

# Faucet

## Earl Sweatshirt

Chef Sweaty braising your faculty  
Face getting gray from the ash, but I'm laughing  
That's the trace of me nigga  
Fuck out my face while I'm thinking  
Ain't step foot up in my momma place for a minute  
My days numbered  
I'm focused heavy on making the most of 'em  
I feel like I'm the only one pressin' to grow upwards  
It's still fuck you and whoever you showed up with  
Just trying to see an end and some steadier hands  
Who you callin' your mans  
Bet you thought he was solid  
When he really just sand  
Washing away with the water  
I'm a land mammal  
Staying away from the altar  
Shit changed in the August  
In the wake of that August  
Last autumn the leaves fell  
And I raked in the profit  
Disobeying the doctor  
The good guy prescribe, faith they never caught 'em  
Chasing these rabbits, whole face in the faucet  
And I don't know who house to call home lately  
I hope my phone break, let it ring  
Toe to toe with the foes, new and old  
Basic hoes try to cage him like the po  
When I run, don't chase me  
And I don't know who house to call home lately  
I hope my phone break, let it ring  
Toe to toe with the foes, new and old  
Basic hoes try to cage him like the po  
When I run, don't chase me  
Solid, so the funds don't phase me  
On tour wildin' by the truck stop racists  
As hard as finding me a, a common thread between us  
Raised different, my momma, she born readily  
To get shit poppin' like the gun's off safety  
Sayin' easy and doing harder when you get caught up  
Raised neck and neck with Nak, so I'm a fluid brawler  
Rain checkin' on ya product, never (im)'pressing papa

Out the toaster, I gotta focus on my family problems  
Shrunk and widen up with the bumps in my personal filings  
It hurt cause I can't keep a date or put personal time in  
A reverse of the times when my face didn't surprise you  
Before I did the shit that earned me my term on that island  
Can't put a smile on your face through your purse or your pocket  
Shit in a pile, never change, I'm stupid for tryin'  
Still this nigga too busy wildin' And I don't know who house to call home lately  
I hope my phone break, let it ring  
Toe to toe with the foes, new and old  
Basic hoes try to cage him like the po  
When I run, don't chase me  
And I don't know who house to call home lately  
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Toe to toe with the foes, new and old  
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