

Wool (feat. Vince Staples)

Earl Sweatshirt

Yeah yeah yeah Soon as I catch the vibe tell 'em to fetch the hearse
Shorty I'm pressin' lines lifting the Lauren shirt
Tell her to bless the girth if she with it
I'm in that kitchen, wrist water whippin'
(psych) Work nigga, I don't do that
Niggas get bloop-blapped and blown away
Wessons making Mexicans wetbacks like órale
Okay, I'm on to something
Momma should've told you it'd be days like this
It's just a tale from the crip
I'm on my séance shit, I'm tryna' make a million dollars
Keep it hood while crossing over on some A.I. shit
I need a foreign baby momma to match a nigga model whip
Ramona Park made me from scratch
A lot of lotto picks lost inside this game called rap
I be the underdog
Bullet hit his forehead, it exit out his under arm
Ain't nobody bigger than my hood, my nigga, fuck a boss
Baby momma killer, you offended and I fuck her raw
Stretchy doin' federal time for bustin' at the law
And he gonna be a neighbor of mine, you play me for a pawn
Shorty I be swimmin' with sharks, your posse full of prawns
Pistols rip his body apart, now he
afraid of dark alleyways
Niggas better listen when the pastor say
It's Golf on that-- bitch, it's Golf on that ball cap
I guzzle the tall boy, Jehovah ain't call back
And ya'll still debating over Earl music
Troops got the group nationwide moving merch units crazy
Peanut butter to paisley, walking down the street
In the different color McGrady's, that first grader was me
Now my fist full of spliffs and the old banker receipts
Bitches grip the stick and jerky like cold shanks of the beef, dry
I'm taking purses like they chances in the evening
Pick your pants up, boy, you dancing with a demon
On my momma I been limiting my features, filling swishers up with reefer
Bitch, it's difficult to beat him like a soft dick
Golf clique deep and we don't hit the streets passive
That nigga Sweaty got the gas and Shreddy k brought the matches
Put your body down in water like a Lipton tea bag and then
Switch to different fucking whip to let them piggies speed past 'em
It's the rats, try and get the cheese What it do? Rap like I'm mincing meat
Call me Lou, if I'm on the track, these niggas skip to me

Niggas want to fade me, bitches feel some type of way for me
50's in my pocket falling out like fucking baby teeth
Vince be with the rocket, he gone pop it when it's danger round
Fingertips to tapers, now, salute us when you face us
Give a fuck about the moves all these loser niggas making now

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>