

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