black Suburban swerving
Hitting curbs and blasting Erick Sermon drunk off English Bourbon
I'm stealing purses raping nurses I'm a quick consierge
And treat the beat like sanitized nazi pussies, I'm a German
I'm squirting while I'm masturbating and regurgitating
From eating Miley Cyrus salad pussy platter they were serving
My only purpose is to jerk it cause it has a curve
So bitches hate to do me like it's convict community service
This my Zombie Circus, you better get a fucking ticket
Odd Future Wolf Gang like they're filming Twilight in this bitch

I'm back on my sixty six six shit
Flowing like the blood out the competition's slit wrists
She lick it up, Dracula, then spit it back, back at ya
She mad as fuck, stuck in the back of a black Acura
Fed her acid now the duct tape quacks back at her
Hello Heather yellow feathers now you ain't laughing, huh

Bitch you're barely breathing leaving on the back of the boat
While I fill you up with semen from the Wolf Gang team and
Flowing like the creampie inside of your daughter
Oughta eat the bitch with salt and wash it down with a gallon of water
I grab the saw and sawed of her arm and auctioned it
And dip her teeth in gold molds and flossed the shit
Fucking awesome spitting box of trees, got you niggas
Shaking like it's Parkinsons from the clitoris of Kelly Clarkson's dick
Ironing you niggas now it's time to start some shit
Drown your bitch in a tub of cum and throw a shark in it
Find a random abandoned garage and go to park in it
Find Earl lying on the burgundy carpet, pull my knife out, sharpen it

Stab him, put a arch on it, pour unleaded gas on him
Get the Zippo and spark the shit
Hop back in the van and then depart the bitch
Killed him on his own track, the faggot shouldn't have started it