

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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