

# Couch (Feat. Ace Creator & Tyler, The Creator)

## Earl Sweatshirt

[Earl]

Uh, was always smartmouthed and quick-witted  
But somethin' was always missin' like six digits  
Lucky seven probably poppa  
Little nigga so they picked on him, hassled him  
Things changed when I hassled back, so  
David hit the pavement with this grapple rap  
Snapple fact: you rather wack  
While I am poppin' like a snappin' crack  
So high you could see like Tallahass, the opposite of cataracts  
Matter fact I am Farmer John milkin' cattle tracks  
Action packed nipple squeezin', boy colder than sniffle season  
Simple genius, go hard and spit bits of semen  
So when the street is split, don't act surprised, agree with it  
The Gang of Wolves and creeps and Crips  
Is deep as Dawson's Creek and shit  
I pray they got gills either that or grab some floaties  
I know I got skills, why you think I'm posted boastin'  
Braggin' tell these faggots to stop naggin'  
Cause them Wolf Gang niggas threw them off the bandwagon like[Tyler]  
Uh, was always fucked up as shit with it  
But I didn't cross the line until the bridge hit it, troll  
I got you niggas nervous like virgins flirtin' with Uncle Mervin  
Fuckin' y'all with no lubricant, go grab the detergent  
I preach to demons at your church, now I'm the newest sermon  
Wearin' nothin' but they fuckin' blast with the matchin' turban  
I drive through white suburbans in the black Suburban swervin'  
Hittin' curbs and blastin' Erick Sermon drunk off English Bourbon  
I'm stealin' purses rapin' nurses I'm a crooked surgeon  
And treat the beat like sanitized nazi pussies, I'm a German  
I'm squirtin' while I'm masturbatin' and regurgitatin'  
From eatin' Miley Cyrus salad pussy platter they were servin'  
My only purpose is to jerk it cause it has a curve  
So bitches hate to do me like it's convict community service  
This my Zombie Circus, you better get a fuckin' ticket  
Odd Future Wolf Gang like they're filmin' Twilight in this bitch[Earl]  
I'm back on my sixty six sick shit  
Flowin' like the blood out the competition's slit wrists  
She lick it up, Dracula, then spit it back, back at ya

She mad as fuck, stuck in the back of a black Acura  
Fed her acid now the duct tape quacks back at her  
Hello Heather yellow feathers now you ain't laughin', huh[Tyler]  
Bitch you're barely breathin' leavin' on the back of the boat  
While I fill you up with semen from the Wolf Gang team and  
Flowin' like the creampie inside of your daughter  
Oughta eat the bitch with salt and wash it down with a gallon of water  
I grab the saw and sawed off her arm and auctioned it  
And dip her teeth in gold molds and flossed the shit  
Fuckin' awesome spittin' box of trees, got you niggas  
Shakin' like it's Parkinsons from the clitoris of Kelly Clarkson's dick  
Ironin' you niggas now it's time to starch the shit  
Drown your bitch in a tub of cum and throw a shark in it  
Find a random abandoned garage and go to park in it  
Find Earl lying on the burgundy carpet, pull my knife out, sharpen it  
Stab him, put a arch on it, pour unleaded gas on him  
Get the Zippo and spark the shit  
Hop back in the van and then depart the bitch  
Killed him on his own track, the faggot shouldn't have started it

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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