

Hive (ft. Vince Staples and 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
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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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