

# Luper

## Earl Sweatshirt

Ma said wake up son, good morning  
I rolled out of bed, greeted mama with a yawn and  
Paused and scratched and went down to the kitchen  
Fixed a plate of eggs and bacon, glass of O.J. Simpson  
Just as I was about to dig in, thought jumped in my head  
School was to be attended, shit  
I paid my thoughts no attention cause I wasn't trying to kick it with this bitch that just ended it with me  
But mama wasn't having it  
So I grabbed my bag and split out the door and saw the whore that I'd rather kick it  
Seems kinda brash, but it's the hash, I mean the harsh truth  
She runs shit, she's the jock  
I'm the horseshoe, she's gorgeous  
When niggas see her, jaws hit the floor so  
When she left, it didn't break my heart, it broke my torso  
Makin' my eyes ache, stalking your Myspace  
Posted a new pic, I mean it when I say  
That I fucking hate youButMaybe if you looked in this direction  
I pick my heart up off the floor and put it in my chest then  
Feel the fucking life rushing through my body  
But you got a guy, it's not me, so wrist is looking sloppily  
C'mon lets cut the bull like a matador  
You light me up, like last chance is all I'm really asking for  
Give me one, promise id be back for more  
Most want to tab the score  
I want a fam of fourNot like a family of four just like,  
Fuck it, you aint listening to this shit anyways  
Fuck youBitchShe said you rushing, you rapping son of a Labrador  
But I'm attracted to you like teeny boppers to Apple stores  
The basement light is darkening, the switchblade is sharpening  
The name on my arm and the face on the two percent carton  
See your face while you fixing your breakfast  
And no she's in my basement objecting to sex with  
Me, murder spree surges on with the next bitch  
Tombstone read rip causes it's pieces they rest in

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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