# Epar

## Earl Sweatshirt

(feat. Vince Staples)

[Hook]
All the bad bitches boo when you rap
I can teach you how to pull 'em like a tutor, in fact
I got one in the front and two in the back
And the bitches keep screaming "Odd Future is back"

[Verse 1]
Wolf with a T-Rex cock, less talk
While I invest stock in wet rock
Smoke with all the big bitches bumping "Bedrock"
Sub in the truck, thumpin' up against the dead cops
And pop it like I tossed a match in the engine
And go harder than a fucking crack intervention
Clown of the class and the last to attend it
Big Earl make you fags stand at attention
Odd Future, I'm your motherfucking general
Catch 'em where them slap, slash, stab bitch ass niggas go
Girl, you ain't even gotta ask cause you finna know
Why this Playboy so sticky in this centerfold
Sticky what my niggas blow, icky Earl finish foes
Hit 'em low, litter them with Chronicles of Riddick bows
Chronic in the spliff to the dome, got my system slow
Saw 'em walking out, ask them niggas what they sprinting fo'

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Vince Staples]
Black Ted Bundy sick as John Gacy
Chilling with a possible victim, she was 18
A hitchhiker hippie whore, met her at the liquor store
She freaked with dick to help support the habit picked up in the fourth
Grade A piece of ass, so I plan on screwing it
Slipped of a couple Rufilin inside the bitch's juice and gin
Next thing you know, we're on Earl's burgundy carpet
She's kicking and screaming, begging for me to fucking stop it
Look, you know it's not rape if you like it, bitch
So sit down like a pretty ho and don't fight the shit
Or else I'll have to tie a pretty bow 'round your bloody neck

Hide the slices from the gashes given with a dull Gillette
Mop the blood up, put the body in the apartment
Stash her where we hide the marijuana and the condoms
"Hey, what's that?" Don't touch it or even fucking look
You are Fantasia and the body bag's a fucking book

[Hook]

[Verse 3]
Yo Vince, let me tell you 'bout these hoes I met last night
They thought I was cute 'til I asked what that ass like
Damn right, red light, ran right through it
"You don't even have your permit, what the fuck are you doing?"
Maybe if you shut the fuck up, we'd be cruising
And you wouldn't be sitting, boohooing 'bout your bruises
But no, you wanna be Miss Fuck-with-the-Music
I'm zoning on Relapse, she's sliding on Blueprint
Three seconds it takes for her to turn blue
With my hands around her throat, her arms stopped moving
Pulse stops too, in the back, look confused
As I turn to tell them both not to do shit stupid
Red, white, blue lights in the rear-view, shit
Swerved to the shoulder, tell them both no moving
Sit down in the back, cause the windows tinted
As I rolled down mine to forge a new friendship
"Aren't you a little too young to be driving?"
Look Officer, I'm just tryna get home
"Get out the fucking car with your license and registration"
I ain't getting outta shit, you're starting to try my patience
Didn't have backup, I could tell by the Hummingbike
Reached to the glove, grabbed the motherfucking hunting knife
Stabbed him in his neck and hip, threw him in the trunk and dipped
Back to the fucking crib for some tea and crumpets, shit

[Outro]
All the bad bitches boo when you rap
I can teach you how to pull â€˜em like a tutor, in fact
A one dead in the front, dead cop in the back
And two live bitches screaming "Odd Future is back"
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