

## Epar

## Earl Sweatshirt

All the bad bitches boo when you rap  
I can teach you how to pull 'em like a tutor, in fact  
I got one in the front and two in the back  
And the bitches keep screaming "Odd Future is back"

Wolf with a T-Rex cock, less talk  
While I invest stock in wet rock  
Smoke with all the big bitches bumping "Bedrock"  
Sub in the truck, thumpin' up against the dead cops  
And pop it like I tossed a match in the engine  
And go harder than a fucking crack intervention  
Clown of the class and the last to attend it  
Big Earl make you fags stand at attention  
Odd Future, I'm your motherfucking general  
Catch 'em where them slap, slash, stab bitch ass niggas go  
Girl, you ain't even gotta ask cause you finna know  
Why this Playboy so sticky in this centerfold  
Sticky what my niggas blow, icky Earl finish foes  
Hit 'em low, litter them with Chronicles of Riddick bows  
Chronic in the spliff to the dome, got my system slow  
Saw 'em walking out, ask them niggas what they sprinting fo'

Black Ted Bundy sick as John Gacy  
Chilling with a possible victim, she was 18  
A hitchhiker hippie whore, met her at the liquor store  
She freaked with dick to help support the habit picked up in the fourth  
Grade A piece of ass, so I plan on screwing it  
Slipped of a couple Rofillin inside the bitch's juice and gin  
Next thing you know, we're on Earl's burgundy carpet  
She's kicking and screaming, begging for me to fucking stop it  
Look, you know it's not rape if you like it, bitch  
So sit down like a pretty ho and don't fight the shit  
Or else I'll have to tie a pretty bow 'round your bloody neck  
Hide the slices from the gashes given with a dull Gillette  
Mop the blood up, put the body in the apartment  
Stash her where we hide the marijuana and the condoms  
"Hey, what's that? " Don't touch it or even fucking look  
You are Fantasia and the body bag's a fucking book

Yo Vince, let me tell you 'bout these hoes I met last night  
They thought I was cute 'til I asked what that ass like  
Damn right, red light, ran right through it  
"You don't even have your permit, what the fuck are you doing? "  
Maybe if you shut the fuck up, we'd be cruising  
And you wouldn't be sitting, boohooing 'bout your bruises  
But no, you wanna be Miss Fuck-with-the-Music  
I'm zoning on Relapse, she's sliding on Blueprint  
Three seconds it takes for her to turn blue  
With my hands around her throat, her arms stopped moving  
Pulse stops too, in the back, look confused  
As I turn to tell them both not to do shit stupid  
Red, white, blue lights in the rear-view, shit  
Swerved to the shoulder, tell them both no moving  
Sit down in the back, cause the windows tinted  
As I rolled down mine to forge a new friendship  
"Aren't you a little too young to be driving? "  
Look Officer, I'm just tryna get home

"Get out the fucking car with your license and registration"  
I ain't getting outta shit, you're starting to try my patience  
Didn't have backup, I could tell by the Hummingbike  
Reached to the glove, grabbed the motherfucking hunting knife  
Stabbed him in his neck and hip, threw him in the trunk and dipped  
Back to the fucking crib for some tea and crumpets, shit

All the bad bitches boo when you rap  
I can teach you how to pull 'em like a tutor, in fact  
A one dead in the front, dead cop in the back  
And two live bitches screaming "Odd Future is back"