

Orange Juice

Earl Sweatshirt

So I'm guessin' there's questions that need adressin' huh?
Like how we fresh in our adolescence and wreckin' em.
Hear new tracks, he destined to make a mess of em,
Snappin' necks and records in matter of seconds check em son.
Lost an er***** and found it in an aggressive nun.
Fuckin' chin-checkin punks 'til he's out of breath and done,
No affection, he's doper than ccess sessions son
Chillin' for a while on a pile of the rest of em.
Let the crowd choose who can fuckin' last longer,
It's the rap monger, rap monster Earl Sweat attack, conquer.
Lose least, niggas lost like the last blanca chica that we pick
ed up at the last concert,
Please, get out ya seat, get out ya seat, verses written with s
calpels,
He's the junior king standin' out shoutin' on the balcony,
How come he's not in counseling? Fucker's loud while he's sound
asleep
Heard he was dope as Sour D. Nigga was courage cowardly?
State Gold, alchemy, nigga we rap's Alpha Team,
Mr. Teen and Mr. T with a mouth full of powder and a nose full
of chowder,
He's chopping up all the doubters, see now watch him count the
bodies like bitches be countin' calories

Fuck with the wolves we startin' to bark viciously,
Catch us in a pile of bodies where dead bitches be,
Box logo hoodies and goodies from buddies that understand that
bastard was buzzin like Woody so we get it for free.
Had to duct tape the mother goose the mask was off,
I stumbled down a hill then I had Jill jack me off,
Harder than my dick when Taylor Swift is in my basement,
Cause I've been doin' this since proof fucked Christopher Robin
son.
Wolf Gang knitted on my cotton like some smelly, dirty, rotten
nigger picked it from a cotton gin.
Do not give a fuck I've got the swagger of a virgin's dick,
But if I did it would be bigger than Earl's upper lip,
Sip sizzurp, Su-preme on my shizzirt,
I munch a bunch of tacos with Waverly's favorite wizard,
The favorite nigger turned into Freddy Kruger,
And this that raw shit, dead bodies chopped up in the sewer.
From the palms of Jeffrey Dahmer, baby mamas said the kicks,
Beat like the brown lip balm that was made for Rihanna,
All you fuckin' blogg'in' faggots yappin' up that extra shit,
I'll shove Bastard down your throat, regurgitate my excrement,
Them 2dopeboyz is fairies they're Peter like boysenberries,
Meet the scary, turn his white ass to a Jim Carry twin,
A fuckin' sausage fest will them shaky niggas get married then,

2dopeboyz don't want beef, they're just overweight vegetarians.