

Mantra

Earl Sweatshirt

Get your lady
Cop, piff, inhale & cough
Rip the label off this
Picked the road that got twists
I'm holding my dick & playing cautious
Imma show you how it's done right nigga
Drop this when the sunlight gone
Better run right home when the sky turn black
Screaming "fuck five-0" til my line go flat
In that ash-gray beamer we'll be callin that the pigeon coupe
Jack knife bitches to the couches in they living rooms
Ask who the best and I doubt that they picking you
Back like how I need to style, I invented you
Act like you don't know the name
Only time I ain't eating when the cho-cha stanky
Listening to Pre, getting dome while I lane switch
Bitches by the three licking coke off the pinky of a
Poster child, you're supposed to hate me
Bold & wild, you broke and angry, my nigga
Name getting bigger than the difference between us
Niggas is fake, I limit the features I give 'em
Sweat (sweat) shirt (shirt)
You know you famous when the niggas that surround you switch
And if they hating in a passive tense, now they hounding dick
And you ain't ask for this
Now you surrounded with a gaggle of 100 fucking thousand kids
Who you can't get mad at, when they want a pound & a pic
Cause they the reason that the traffic on the browser quick
And they the reason that the paper in your trousers thick
I said sweat (sweat), shirt (shirt)
You can tell the Reaper Imma meet em when he send for me
With a cleaver, & a .30, and some twisted weed
I pick one, and let the crimson leak, nigga
Get your lady
Cop, piff, inhale & cough
Rip the label off this
Picked the road that got twists
I'm holding my dick & playing cautious
You used to say you like violins
And your lifestyle depend on me
And I know it's night time when you get lonely
And tell all your little friends how that bitch stole me
And despite all the facts that you got phony
You gonna tell them bout the night that you exposed me

For the bastard I was
And how I probably smashed every bitch that I passed in the club
And the last couple months was the worst
Cause I smashed all the trust
That I earned in the past couple months
That we had as a couple
My absence, a fuss
Was a problem that we ain't ever really get to solve
We just smashed & we scuffled
Tryna keep it calm but I snap at you
Now you're taking all your property back & it's obvious that
That apart from the fact that we fuck & it's bomb
And I hate when you home
And when I'm gone I don't call cause you nag
Man I brought you some shit
And I bought you some shit
What you offering here?
What the fuck you offering here?

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