

# Guild (feat. Mac Miller)

## Earl Sweatshirt

Said this a hit of liquid heroin  
Marilyn Manson channeling, panicking, spar with Anakin  
'Til one of us leave in an ambulance  
Blow the smoke of the spliff in your eyes  
You ain't gon' live 'til you die  
Intelligent bitch on my side  
She bitching I'm spitting habitual lies  
I hit her up when my jet land  
Got a swisher tucked in my headband  
Front page news, I'm young Jesus  
Eating bagels with no cable on  
Been fucking hoes since when Mase was on  
I hope that Basedgod hears my prayers  
One day you're here, the next day you're gone  
So me and Earl smoking weed on Jay-Z's lawn  
Some dope rap on your ho ass, Tony Womack  
Don't hold back, no, feed your girl Cognac  
Meet a bitch, sleeping wit her, feverish, diva chick  
Met her off Twitter even Schindler keeps a list  
Pittsburgh, broke down somewhere in a Fisker  
I could pull your bitch with a whisper and diss her  
Dumbass ho  
She only dumb cause she love that though  
Somewhere getting high reading Juxtapoz  
I hit her up she come through and watch Adjustment Bureau  
("That's a good movie!")  
Moms love me cause I'm so commercial  
I fuck 'em raw cause I know they fertile  
In Myrtle Beach with a purple fleece  
Hotel lobbies playing FÃ¼r Elise  
I'm Ron Burgundy mixed with Hercules  
Slap a bitch in the mouth if she curse at me  
I said Josh's beard is like Paul Revere  
When he walk in the room it's like God is here  
I'm at a prop shop in Montauk throwing tomohawks  
At civilians I'm chilling I'm on the monitor nigga  
She taking it like a champ  
And I'm proud of her nigga  
I'm on the couch where that loud is burning

I'm shouting, "I don't fuck with you"  
Cause I don't, never love a ho  
But we could play doctor, ma  
Open wide for thermometer  
Your cowgirl's crotch riding  
With a clean, faded fro, lopsided  
Tell the label that I want a white driver  
And tell him give me space, I don't know that nigga  
Bold ass little fuckin' low class villian  
Whole van tinted, nope can't kill him  
It's the Trashwang nigga, that's what's up  
Half pint of hope in that plastic cup  
Real nigga from the start 'til the casket shut  
Present his own case as a basket one  
Present-day based nigga, smack the judge  
Riding with them same niggas ashin' blunts  
While that bass make his face like he mad or somethin'  
Slide in the safe, take the cash and run  
Know that if he fake I'm harrassin' him  
Took the big toe so they tagged the tongue  
Out here stuntin' like I'm supposed to, dog  
Blowing more smoke than a broke exhaust  
Pipe only spirit that I hold menthol  
It's Wolf Gang bitch like you know these paws  
Living like it's '62  
Spit and grip my genitals  
My bitch to split the swisher  
My niggas split the residualsHey, it's marijuana fields  
Pot growing, blaring Gil Scott  
Heron while we pill pop  
Errand run and kill cop  
Niggas know I feel not  
For 'em, stop bitching, bruh  
Stare and get that grill knocked openHey, it's marijuana fields  
Pot growing, blaring Gil Scott  
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