

## Stapleton

## Earl Sweatshirt

It's Earl, Mr. Early Bird, gets them girls with curvy curves  
Skate mental truck, smack a faggot in his shirley temple  
Your rhymes rentals, give 'em back to they owners  
At the end of the bar, I spit with the permanents  
Learn I'm a curb stoppin' person  
Like third strike verdict droppin' jaw droppin' verses  
This bigger lips in person, nigga spits some ball's Ernie shit  
Furnish the flow until my pockets green, Kermit's dick  
The Ms. Piggy's with a string in they ass  
I control like 'em like your eyes when I'm takin' a glass  
So if you thinkin' 'bout this then stop thinkin' it fast  
Cause my wolves ten deep and they knuckles is brass, ho  
The Ms. Piggy's with a string in they ass  
I control like 'em like your eyes when I'm takin' a glass  
So if you thinkin' 'bout this then stop thinkin' it fast  
Cause my wolves ten deep and they knuckles is brass, bitch

Tell your boyfriend that's a bat and this a migraine  
Don't ask why my jeans splattered with these white stains  
Wait, where you goin', what you doin' tonight?  
Just wanna know what you doin', come back  
Tell your boyfriend that's a bat and this a migraine  
Don't ask why my jeans splattered with these white stains  
Where you goin', what you doin' tonight?  
Stop runnin', where you goin', what you doin'?

It's Earl, Mr. Lateshift Rapist in trainin'  
Who edge 'bout as straight as some clay-closet gay dick  
Ray say hey Earl's a real charming racist  
Your birthday day, have some KK cake bitch  
Habit have it, grab it fast and attack it, faggot  
I'm above average like I'm rappin' in the attic, yeah  
I'm crouched in the basement shoutin' "Couch" is the greatest hit  
Dirty as the anus is, fans stand in rain for this  
They even stand in sleet season 'til they fuckin' feet bleedin'  
Hail and fuckin' snow in hell with fuckin' coats  
Probably wear more layers, there's only one Sweatshirt  
He make 'em bow down 'til they muthafuckin' necks hurt  
Fans probably stand in sleet season 'til they fuckin' feet bleedin'  
Hail and fuckin' snow in hell with fuckin' coats  
Probably wear more layers, there's only one Sweatshirt  
He make 'em bow down 'til they muthafuckin' necks hurt

Mr. Deerskin Moccasins is on the fuckin' stalk again  
Followin' and stalkin' all them larchmont soccer chicks  
Choppin' limbs, knawin' legs, through they fuckin' stockings  
Him his grandfather sweatshirt, clockin' all them cardigans  
Product of popped rubbers and pops that did not love us  
So when I leave home keep my heart on the top cupboard  
So I will not stutter when I'm shoutin' fuck you, son  
Wolf Gang 'bout it, we ain't waitin' 'til the moon come  
Woo son, the moonshine got feelin' loose  
As the puss of a whore who's used to abuse  
My screws pretty loose mind fucked like the hair-doo  
Of doo-doo mamas, dude I will bear jew you  
You unripe fruit dudes is crews to chew through  
My niggas wash 'em down with a fat carton of yoo-hoo

Odd Future Wolf Gang Kill Them All fuck 'em all  
No lube, it's the crew to get use to, faggot