

Molasses (feat. RZA)

Earl Sweatshirt

Search inside my purse to buy something worthless
99 problems all gone in that one joint
And the neck gold froze like he held it at gunpoint
I'mma bubble in the belly of the monster
With a duffle 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 tagged, don't gag, [fag], spit your gum out
Nomadic, chrome-grabbing when it's danger
I'm a manger 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 doughing, bet the baker came swinging like
What the fuck you saying? All that aiming and miss
I'mma fuck the freckles off your bitch, nigga 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 You know me, drugs out, 'front the telly
I'm couch-drunk and ready to fuck, count fetti and bucks
Pack loud as that slap 'cross 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 is beef? Get your cattle cut, pansy
If them fans only local, why them flights trans-atlantied up?
The rice and patty's cooked, nice for the chancellor
Them teeth with the gold bright, the light switches mad at us
Snap chatting panty clad baddies, I'm a bachelor
I'm high and polite cause 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 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

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