

# Molasses

## Earl Sweatshirt

[RZA]

Search inside my purse to buy something worthless[Verse 1: Earl Sweatshirt]

99 problems all gone in that one joint

And the neck gold froze like he held it at gunpoint

I'm a bubble in the belly of the monster

With a duffel full of troubles, trunk rattle in the Mazda

Ragged with the Contra, Phantom of the Opera

And I'm standing on the cop's truck, stacking for the long run

The bags packed, roadside with the thumb out

Toe tag, don't gag, fag, spit your gum out

Nomadic, chrome-grabbing when it's danger

I'm a major born puppy holding flight like a hangar do

Knife to the trachea, spit scabies and bet

The label don't like me but they pay me a grip

And you see how his day going by the state of his wrists

My niggas busy Play-Dohing, bet the baker came swinging like

What the fuck you saying? All that aiming and miss

Hey, I'mma fuck the freckles off your bitch, nigga[Hook: RZA]

We could do this shit all night

I'll fuck the freckles off your face, bitch

We could do this shit all night

I'll fuck the freckles off your face, bitch[Verse 2: Earl Sweatshirt]

You know me, drugs out, 'front the telly

I'm couch-drunk, ready to fuck, count fetti and bucks

Pack loud as that slap across the belly

What's up? Fuck nigga, what's up?

I'm at the deli scheming on a Fanta and a Camel Crush screaming "Saddle up!"

Like fuck his beef, get your cattle cut, pansy

If the fans only local, why the flights trans-Atlantied?

I'm the rice to the paddies, good nights for the chancellor

The teeth with the gold bright, the light switch's mad at us

Snapchatted panty-clad baddies, I'm a bachelor

High and polite because po-lice is in back of us

And write with the same hand I smack 'em up with

Stretching out the fifteen I had initially

Icky Thump, sticky kush lit up in a rental Jeep[Hook]

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