

# Pigeons

Earl Sweatshirt

Welcome back to class, bitch, grab on to your glasses  
Odd Future leaving even niggas in past tense  
Style is patent, the measures is drastic  
Either that or they 4: 4, some call them fantastic  
She called me fantastic, I called her a fat bitch  
Still kill the pussy, put the cat in a casket  
The funeral service was fucking worthless, so I said a couple words at it  
Didn't know her but I'm confirming that she sure gurgled dick  
The Odd nigga with a spoon in your danimals  
As hungry as a cannibal, trapped in a van of cantaloupes  
Harder than granite, hoes know I'm coming  
With the grand force of Van Damme's fist in a damn cannon so  
Fans catch us on Animal Planet, tracking hoes  
And attacking faster than foes can change the channel, whoa  
My dick hates sweaters so she jack it slow  
The aftermath proves to be smoother than hair relaxer, oh

Wave high to the Ritalin regiment  
Double S shit, swastikas on the letterman, bitch  
Hungry wolves at the door, bitch, let us in  
Kill 'em all, O.F. is what I represent  
Say hi to the Ritalin regiment  
Double S shit, swastikas on the letterman, bitch  
Hungry wolves at the door, bitch, let us in  
Kill 'em all, O.F. is what I represent

Took the van, went snatch her  
Oh, you wanna snap this grass? Snap your fucking jabba  
Wocky, she's a dancer, walkie-talkie Ace for back up like fag  
I got class and can't take this bitch to math, what  
Tell the fucking teacher that this burlap sack is filled  
With snacks for after class for the whole class, to snack up  
Yeah, right, get over here faster  
Cause Earl's a pro rapper but amateur kidnapper

Earl, goddammit, I'm still in my damn pajamas  
Waiting on mom to bring me the Aspirin from a trampoline jump  
And if I pick her up, I'm humping and I'm fucking with no lubricant  
I'm using spit, piss, vaseline or something, how old is she?  
(Seventeen) This bitch is underage  
But I'll have her face off tied and Nicholas Cage  
But anyway, give me cash fag, cause I'm low on gas  
Aww fuck it, 'bout to jack off, go catch a fucking cab  
No I'm not lying when I say that brother's all I have  
But if you're not dying don't fucking bother to call me back, I'm sleep

Kill people, burn shit, fuck school  
Odd Future here to steer you to what the fuck's cool  
Fuck rules, skate life, rape, write, repeat twice  
Odd Future young enough to get your priest mouth drool

I don't give a fuck, like a senior citizen  
Shit and run back to the lab, need assistance from  
Sister with the biggest bumbaclot girls  
I'm around calves big cause they run a lot and scream, oh  
Pay him some attention, he's smart and he's genius  
He ain't touching me like Martin Sheen's penis

Y'all niggas ain't clean as my team is meanest  
Hitting amputees in the knees, Jesus  
Please, just peep the Crystal Method where  
I take a fucking beat, strip it naked then I wreck it  
It's no question, Sweatshirt's O.F  
And you can tell by the chiseled horns on my forehead bitch  
Hammerhat flyer than a bag of ass  
And Jane's a fucking acrobat, I'll flip her on a mattress  
Last straw, fuck that, I'm who broke the camel's back  
Say you want that dope shit, welcome to Satan's cabbage patch, bitch

Told you he can rap, dumb muthafucka