

Sick!

Earl Sweatshirt

And I'll give you a kiss
Ugh, some, yeah
Yes sir, somethin' gotta give

Somethin' gotta give, spin another web
Head home, mess with Fisk, like I'm Spider-Man
Felt it on a whim
You'll fall and slip again, I heard life a trip (What a trip)
Get it how you live (Yeah), I guess it's all you get (Get)
Take it on the chin (Chin), ugh (Ugh)
Pleasure by the gram
Gas siphonin', smoke in my diaphragm (Diaphragm)
Stem caps, molly, black Betty, bam-ba-lam
They be out there, shorty really from the West
Just an alley cat, legend in the fucking flesh
Quit the frat, double back, I need a percent
Blast and laugh, karma, facts, that's a messy bitch
Can't go out sad, can't go outside no more, 'cause niggas sick,
ayy
Fuck a second chance, I won't let the devil in
Somethin' gotta give, cover me, I'm going in, ugh
Pressure blow the lid, factor in the overhead
Live with no regrets, tell 'em when to tote a fif' (Yeah)
I could count the chips, not on what the teller said
That's expensive shit, like my Uncle Fela said
Cover me, I'm going in

So really, art is what is happening at a particular time of a people's development or underdevelopment, you see. So I think, as far as Africa is concerned, music cannot be for enjoyment, music has to be for revolution. Really working with the people, enlightening the people and doing your duty as a citizen to play music and act and do something about the system. If you feel bad about it, do something about it