

## Mantra

## Earl Sweatshirt

Get your lady, cop piff  
Inhale and cough, rip the label off this  
Picked the road that got twists  
I'm holding my dick and playing cautious

I'mma show you how it's done right, nigga  
Drop this when the sunlight gone  
Better run right home when the sky turn black  
Screaming "Fuck five-0" 'til my line go flat  
In a ash-gray beamer, we'll be callin' that the pigeon coupe  
Jackknife bitches to the couches in they living rooms  
Ask who the best and I doubt that they picking you  
Back like how I need to style, I invented you, yup  
Act like you don't know the name  
Only time I ain't eating when the cho-cha stanky  
Listening to "Pre," getting throat while I lane switch  
Bitches by the three licking coke off the pinky  
The poster child, you're 'posed to hate me  
Bold and wild, you broke and angry, my nigga  
Name getting bigger than the difference between us  
Niggas is fake, I limit the features I give 'em  
Sweat (sweat) shirt (shirt)  
You know you famous when the niggas that surround you switch  
And if they hated in a passive tense  
And now they hound your dick, and you ain't ask for this  
Now you surrounded with a gaggle of 100 fucking thousand kids  
Who you can't get mad at, when they want a pound and pic  
Cause they the reason that the traffic on the browser quick  
And they the reason that the paper in your trouser's thick  
I said sweat (sweat) shirt (shirt)  
You can tell the Reaper I'mma meet 'em when he send for me  
With a cleaver and a .30, and some twisted weed  
I pick one, and let the crimson leak, nigga

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You used to say you like violins and your lifestyle depend on me  
And I know it's nighttime when you get lonely  
And tell all your little friends how that bitch stole me  
And despite all of the facts that you got phony  
You gon' tell them about the night that you exposed me  
For the bastard I was, and how I probably smashed every bitch  
That I passed in the club, and the last couple months was the worst  
Cause I smashed all the trust  
That I earned in the past couple months that we had as a couple  
My absence of fucks was a problem that we ain't ever  
Really get to solve, we just smashed and we scuffled  
Tryna keep it calm but I snap at you  
Now you're taking all your property back and it's obvious that  
That apart from the fact that we fuck  
And it's bomb, and I hate when you home  
And I, and when I'm gone I don't call cause you nag  
Man, I brought you the shit and I bought you some shit  
What you offering here?

"What the fuck you offering here?"

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