

Bitches Brewin'

Tyler The Creator, Earl Sweatshirt

Bitches brewin'

You're at an all time low, you're givin' in

I've got some blood to spill, it's simple kid

Come on, come on, now back that smack up swing

Oh oh, talk the talk

Oh oh, mean old dog

Oh oh, bitches brewin'

Oh oh, bitches brewin'

Hey, I'm at your beckon call and I'm dressed for sin

Yes, I've got some sick shoes on, let's get it swingin'

Oh it's too hot for pop must be that fuckin' yo

Oh oh, talk the talk

Oh oh, walk the walk

Oh oh baby, I want you to answer me

Come on

Some say, it's your motherfuckin' bed so sleep in it

I saw you comin'

Hey hey, talking shit won't fix this bitch

She's cold and you'll never win, you will never win

You're at an all time high and you're slinging shit

If you had an inch of soul, baby, you would benefit

Fess up or unrest in peace you'll know

Oh oh, talk the talk

Oh oh, walk the walk

Oh oh baby, I think you should

Fuckin' scream, come on

Some say, it's your motherfuckin' bed so sleep in it

I saw you comin'

Hey hey, talking shit won't fix this bitch

She's cold, you will never win

Oh, mama, mama, mama so

Some say, it's your motherfuckin' bed so sleep in it

I saw you comin'

Hey hey, talking shit won't fix this bitch

She's cold, you will never

Some say, it's your motherfuckin' bed get in and

Hey hey, I saw you coming

Talking shit won't fix this bitch now

Some say, it's your motherfuckin' bed, won't you get in?
'Cause you will never win

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