Wakeupfaggot

Earl Sweatshirt

[Verse 1]
Ma said "Wake up son, good morning"
I rolled out of bed, greeted mama with a yawn then
Paused to scratch an itch and went, down to the kitchen
Fixed a plate of eggs and bacon, glass of OJ Simpson
Just as I was about to dig in
A thought jumped in my head, school was to be attended, shit
I paid my thoughts no attention
Cause I wasn't tryna kick it with this bitch that just ended it with me
But mama wasn't havin 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 it jaws hit the floor so
When she left, it didn't break my heart it broke my torso
Making my eyes ache, stalking her MySpace
Posted a new pic, I mean it when I say, that I fucking hate you, but

[Verse 2]
Maybe if you looked in this direction
I'd 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 my wrist is looking sloppy
Come on, let's cut the bull like a matador
You light me up like lamps a chance is all I'm really asking for
Give me one, I promise I'll be back for more
Most want to tap and score, I want a fam of four
Not like a family of four, just like.. fuck it
You'll never listen to this shit anyways, fuck you, bitch

[Verse 3]
She said "You rushing, you rabid son of a Labrador"
But I'm attracted to you like teenyboppers to Apple stores
The basement light is darkened and the switchblade is sharpened
Her name on my arm and her face on a two percent carton
See her face while you're fixing your breakfast
And know she's in my basement, objecting to sex with
Me murder spree, surges on with the next bitch
Tombstones read RIP cause it's pieces they rest in

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