

# Stapleton

## Earl Sweatshirt

[Verse 1] It's Earl, Mr. Early Bird, gets them girls with curvy curves  
Skate Mental, truck smack a faggot in his Shirley Temple  
Your rhymes rentals, give 'em back to they owners  
At the end of the bar, I spit with the permanents  
Learn I'm a curb stomping person  
Like third strike verdict dropping jaw dropping verses  
This bigger lips in person, nigga spits some burn so urn the shit  
Furnish the flow until my pockets green, Kermit's dick  
The Miss Piggies with a string in they ass  
I control them like your eyes when I'm tinkin a glass  
So if you thinking about dissing stop thinking it fast  
Cause my wolves ten deep and they knuckles is brass, ho  
The Miss Piggies with a string in they ass  
I control them like your eyes when I'm tinkin a glass  
So if you thinking about this then stop thinking it fast  
Cause my wolves ten deep and they knuckles is brass, bitch  
[Hook] Tell your boyfriend that's a bat and this a migraine  
Don't ask why my jeans splattered with these white stains  
Wait, where you going, what you doing tonight?  
Just want to know what you doing, come back  
Tell your boyfriend that's a bat and this a migraine  
Don't ask why my jeans splattered with these white stains  
Where you going, what you doing tonight?  
Stop running, where you going, what you doing?  
[Verse 2] It's Earl, Mr. Lateshift, rapist in training  
Who edge about as straight as some clay closet gay dick  
Ray say hey Earl's a real charming racist  
  
Your birthday day, have some KK cake bitch  
Habit have it, grab it fast and attack it, faggot  
I'm above average like I'm rapping in the attic, yeah  
I'm crouched in the basement shouting "Couch" is the greatest hit  
Dirty as a anus is, fans stand in rain for this  
They even stand in sleet season until they fucking feet bleeding  
Hail and fucking snow, in hell with fucking coats  
Probably wear more layers, there's only one Sweatshirt  
He make them bow down until they mothafucking necks hurt  
Fans probably stand in sleet season until they fucking feet bleeding  
Hail and fucking snow, in hell with fucking coats

Probably wear more layers, there's only one Sweatshirt  
He make them bow down 'til they mothafucking necks hurt  
[Hook][Verse 3]Mr. Deerskin Moccasins is on the fucking stalk again  
Following and stalking all them larchmont soccer chicks  
Chopping limbs, gnawing legs, through they fuckin' stockings  
Him his grandfather sweatshirt, clockin' all them cardigans  
Product of popped rubbers and pops that did not love us  
So when I leave home keep my heart on the top cupboard  
So I will not stutter when I'm shoutin' fuck you, son  
Wolf Gang 'bout it, we ain't waitin' 'til the moon come  
Woo son, the moonshine got feelin' loose  
As the puss of a whore who's used to abuse  
My screws pretty loose mind fucked like the hair-doo  
Of doo-doo mamas, dude I will bear jew you  
You unripe fruit dudes is crews to chew through  
My niggas wash 'em down with a fat carton of yoo-hoo  
Odd Future Wolf Gang Kill Them All fuck 'em all  
No lube, it's the crew to get use to, faggot

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