

Molasses

Earl Sweatshirt

99 problems all gone in that one joint
And the neck gold froze like he held it at gunpoint
I'm a bubble in the belly of the monster
With a duffel full of troubles, trunk rattle in the Mazda
Ragged with the Contra, Phantom of the Opera
And I'm standing on the cop's truck, stacking for the long run
The bags packed, roadside with the thumb out
Toe tag, don't gag, fag, spit your gum out
Nomadic, chrome-grabbing with his day job
A major born puffy holding flight like a hangar do
Knife to the trachea, spit escapers are bent
The label don't like me but they pay me a grip
And you see how his day going by the state of his wrists
My niggas busy Play-Dohing, bet the baker came swinging like
What the fuck you saying? All that aiming amiss
Hey, I'm a fuck the freckles off your bitch, nigga

We could do this shit all night
I'll fuck the freckles off your face, bitch
We could do this shit all night
I'll fuck the freckles off your face, bitch

You know me, drugged out, 'front the telly
I'm couch-drunk, ready to fuck, Tom Petty you bust
Pack loud as that slap across the belly
What's up? Fuck nigga, what's up? I'm Machi-deli
Scheming on the fontana Camel Crush screaming "Saddle up!"
Like fuck his beef, get your cattle cut, pansy
If the fans only local, why the flights trans-Atlantied?
I'm the rice to the paddies, good nights for the chancellor
The teeth with the gold bright, the light switch's mad at us
Snapchatted panty-clad baddies, I'm a bachelor
Hired for life because po-lice is in back of us
And write with the same hand I smack 'em up with
Stretching out the fifteen I had initially
Icky Thump, sticky kush lit up in a rental Jeep