

4N

Earl Sweatshirt

Uh-huh
Send me the invoice for all that shit
Bet we can pinpoint all that shit
Then we can enjoy all that bread
Send me the invoice
Send me the invoice for all that shit
Bet we can pinpoint all that shit
Then we can enjoy all that bread
Send me the invoice
Send me the invoice for all that shit
Bet we can pinpoint all that shit
Then we can enjoy all that bread
Send me the invoice
Send me the invoice for all that shit
Bet we can pinpoint all that shit
Then we can enjoy all that bread
Send me the invoice
Send me the invoice for all that shit
Bet we can pinpoint all that shit
Then we can enjoy all that bread
Send me the invoice
Send me the invoice for all that shit (Uh-huh)
Bet we can pinpoint all that shit
Then we can enjoy all that bread (My nigga)
Send me the invoice (Okay)

Too much bread, bread, not enough bread
Too much 77, not enough 7
Too much Evanescence wake you up inside with a Wesson
Too much dereliction, nosedives for the reppin'
Shoot a Mac .11, take a vote ridin' on the jet
And do a chapter 7, chapter 11
Session for session, foot in your ass like lederhosen
Suppose that, allegedly, I was chosen to keep your speakers broken
Allegedly bespoke and smokin' we keep the beacon glowin'
Said I know, hand, leg, hangin' in the window
Arrested Development Mr. Window
Surreptitious niggas would miss a info
Kicko, blicko, sicko
Or catch me at no awards ceremony, perish the hegemony, horse feathers homie
Delicatessen hoagie, pressure on me, never lonely
Tenderonie, skeleton extra boney
Never phony, relish the testimony

And I began to riot

Yeah, yeah, yeah, uh-uh
Bend we don't break, swing we don't miss
We just might might be okay, the same voltage
Hold the charge like the phone lit
No regards for the bullshit
Who all in? who got the cards flipped?
Who on shit, who get the target split
Who on your marksman's bad side
Going in landmines, don't count steps
The old chest said it's about time
Slow breathe, cold flesh made her mouth cry

We know death, alright let's go left
Hand signs, still with the bands like lead singers
Niggas remember them camp fires
I dip when they capsize
And swift hit the roads kickin' cans like chivalry dead
You really dead, but we still ahead
Couple clips left, couple lips cleft
Hammer and nail, Hommy and Earl
Spotting, got 'em from the top of the hill
Wrote it on the foggiest mirror
The quality thorough, ill
It's all I could spill
There's more I could do
Ooh ooh ooh ooh