

GUILD (ft. Mac Miller)

Earl Sweatshirt

Said this a hit of liquid heroin
Marilyn Manson channeling, panicking, spar with Anakin
'Til one of us leave in an ambulance
Blow the smoke of the spliff in your eyes
You ain't gon' live 'til you die
Intelligent bitch on my side
She bitching I'm spitting habitual lies
I hit her up when my jet land
Got a swisher tucked in my headband
Front page news, I'm young Jesus
Eating bagels with no cable on
Been fucking hoes since when Mase was on
I hope that Basedgod hears my prayers
One day you're here, the next day you're gone
So me and Earl smoking weed on Jay-Z's lawn
Some dope rap on your ho ass, Tony Womack
Don't hold back, no, feed your girl Cognac
Meet a bitch, sleeping wit her, feverish, diva chick
Met her off Twitter even Schindler keeps a list
Pittsburgh, broke down somewhere in a Fisker
I could pull your bitch with a whisper and diss her
Dumbass ho
She only dumb cause she love that though
Somewhere getting high reading Juxtapoz
I hit her up she come through and watch Adjustment Bureau
("That's a good movie!")
Moms love me cause I'm so commercial
I fuck 'em raw cause I know they fertile
In Myrtle Beach with a purple fleece
Hotel lobbies playing FÅ¼r Elise
I'm Ron Burgundy mixed with Hercules
Slap a bitch in the mouth if she curse at me
I said Josh's beard is like Paul Revere
When he walk in the room it's like God is here
I'm at a prop shop in Montauk throwing tomohawks
At civilians I'm chilling I'm on the monitor nigga
She taking it like a champ
And I'm proud of her nigga
I'm on the couch where that loud is burning

I'm shouting, "I don't fuck with you"
Cause I don't, never love a ho
But we could play doctor, ma
Open wide for thermometer
Your cowgirl's crotch riding
With a clean, faded fro, lopsided
Tell the label that I want a white driver
And tell him give me space, I don't know that nigga
Bold ass little fuckin' low class villian
Whole van tinted, nope can't kill him
It's the Trashwang nigga, that's what's up
Half pint of hope in that plastic cup
Real nigga from the start 'til the casket shut
Present his own case as a basket one
Present-day based nigga, smack the judge
Riding with them same niggas ashin' blunts
While that bass make his face like he mad or somethin'
Slide in the safe, take the cash and run
Know that if he fake I'm harrassin' him
Took the big toe so they tagged the tongue
Out here stuntin' like I'm supposed to, dog
Blowing more smoke than a broke exhaust
Pipe only spirit that I hold menthol
It's Wolf Gang bitch like you know these paws
Living like it's '62
Spit and grip my genitals
My bitch to split the swisher
My niggas split the residualsHey, it's marijuana fields
Pot growing, blaring Gil Scott
Heron while we pill pop
Errand run and kill cop
Niggas know I feel not
For 'em, stop bitching, bruh
Stare and get that grill knocked openHey, it's marijuana fields
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Songwriters

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