

## Faucet

Earl Sweatshirt

Chef Sweaty braising your faculty  
Face getting gray from the ash, but I'm laughing  
That's the trace in me, nigga  
Fuck out my face while I'm thinking  
Ain't step foot up in my momma place for a minute  
My days numbered  
I'm focused heavy on making the most of 'em  
I feel like I'm the only one pressin' to grow upwards  
It's still fuck you and whoever you showed up with  
Trying to see an M and some some steadier hands  
Who you callin' your mans?  
Bet you thought he was solid, when he really just sand  
Washing away with the water  
I'm a land mammal staying away from the altar  
Shit changed in the August in the wake of that August  
Last autumn the leaves fell, and I raked in the profit  
Disobeying the doctor  
The good guy prescribe, faith never caught 'em  
Chasing these rabbits, whole face in a faucet

And I don't know who house to call home lately  
I hope my phone break, let it ring  
Toe to toe with the foes, new and old  
Basic hoes try to cage him like the po'  
When I run, don't chase me  
And I don't know who house to call home lately  
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When I run, don't chase me

Solid, so the funds don't phase me  
On tour wildin' by the truck stop racists  
Hard as finding me a, a common thread between us  
Raised different, my momma, she born, bred the leader  
To get shit poppin' like the gun's off safety  
Sayin' easy and doing harder when you get caught up  
Raised neck and neck with Nak, so I'm a fluent brawler  
Rain checkin' on ya plot if ever bread should pop up  
Out the toaster I gotta focus, my family problems  
Shrunk and widen with the bumps in my personal finance  
It hurt cause I can't keep a date or put personal time in  
Or reverse to the times when my face didn't surprise you  
Before I did the shit that earned me my term on that island  
Can't put a smile on your face through your purse or your pocket  
Shit in a pile, never change, I'm stupid for tryin'  
Still just too busy wildin'

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