

# AM // Radio (feat. Wiki)

## Earl Sweatshirt

Nineteen, still gettin' kicked out the crib  
Ripped off my bib, spit out my food, hiccup and piss  
Urine burnin', I could smell the liquor in this  
Cats always tryna' pick up the fist  
"Duff this dude out"

Rappers stoop just to get to your crib  
Now it's like bruised face, loose walk, too sauced  
Distraught thoughts on my corpse on the asphalt  
Back when I'd slack off, rock my slacks of my ass half-off  
Every time I rap I blast-off  
Back when I catch court I always had sports  
Dippin' on cops in my track shorts  
So tell my mom I had to make it right  
I lie every night about the lime-light so I could lie at night  
And tell my pops I gotta' take advice  
Keep my head screwed on tight, abuse these mics  
See me, I'm the contusion type  
A cat to smack the mic  
Against my fuckin' head when I'm losing hype  
RATKING, never losing hype, no  
It's RATKING and I do it right, no  
RATKING, yeah, I do it nice, woah  
Bitch, I skated before I rapped  
If you take me before your captain  
Bet twenty hots on your daddy  
That someone could Noila Clap em'  
Probably cold and passive  
Cause pops was the one that got to me  
Feeling down like he passed it  
And when I'm cornered, it's action  
I was kinda' out the game  
Momma put the quarter right back in the slot  
In 09', we took the 7 to the Dussy 17 to the block  
Bitch, if yo' nigga had Supreme, we was the reason he copped it  
And nowadays I'm on the hunt for mirrors to box with  
And some pretty bitches that ain't trip if it's a hit and run  
I got the gold cause I don't do the crying, bro  
She Mario, I'm tryna' keep the whining to a minimum  
Piggies come, bet I'm splittin' quicker than I finish rum  
Find me some Indica  
Nuggets on my fingers and my shirt like they was chicken crumbs  
The room spinnin', finna' yak if I don't hit the blunt

Got the chin wagon, slim chances of me getting up  
After this  
Mind in the trash next to where my fuckin' passion went  
Dodge fanatics, half-a-Xanax when I'm traveling six hours or more  
Brick out on the tour, got kicked out of the morgue  
Spit cattle manure shit, shit, rally the Horsemen  
Tally the corpses

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