

Tabula Rasa

Earl Sweatshirt

Ugh, off the strength, I'm not as numb as I thought
I'm broken links, my circle shrinking smaller
Satellite revolve, my core is a cauldron
Surrendered orbits
Cross-check what's really real and what's performance
Speak for self, but wondering who else really on it
Who's really all in?

(Hello) Trouble calling
My phone don't ping, I'm buzzed, leave me alone
Truth with a stash pocket for a lie
The document is alive, I speak life
Every border gets revised if dissolved
What defines what is charged?
Haven't made up my mind if I'm assigned to the stars
I slide when I want, I'm inside of the funk, trust
She want up when it dump, it came from the sludge
Involuntary, shooting foundations in studs
Tears and snot bubbles, sob puddles
I lay in the wet spot
Listen, let's not conflate, I give what I take
It's the hunt, there is the chase
Some talk like they never got punched in the face
You can't see clearly now, don't come near me
Wails of the weary, loop max infinite
Draw me closer, damn near intimate

And I'll give you a kiss
(*Smooch*)

The flier said "Grown and Sexy"
I came through over-proofing the plastic Pepsi bottle
Security didn't check me
Skipped coat check, they playin' the oldies
I'ma go 'head and get sweaty
Plus saved the ten-piece
It's hell up in Harlem, so meet me 'cross 110th Street
If the tree's a bargain, bars—that don't really tempt me
I'm from where every car foreign
And we drive 'em on empty (Zimbabwe)
Bury me in a borrowed suit
Give my babies my rhyme books, but tell 'em, "Do you"
Give my enemies the good news: Time flew
We was probably brothers back then like T-R-U
No jerseys, no durags, hard-bottom shoes
Niggas tired of the foolishness
No disrespect, it's a lotta mids in the room
My pack loud, cut right through
Kofi Annan in the booth, Soyinka in the stu'
Sese Seko Mobutu if the DJ play something smooth (Slide on 'em)
It's a move, I don't dance, but maybe tonight, maybe tonight
I don't know her and I don't even mind if it is the strobe light
Live for the living
I made chicken late night in my boxers, burning up the kitchen
She passed out right when I was done fixing
I watch reruns in the dark, fingers and lips glistening

Ooh, get 'em

I'm so damn proud of myself
I did this for you, G, alright?

Been to there and back, tall tales tossed to the breeze
We keep facts in the midnight wax, family tree sap
Light leak through the leaves on familiar tracks
I know it's real even when I'm feeling bad
Resilient as they built the black
She shimmy into the-yeah, that's consent gettin' established
You only trash if you trash, I keep it simple and dynamic
Trust the passage rites to life's chapters
I have to write to find balance
This game of telephone massive
I do what I have to with the fragments
The madness method rampant these days, I let the panic pass me
Featherweight, my heart was straight despite baggage
Asymptomatic, but I get sick of the delays-faster, faster
Practicing practice in what I preach, keep pace
The calcium on my teeth fade
Streets are blazed with the anger complacency and deceit create
Ice sheet break, I couldn't weave weight
All I could say to the times that I couldn't freeze-frame, bleak fate
You got so much to bleed to clean-slate (I've got so much of my-)
The bag of tricks in my sleeve breaks
Southpaw under the North Star, forcing all the league changes
(I've got so) Don't sleep late

I, I've got so much
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