

# Huey

## Earl Sweatshirt

Foot and hand on the gates  
We was jumping I'm like "fuck" like quicksand in my ways  
Always stuck & I'm stuck until an ambulance came  
The first time I changed fast through Los Angeles lanes  
And my bitch say the spliff take the soul from me  
And the clique tight-knit man, it's like the 'lo rugby  
Beat the fuckin beat like it stole from me  
You can talk to Clancy, you need a feature, or quote from me  
Bitch I'm off the lancy  
I reek of reefer & show money  
It's Early running with niggas  
Who cold running shit  
The wins like lotion  
He get it he go rub em in  
Critics pretend to get it  
And bitches just don't fuck with him  
I spent the day drinking & missing my grandmother  
Just grab a glass and pour up some cold white wine  
And a Colt 45 in it you know how I get it  
I'm toasted myself and a toast to all my niggas  
And there ain't no time limit, I'm toasted as hell  
And I gotta jot it quick cause I can't focus so well  
And now, a formal introduction

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>