

Hive

Earl Sweatshirt

[Verse 1: Earl Sweatshirt]

Promise Heron I'll put my fist up after I get my dick sucked

Quick buck, maybe a gold chain

With that fucking flow that s-s-so belittles men

They tentatively tend to turn and go when I am finished

Stone cold, hardly fucking with these niggas, nigga listen

The description doesn't fit, if not a synonym of menace

Then forget it, in turn these critics and interns

Admitting the shit spit, it just burn like six furnaces

Written to fix learning them digits and simultaneously

Dispelling "one-trick-pony" myths, isn't he?

One adolescent, fucking six nigga energy

And crawling down 'Fax like a rich nigga centipede

Crack ceramic and slap a hand out of cash account

Stamp and shouting, thrashing, these niggas done let the Kraken out

Crack-a-lackin, like snap, crackle, poppin' your ammo off

Hide your face, and throw your flannels off, Sweatshirt, nigga[Hook: Casey Veggies (Earl Sweatshirt)]

'87 roof top rising

Whipping hoopties, tryna boost raw chronic

Brutus in that booth, double scoop, hock vomit up, sub rocking

Thud knocking niggas teeth loose)

Bruh, I don't fuck with no cops (Rolling with that flow swamp)

Catch me over stove top (Rapping to that coke rock)

(Passionless in old Jive clothing with them doors wide open)

(Dim the floor lights focused) Like it's nothing, cause it's nothing, bitch[Verse 2: Earl Sweatshirt]

From that city that's recession-hit, where stressed

Niggas could flex metal with pedal to rake pennies in

Desolate testaments trying to stay Jekyll-ish

But most niggas Hyde and Brenda just stay pregnant

Breaking news: death's less important when the Lakers lose

It's lead in that baby food, heads try to make it through

Fish-netted legs for them eyes that she cater to

Ride dirty as the fucking sky that you praying to

So here I sit, eye in the pyramid

God spit it like it's truth serum in that beer and then

(Poof) Disappear again, reappear bearded on

Top of a lear steering it into the kids' ear again

Provider of the backdrop music

For the crack rock user and the mascot Earl

Rawer than the skinned knee cap on the black top
Salivary glands lighter fluid for the matchbox
Striking, wait, wait, who the fuck you badder than?
Boy oh boy, I'm bad as burnt pollo off the grill and shit
Spitter of the little Nick, nimble, rickrolling
Bitch niggas pick litter, piff-blower, plus I pillage shit[Hook][Verse 3: Vince Staples]
Quit with all that tough talk, bruh, we know you niggas ain't about shit
Come around, we gun 'em down, bodies piled, Auschwitz
Bulletproof outfits, weapons concealed
I'm ready to kill, so test it, all my weapons is real
Selling thizz, couldn't tell him what the recipe is
Got 'em wishing that they never gave these weapons to kids, cheers
Send chills up spines of fat bitches after
Shows throwing out sandwiches, niggas get it how they
Live and I live for money, other words, I'm getting money
Little boy told me when it's time to ride, they'll send them for me
Ain't nobody scaring me, niggas ain't prepared for heat
Tools hit like pool sticks, the way I cue shit
If this was '88, I would have signed to Ruthless
'94 would have had them walking down Death Row
First is when the best go, hate is what the rest do
Voice inside my head told me wet 'em if they test you
So it's raging water season
That yomper big as Larry Johnson, leave your momma seedless
Everybody hard until it's only God they seeing
Kittens soft but in they songs be trapping hard as Jeezy, I don't believe it
But to each his own, I ain't tripping long as I can reach the chrome
Heat your home like Southern California Gas, police pass
Tell 'em free Smalls, off Palm with the heat drawn
Strapped up long as the chief for police armed
Raised where the beasts are, north of the Beach
A couple streets past Baby Jay, bony niggas spraying Ks
Ruger with the pork face, Jewish for the court case
Here to save you niggas from the sorbet, Coldchain[Outro]
Like it's nothing cause it's nothing, bitch

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>