

Huey

Earl Sweatshirt

Foot and hand on the gates
We was jumping, oh fuck, I'm like quicksand in my ways
Was always stuck and I'm stuck until an ambulance came
The first time I changed fast through Los Angeles lanes
And my bitch say the spliff take the soul from me
And the clique tight-knit, it's like the 'lo rugby
Beat the fuckin beat up like it stole from me
You can talk to Clancy you need a feature, or quote from me
I'm off the lancy, I reek of reefer and show money
It's Early running with niggas, who cold running shit
The wins like lotion, he get it he go rub 'em in
Critics pretend to get it and bitches just don't fuck with him
I spent the day drinking and missing my grandmother
Just grab a glass and pour up some cold white wine
And a Colt 45 in it, you know how I get it
I'm toasted myself and a toast to all my niggas
And there ain't no time limit, I'm toasted as hell
And I gotta jot it quick cause I can't focus so well And now, a formal introduction

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