Couch

Tyler The Creator, Earl Sweatshirt

[Earl]Uh, was always smartmouthed and quick-witted
But somethin' was always missin' like six digits
Lucky seven probably poppa
Little nigga so they picked on him, hassled him
Things changed when I hassled back, so
David hit the pavement with this grapple rap
Snapple fact: you rather wack
While I am poppin' like a snappin' crack
So high you could see like Tallahass, the opposite of cataracts
Matter fact I am Farmer John milkin' cattle tracks
Action packed nipple squeezin', boy colder than sniffle season
Simple genius, go hard and spit bits of semen
So when the street is split, don't act surprised, agree with it
The Gang of Wolves and creeps and Crips
Is deep as Dawson's Creek and shit
I pray they got gills either that or grab some floaties
I know I got skills, why you think I'm posted boastin'
Braggin' tell these faggots to stop naggin'
Cause them Wolf Gang niggas threw them off the bandwagon like
[Tyler]Uh, was always fucked up as shit with it
But I didn't cross the line until the bridge hit it, troll
I got you niggas nervous like virgins flirtin' with Uncle Mervin
Fuckin' y'all with no lubricant, go grab the detergent
I preach to demons at your church, now I'm the newest sermon
Wearin' nothin' but they fuckin' blast with the matchin' turban
I drive through white suburbans in the black Suburban swervin'
Hittin' curbs and blastin' Erick Sermon drunk off English Bourbon
I'm stealin' purses rapin' nurses I'm a crooked surgeon
And treat the beat like sanitized nazi pussies, I'm a German

I'm squirtin' while I'm masturbatin' and regurgitatin'
From eatin' Miley Cyrus salad pussy platter they were servin'
My only purpose is to jerk it cause it has a curve
So bitches hate to do me like it's convict community service
This my Zombie Circus, you better get a fuckin' ticket
Odd Future Wolf Gang like they're filmin' Twilight in this bitch
[Earl]I'm back on my sixty six sick shit
Flowin' like the blood out the competition's slit wrists
She lick it up, Dracula, then spit it back, back at ya

She mad as fuck, stuck in the back of a black Acura
Fed her acid now the duct tape quacks back at her
Hello Heather yellow feathers now you ain't laughin', huh
[Tyler]Bitch you're barely breathin' leavin' on the back of the boat
While I fill you up with semen from the Wolf Gang team and
Flowin' like the creampie inside of your daughter
Oughta eat the bitch with salt and wash it down with a gallon of water
I grab the saw and sawed of her arm and auctioned it
And dip her teeth in gold molds and flossed the shit
Fuckin' awesome spittin' box of trees, got you niggas
Shakin' like it's Parkinsons from the clitoris of Kelly Clarkson's dick
Ironin' you niggas now it's time to starch the shit
Drown your bitch in a tub of cum and throw a shark in it
Find a random abandoned garage and go to park in it
Find Earl lying on the burgundy carpet, pull my knife out, sharpen it
Stab him, put a arch on it, pour unleaded gas on him
Get the Zippo and spark the shit
Hop back in the van and then depart the bitch
Killed him on his own track, the faggot shouldn't have started it

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