

Inside

Earl Sweatshirt

Fresh out the belly of the island
Into the heart of the city
T and them just hit the road
I had Sage and Nak and 'em with me
I thought the fodder was pretty
So I approached her
My first apartment was
Really covered with roaches
Cause niggas was really smoking
Gotta say that as of late
I been busy with business mostly
Got a tape? Catch a wave
Now you in the industry ocean
And missing out on your boat
I been figuring out my own fish
Home gets distant
We working I'm on the road again
Cold and his spirits is
Bursting up out the Trojan, man
Fridge full of spirits
And the crib mirror mirror
Let me hear why the niggas
That's the peers see and hear us
Then mimick the fucking motions man
Keep the circle closed
Let them niggas front in the cul-de-sacs
Friendly with the chosen
The rest is getting the poker hand
Face-drinking smoker
It help me duck when emotion jab
Fame is the culprit
Who give me drugs without owing cash
Sipping 'til I melt
Never trying me, I'm diving
Falling victim to myself
Middle finger to the help
When it's problems I don't holler
Rather fix 'em by myself
When it's looking like it's quiet for you

This the shit to yell This the shit right
Keep your chin high up
Cause when she ain't fucking with you
Then her friend might
Let you get up inside yup
Let this shit ride
You don't get it rocking
Like we do on this side nigga I blow a spliff before the ink dries on the paper
And lately I don't like shit, I been inside on the daily

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