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 tinking 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 tinking 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-doos
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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