

Sasquatch

Earl Sweatshirt

After filling my reputation of whore beaters
Soared to Taco Bell and I ordered some gorditas (Mmm, that's good!)
Wanted four more, ordered 'em, didn't eat 'em
Then head to Thebe's house for some gymnastics
Fantastic, I backflip on this beat B
Cause we running shit like the Dingleberry's on four cheetahs
Flow colder than Papa Joe's or Domino's (Fuck it, whatever, um)
Trashwang scratched inside the knucks
Got some One Direction tickets, I should hit that up
Drive by with puppy signs plastered on the truck
Then see how many of they fans could fit inside the trunk
Move over the microwave and the cannabis
Try to take the van and the whole band to Canada
Fuck the block news and the venues, they can't handle us
They can't stand us including fruits that Frank's channeling
The Ku Klux Klan see me and my managers
But thank me when they ask where the Five Panels is (fuck)
Man, I suck now, I ain't still dope (nope)
But Chris and Rihanna's fuckin' again so there's still hope
Oh fuck, I went there, balling bitch, I'm Ben's hair
Y'all barely breaking like Taco's self-esteem in a thin chair
Old Navy bitches love this gap, yeah this grin's rare
Watch a nigga smile like five-year-old child
I'm kicking it with Nak and the nigga from Green Mile, it's
Red Bull in this cup so a nigga may seem wild but
That's just all the sherm I was burning a little while ago
Don't let me get hold of that rifle
Shout my nigga Sage Elsseser and Sean Pablo
Surrounded by them niggas that skate with a sick style
And some freckled bitches with giant peaches that's vile
They never did catch that rhinoSquadron full of some lost souls
Sergeant of all, it's autumn and Nak just nollied a pothole
Non-cooperative with his momma's wishes for college
And coppers labeled a problem since paying for Damianos
So shimmy through the swamp, nigga, follow me through the foxholes
Moral Orenthal with a pretty bitch in a Bronco
Hopped right off the seven and stumbled into some Vatos
Threw a punch, got jumped, dusted off and then walked home
Shit, it's like 6 p.m. and his temple throbbing

Hand in the cabinet by seven, sniff the prescription oxies
Logo in the boxes, all my niggas hostile
Cautious of your crosses, scoffing at your doctrines
Bitches augmented stupid as the group is
Only slightly, write precise to get a pussy nigga two chins
Man these stitches shut the loose lips, stumbled in a Ruth's Chris
Slid into a booth and hid the luggage from his shroom trips
See, Lionel ball with Leonardo on the weekend now
And Maui on a scenic route, we on the second season now
Small fry got 'em seasons salty, weeded, coughing
Ease up off me, end is breathing easy as bulimics barfing
From a different breed of doggy, from a different seed and cloth
And teeing off, believe it's Golf Wang, nigga

Songwriters

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