

Earl

Earl Sweatshirt

Yo
I'm a hot and bothered astronaut
Crashing while jacking off
To buffering vids of Asher Roth
Eattin' apple sauce
Sent to Earth to poke Catholics in the ass with saws
And knock blunt ashes into their caskets
And laugh it off
Twisted sicker than mad cattle
In fact I'm off
Six different liquors With a Prince wig plastered on
Stop screamin', bitch, you shouldn't be that alarmed
When Big Lips is in the Attic Arms with an addicts arm
Earl puts the 'ass' in "assassin."
Puts the pieces of decomposing bodies in plastic
Puts 'em in a pan and mixes it up with scat
Then gobbles it like fat black bitches and catfish
It so happens that I'm so haphazardous
I'll puke a piece and put it on a hook
And fucking cast the shit I'm asking that you faggot rap actors take action
And get a hall pass from this class-act shit
How the fuck I fit a axe in a satchel?
Slip capsules in the glass, you dizzy rascal
Party staff baffled, asking where her ass go
In my room redefining the meaning of black holes
Before I suck it up. But hurry
I got nuts to bust, and butts to fuck, and ups to shut
And sluts to fucking uppercut
It's OF, buttercup, go ahead, fuck with us Without a doubt
A sure-fire way to get your mother fucked
Asked for a couple bucks
Shove a trumpet up her butt
Play a song, invade her thong
My dick is having guts for lunch
As well as supper, then I rummage through her ruptured cunt
Found the mustard
Fuckin' nosey neighbors notice something's up
"Whatcha doin'?"
Nothin' much

Would shout some other stuff
Gotta fucking bounce
Guess the bouncers had enough of us "Fuck you doin'?" Eat my dick! I'll eat your ass!"
"Fuck T in the ass, man"
"Ay, fuck you!"
"Fuck that nigga, man!" Get 'em off the pavement
Whipe the dirt and vomit off
DopeBoyz hatin' but them faggots is a lot of talk
Cotton soft, pussy
Them Odd niggas is molotov
Cocktails fuckin' toss 'em into your apartment, dog
Wolf Gang, we ain't barkin', nawh
Try talkin' on a blog with your fuckin' arms cut off
Put 'em in carpet and watch 'em get auctioned off to Ace
Tell Shakes daughter we're sorry but poppa's gone, bitch Odd Future Wolf Gang, nigga
Fuck them 2DopeBoyz, niggas
Odd Future Wolf Gang Kill Them All,
Don't give a fuck, nigga
Stay pop, nigga
Earl, whaddup nigga?
Fuck Steve Harvey

Songwriters

MEL POWELL Published by

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