

Nebraska Mm Vs Es

Earl Sweatshirt

Yeah, I'm eatin' shawarma, doing drawings of Chewbacca
Bumpin' Flocka, fuck the drama
Marijuana, been as calming as the fuckin' Dali Lama
Your style common as a little league sponsor, from retarded kids fathers
I'm a meetings shaking hands and adding comma's to my net worth
Talk about my money, please, some feelings might just get hurt
This the same effect, and less words
Chillin' with this asshole who calls himself Sweatshirt
This might be some of my best work
Let these bitches dive in, head first
Applyin' pressure when I put together letters
I'm a king, i'm a myth, beat a bitch down with my scepter
These hidden treasures filling better than a million sweaters in Alaska
Your raps are corny as, Nebraska
Lacka-daisical bars, my throw aways will trash ya
High as NASA on acetone, acid foam
Talking trash like John McEnroe
You a lil bitch, that's what the fuckin' cabbage patch is for
Watch me smack a ho, turn around and catapult
Up above my castle's moat, right into my fuckin' throne
They like, "damn, Mac, what the fuck you on?"

Hell's chariot creepin'
Her exposure's indecent
Roll is similar to bakers dough, a bun in the oven
Karma couldn't make her save it though
Just playin' my music, you see I speak to her endangered soul
God's son, dick in the dirt because the manger broke
Bitch, I really go bumpin' tonight
Whether wrong or right, we rushing them right
You know it's never been much for a fight
But I don't really wanna be that nigga, I black out
And you don't really wanna see that, nigga
I mapped out my plan the best that I could to get rich, and put on for the r
est of my hood
You know it make us think revenge when the recipe cook
Shoot the leader in the head, leave the rest of em' shook
I rap better than most these rap veterans
Words so real that they had to be said again
Speak sedatives, sedidate and we can set it off
Pray I never let that weapon off

So before I said what I'm done, so I write easier
That weapon make a peppermint out of that white tee
If you comin' then God speed to you son to me
Don't speak to me, quit it, I'm stuntin'
Look at me Ma, it's no hand outs
Sweaty want the dumb cash I'm done with bus ridin'
She made the mistake for thinkin' he gave a fuck bout it'
Tell him duck down or get drug out the back door
Flow got the mouth, doin' duties like the task force
Doobie and a passport, standing with a path forks
Quick to grab your bitch's wrist and get the shit I asks for
Wayne trashy as bitches and two Garmins, we switchin' through lanes
Handling business on my side of the line were they ain't havin' it
You know that sweet talk is cheap
Nigga's ain't talking, that's regardless what the docket read

Stockin' stairs, really him
Fresh from out the piggy pen
If I die tonight, then tell my mom I was a pretty bitch
City burnin