

Wind in My Sails

Earl Sweatshirt

They landed at Plymouth
With a smile on their face
My whole disposition like
Fuck who told me to sit
Ten toes on the cement
Lil weed in my socks
Send dudes songs to repent
Clean up my thoughts
We in a box
See a lot of niggas talk
On the bench
A lotta father figures followin' trends
I ain't involved with 'em
Lemmings like to fall off of cliffs
And bring they squad with 'em
I see God in the mirror drinking
I tee off when the spirit hit me
And I don't fear the ending
I feel the envy
I listen to my past when it whisper to me
Half of it makes sense
My nigga half of it riddles to me
Moses with a makeshift staff
Sending ripples through ya
And through the land
And the river been a plan
But when I go to grab it slither out my hand
So on my other hand
I been handling business
Kinda shabby but my momma told me man up
It's now Popeye with the anchor tats
And the spinach
Finna spazz on a nigga if I have to
Wrist takers, no Satan, new dance moves
It could be your last move
Hard to see the glass half full
When you don't have food
Wrist dangling like black fruit, nigga
Crossing all my T's

And I'm dotting all my I's
Gotta watch out for debris
When it's fallin' down
As far as I can see
I done confronted all the shit
I couldn't walk around
Keep a piece when you on the ground
Leakin', you hard as Hell
Keep some wind in my sails
Walkin' down La Brea
Name ringin' bells like we got some mailAhh, still love me
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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