

Burgundy (feat. Vince Staples)

Earl Sweatshirt

"What's up, nigga?
Why you so depressed and sad all the time like a little bitch?
What's the problem, man?
Niggas want to hear you rap
Don't nobody care about how you feel, we want raps, nigga" Grandma's passing
But I'm too busy tryna get this fuckin' album cracking to see her
So I apologize in advance if anything should happen
And my priorities fucked up, I know it, I'm afraid I'm going to blow it
And when them expectations raising because daddy was a poet, right?
Talk all you want I'm taking no advice
Nigga, I'm 'bout to relish in this anguish
And I'm stressing over payment, so don't tell me that I made it
Only relatively famous in the midst of a tornado
Misfitted, I'm Clark Gable, I'm not stable, abrasive as fuck
And they all pay me, I'm chuckling, cross-faded in public
Heart racing 'til blunt is lit like, "He don't give a fuck again, right?" "Hey Thebe, nigga, what's
up nigga?
I heard you back, I need them raps, nigga
I need the verse, I don't care about what you going through
Or what you gotta do nigga, I need bars, sixteen of 'em"
I don't fuck with too much of y'all's shit
Judging by the pants and the mall grip
Gully, in the vans with the dark tints
I'm a start-shit type nigga, night life living
Riding in the Jeep, I'mma side-swipe niggas
What's your life like? That's aight nigga
Hammer in the left ready when the price isn't
Right got the whip and I ain't got the license for it
And Jill got me living like my life is golden
Sitting on the sofa feeling high and dormant
If we could smoke another while the mic records it
The nicest doin' it, what the fuck you staring at?
Acting like you've never seen a tooth that's carat-capped
Bars hotter than the blocks where we be at
Stuntin' these niggas gon' flop like Divac
See that nigga? And for the time being
I'mma be that nigga, believe that nigga
You see that nigga? And for the time being
I'mma be that nigga, believe that, nigga

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

