Luper

Earl Sweatshirt

Ma said wake up son, good morning
I rolled out of bed, greeted mama with a yawn and
Paused and scratched and went down to the kitchen
Fixed a plate of eggs and bacon, glass of O.J. Simpson
Just as I was about to dig in, thought jumped in my head
School was to be attended, shit
I paid my thoughts no attention cause I wasn't trying to kick it with this bitch that just ended it with me
But mama wasn't having it
So I grabbed my bag and split out the door and saw the whore that I'd rather kick it
Seems kinda brash, but it's the hash, I mean the harsh truth
She runs shit, she's the jock
I'm the horseshoe, she's gorgeous
When niggas see her, jaws hit the floor so
When she left, it didn't break my heart, it broke my torso
Makin' my eyes ache, stalking your Myspace
Posted a new pic, I mean it when I say
That I fucking hate you

But
Maybe if you looked in this direction
I pick my heart up off the floor and put it in my chest then

Feel the fucking life rushing through my body
But you got a guy, it's not me, so wrist is looking sloppily
C'mon lets cut the bull like a matador
You light me up, like last chance is all I'm really asking for
Give me one, promise id be back for more
Most want to tab the score
I want a fam of four
Not like a family of four just like,
Fuck it, you aint listening to this shit anyways
Fuck you
Bitch
She said you rushing, you rapping son of a Labrador
But I'm attracted to you like teeny boppers to Apple stores
The basement light is darkening, the switchblade is sharpening
The name on my arm and the face on the two percent carton
See your face while you fixing your breakfast
And no she's in my basement objecting to sex with

Me, murder spree surges on with the next bitch
Tombstone read rip causes it's pieces they rest in

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