

# Earl

## Earl Sweatshirt

Yo,  
I'm a hot and bothered astronaut.  
Crashing while jacking off  
To buffering vids of Asher Roth  
Eatin' apple sauce.  
Sent to Earth to poke Catholics in the ass with saws.  
And knock blunt ashes into their caskets  
And laugh it off.  
Twisted sicker than mad cattle  
In fact I'm off.  
Six different liquors  
With a Prince wig plastered on.  
Stop screamin', bitch, you shouldn't be that alarmed.  
When Big Lips is in the Attic Arms with an addicts arm.  
Earl puts the 'ass' in "assassin."  
Puts the pieces of decomposing bodies in plastic.  
Puts 'em in a pan and mixes it up with scat.  
Then gobbles it like fat black bitches and catfish.  
It so happens that I'm so haphazardous.  
I'll puke a piece and put it on a hook  
And fucking cast the shit.  
I'm asking that you faggot rap actors take action.  
And get a hall pass from this class-act shit.  
How the fuck I fit a axe in a satchel?  
Slip capsules in the glass, you dizzy rascal.  
Party staff baffled, asking where her ass go.  
In my room redefining the meaning of black holes.  
Before I suck it up. But hurry,  
I got nuts to bust, and butts to fuck, and ups to shut, and sluts to fucking  
uppercut.  
It's OF, buttercup, go ahead, fuck with us.  
Without a doubt,  
A sure-fire way to get your mother fucked.  
Asked for a couple bucks.  
Shove a trumpet up her butt.  
Play a song, invade her thong.  
My dick is having guts for lunch,  
As well as supper, then I rummage through her ruptured cunt.  
Found the mustard.  
Fuckin' nosey neighbors notice something's up.  
"Whatcha doin'?"  
Nothin' much.  
Would shout some other stuff.  
Gotta fucking bounce.  
Guess the bouncers had enough of us.

"Fuck you doin'? Eat my dick! I'll eat your ass!"  
"Fuck T in the ass, man"  
"Ay, fuck you!"  
"Fuck that nigga, man!"

Get 'em off the pavement.  
Whipe the dirt and vomit off.  
DopeBoyz hatin' but them faggots is a lot of talk.  
Cotton soft, pussy.  
Them Odd niggas is molotov.  
Cocktails fuckin' toss 'em into your apartment, dog.

Wolf Gang, we ain't barkin', nawh.  
Try talkin' on a blog with your fuckin' arms cut off.  
Put 'em in carpet and watch 'em get auctioned off to Ace.  
Tell Shakes daughter we're sorry but poppa's gone, bitch.

Odd Future Wolf Gang, nigga.  
Fuck them 2DopeBoyz, niggas.  
Odd Future Wolf Gang Kill Them All,  
Don't give a fuck, nigga.  
Stay pop, nigga.  
Earl, whaddup nigga?  
Fuck Steve Harvey.