

# Centurion (feat. Vince Staples)

## Earl Sweatshirt

I feel like the Tom Sawyer for real niggas  
Looking for a problem, revolver under the Hilfiger  
No bluff needed, we will kill niggas  
So try me if you want, bruh, I promise I'm with all of that  
Late night shooters, got 'em thinking Johnny Carson back  
Trying to win this white man game with my heart intact  
All off a dollar and a dream that I really had  
Kind of hard to sleep when your thoughts is in the streets  
North north is the side where my family stay  
Big Baby Jesus, I can't wait  
Until the money coming in, spend it all on guns and rims  
I ain't nothing but a nigga, ain't no reason to pretend  
Kept the sticky in the Stussy pouch  
Ski mask, bloody 'Preme hoodie tossing doobies out  
The window of the hoopty, night black as Paul  
Mooney at the movies but the moon was out  
Food was always optional  
Eating nothing but hard punches to that abdominal  
Closed fist chronicles, sold sniff, Momma knew  
Baggies laying 'round, peanut shells at a carnival  
Stomping clowns, welcome pussy niggas to the romper room  
Buckshot'll cover a whole torso like a parka do  
In a park at 2, plotting, trying to garner loot  
Split it with his big roll dog, call him Marmaduke  
Searching for a shard of truth and found uh  
Couple bucks bought his cousins lunch  
Another Dutch, stiff collar on the button-up  
Hood, rich, wild, and 'bout to run amuck  
Road to hell paved with cement, covered trussed drugs toughen up

x2

Alright, okay

If that's how you truly feel about it then Vinny Stape, they stupid, think the city safe

Until that little bindi placed, head shots, red dot  
Block as hot as Denny plates, fed watch, Fed watch  
Opinions only pity based, deep in the Civic with the  
Evilest niggas this side of the Mississippi  
All courtesy of Vincent from niggas who plot against  
Ear-L-double-S, hear shells from the Tec  
Hear in full-effect, eat a dick and cut a check, bitch  
Few niggas I'm on a first-name basis with  
Address me by the alias, that trunk weighted like he  
'Bout to catch a case again, eighths louder than the voice of

Satan that be plaguing him, bruh, I'm caking  
Whether Hell or bad weather, high water, I'm a sailor-type  
Assailant for the paper, living like I met the maker twice  
Hit it 'til I'm faded right? Mami, take a hike  
And treat it like you fucking shaking dice, bitch

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