

# Home

## Earl Sweatshirt

Self-loathing narcissist  
Spittin' crowbars out the back window of cars and shit  
And acting like a klonopin binge-hardening  
And switching up the moniker of artists into arsonists  
Knock-knock, it's that prodigal pen-throttle, bitch  
Popping like the top of a bottle of hot JavaScript  
Rhyme harder than nine joggers with  
Shin splints dodging an ornery rhinoceros  
Order me my waffles and bother me not, blogger  
The option of being modest just walked to where my father went  
Ponder how we can holler then spit darker  
Than Gotham at six bars in the genre then lick shots  
At imposters and miss nada, Volatile pig brawler  
Is hotter than lit parliament, send in your fucking army  
In the parking lot of a Target, I'm targeted, piss-harboring

Heart dark as that thick parka I slip markers in  
Holla if you've never been a starter  
Spartan kicking jocks and tossing salt at their Ed Hardy shit  
Burning chops, talking shit, rocking 28's on a rocket ship  
So I could give a fuck about the car you in, nigga  
Drooling chew aluminum  
Blue 'Preme overalls, jump when them blues come  
Some of you should run from where the shooter's come  
Out for cheese with a studio, it's like a gudda run, it glues to us  
Shouts to pigeons that I flew amongst  
Mouth deliver poop, it's spouting mucus from its stupid tongue  
Alpha male, got the chicken losing in his cruising trunks  
Losers get a Kuma Punch, I'm moving like a puma's lunch  
And I'm back.. bye

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