

# Hive (feat. Vince Staples, Casey Veggies)

## Earl Sweatshirt

Promise Heron I'll put my fist up after I get my dick sucked  
Quick buck, maybe a gold chain  
With that fucking flow that s-s-so belittles men  
They tentatively tend to turn and go when I am finished  
Stone cold, hardly fucking with these niggas, nigga listen  
The description doesn't fit, if not a synonym of menace, then forget it  
In turn, these critics and interns admitting the shit spit  
It just burn like six furnaces writ it  
It affixed learning them digits, and simultaneously  
"Dispelling one-trick-pony myths, isn't he?"  
One adolescent, fucking six-nigga energy  
And crawling down fax like a rich nigga centipede  
Crack ceramic and slap a hand out of cash account  
Stamp and shouting, thrashing, these niggas done let the Kraken out  
Crack-a-lackin', like snap, crackle, poppin' your ammo off  
Hide your face, and throw your flannels off, Sweatshirt, nigga  
(Sweatshirt, nigga)'87 roof top, Bronson  
Whipping hoopties tryna boost raw chronic  
(Brutus in that booth, double scoop, hock vomit up)  
(Sub rocking, thud knocking niggas teeth loose)  
Bruh, I don't fuck with no cop  
(Rolling with that flow swamp)  
Catch me over stove top  
(Rapping to that coke rock)  
(Passionless in old Jive clothing  
With them doors wide open)  
(Dim the floor lights, focused)  
Like it's nothing, cause it's nothing, bitch  
From a city that's recession-hit  
With stress niggas could flex metal with, peddle to rake pennies in  
Desolate testaments trying to stay Jekyll-ish  
But most niggas Hyde, and Brenda just stay pregnant  
Breaking news: death's less important when the Lakers lose  
There's lead in that baby food, heads try to make it through  
Fish-netted legs for them eyes that she cater to  
Ride dirty as the fucking sky that you praying to  
So here I sit, eye in the pyramid  
God spit it like it's truth serum in that beer and then  
Disappear again, reappear bearded  
On top of a lear, steering it into the kids' ear again

Provider of the backdrop music  
For the crack rock user and the mascot, Earl  
Rawer than the skinned knee cap on the blacktop  
Salivary glands, lighter fluid for the matchbox  
Striking, wait, wait, who the fuck you badder than?  
Boy oh boy, I'm bad as burnt pollo off the grill and shit  
Spitter of the Little Nick, nimble, rickrolling  
Bitch niggas pick litter, piff-blower, plus I pillage shit'87 roof top, Bronson  
Whipping hoopties tryna boost raw chronic  
(Brutus in that booth, double scoop, hock vomit up)  
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Like it's nothing, cause it's nothing, bitch  
Quit with all that tough talk, bruh, we know you niggas ain't about shit  
Come around, we gun 'em down, bodies piled, Auschwitz  
Bulletproof outfits, weapons concealed  
I'm ready to kill, so test it, all my weapons is real  
Selling thizz, couldn't tell him what the recipe is  
Got 'em wishing that they never gave these weapons to kids, cheers  
Send chills up spines of fat bitches after  
Shows throwing out sandwiches, niggas get it how they  
Live and I live for money, other words, I'm getting money  
Little boy told me when it's time to ride, they'll send them for me  
Ain't nobody scaring me, niggas ain't prepared for heat  
Tools hit like pool sticks, the way I cue shit  
If this was '88, I would have signed to Ruthless  
Nine-four, would've had them walking down Death Row  
First is when the best go, hate is what the rest do  
Voice inside my head told me, "Wet 'em if they test you"  
So it's Raging Waters season  
That yomper big as Larry Johnson, leave your momma seedless  
Everybody hard until it's only God they seeing  
Kittens soft but in they songs be trapping hard as Jeezy, I don't believe it  
But to each his own, I ain't tripping long as I can reach the chrome  
Heat your home like Southern California Gas, police pass  
Tell 'em "Free Smalls," off Palm with the heat drawn  
Strapped up long as the chief for police armed  
Raised where the beasts are, north of the Beach  
A couple streets past Baby J, bony niggas spraying Ks  
Ruger with the pork face, Jewish for the court case

Here to save you niggas from the sorbet, ColdchainLike it's nothing, cause it's nothing, bitch

Songwriters

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