

Guild

Earl Sweatshirt

Said this a hit of liquid heroin, Marilyn Mason channeling
Panicking, spar with Anakin 'til one of us leave in an ambulance
Blow the smoke of the spliff in your eyes...
You ain't gon' live 'til you die
Intelligent bitch at my side
She bitching, I'm spitting habitual lies
I hit her up when my jet land, call her
Swisher tucked in my headband
Front page news, I'm Young Jesús
Eatin' bagels with no cable on
I've been fuckin' hoes since when Mase was on (okay)
I hope the Based God hear my prayers
One day you're here, the next day you're gone
So me and Earl smokin' weed on JD's lawn
Some dope rap on your hoe-ass, Tony Womack
Don't hold back, no - feed your girl Cognac
Eat a bitch sleeping with a feverish diva chick
Met her off Twitter, even Schindler keep a list
Pittsburg, broke down somewhere in the Fisker
I could pull your bitch with a whisper then diss her
...dumbass hoe...
She only dumb 'cause she love that dough (okay)
Some are getting high, reading Juxtapose
Hit her up, she come through
Watch Adjustment Bureau (good movie)
Moms love me 'cause I'm so commercial
I fuck 'em raw 'cause I know they're fertile
In Myrtle Beach with a purple fleece
Hotel lobbies playing Für Elise
I'm Ron Burgundy mixed with Hercules
Slap a bitch in the mouth if she curse at me
Said "Josh's beard is like Paul Revere"
When he walk in the room, it's like God is here
I'm at a prop shop in Montauk
Throwin' tomahawks at civilians
I'm chillin' ...

I'm on the monitor, nigga...
She's takin' it like a champ, and I'm proud of her
I'm on the couch where that loud is burning
Shouting "I don't fuck with you!" 'cause I don't
Never love a hoe - but we could play doctor
Ma, open wide for the thermometer
Your cowgirl is crotch-rotted
With a clean fade, her 'fro lopsided
Tell the label that I want a white driver
And tell him give me space, I don't know that nigga
Bold-ass little fuckin' low-class villain
Whole van tinted - no, can't kill him
It's the Trash Wang nigga, that's what's up (nigga)
Half-pint of hope in that plastic cup
Real nigga from the start 'til the casket shut
Present his own case, it's a basket one
Present-day based nigga smack the judge
Rhyme with them same niggas ashin' blunts
But that bass make his face like he mad or something
Slide into the safe, take the cash and run

And know that if he fake, I'm harassing him
They took the big toe so they tagged the tongue
Out here stuntin' like I'm supposed to, dawgs
Blowin' more smoke then a broke exhaust
Pipe, only spirit that'll hold me, dawg
It's Wolf Gang, bitch, like you know these paws
Livin' like in '62... spitting rip my genitals
My bitch just split the Swisher
My niggas split them residuals...

Aye, this marijuana feels 'Pac
Growing, blaring Gil Scott
Heron, while we pill pop
Ever run and kill cops?
Niggas know I feel not
For 'em, stop bitching and staring
Get that grill knocked open...
Aye, this marijuana feels 'Pac
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Nigga...