## **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

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