Drop

Earl Sweatshirt

[Intro]I know everyone has their own fucking version of this
But no one did it justice, so here we go, uh
[Verse 1]Tell your bitch to stop complainin' 'bout her achey tits
Her body is a temple, I don't give a fuck, I'm atheist
Make me stop, make me bitch, she mad because I taped the shit
And sent the tape to Ace and Taco, helps 'em fuckin' 'bate to it
Master, master, pretty bitch basher, black and white bitch
Mixed like she moo and chew grass or some Concerta
Like the shit, I guess I kinda like my bitch
If she wasn't a dyke motorcyclist with Tyson lisp
Wolf Gang on that drive without a license shit
On that take Shake and Meka necks and fuckin' slice them shits
Oh how nice, now you wanna say you like the shit
Because you bruised up, your neck sliced, and I ain't icin' shit
Show me a rapper my age that say he nice as this
And I'll show you a faggot that says he hate Barbara Streisand flicks
Huh, me and Berman swervin' in the jeep
I'm a nice guy in person, but a pervert in the sheets
And I'm magic with the words, murder Merlin over beats

Make the competition kiss the fuckin' curb and then they weep
[Hook]And then they drop, ha-ha
Drop, bitch, drop, drop, drop (Drop, bitch)
[Verse 2]Yo, the lambs get silenced and the fans get violent
Droppin' live grimey like the hands of Odd Toddlers
Fuckin' Awesome arsenal of wolves in the pack I travel in
The battle ram, rammin' 'em, rats get to tattlin'
Lynn swingin' axes at you antonyms of savages
And prayin' that it damages, your hobby's what my passion is
Fuck that faggot shit, my niggas on that savage shit
Fuckin' the game and shovin' daggers through the ass of it
Movin' on to a Jessica, plannin' to make a mess of her
After a couple drinks and a session of anal sex with her
Like hey there intestines, my cock is erect next to ya
We the shit, like what you make, them niggas still ain't fresh as us
[Outro]Eat a dick, bitch!

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