

## Cold Summers

Earl Sweatshirt

We roam tundras

The boy been gone a few summers too long from road runnin'  
Trunk full of old hunnids  
Of course my old lover was scorned, we grow from it  
Don't tell me they don't hunt us for sport, I chose substances  
No cuddles, the bases is all covered  
Niggas come in the door and smoke somethin'  
Choke up on the slugger from home run-ins  
Nigga it's on, chest thump, his head thump on the floor  
We pressed up on the boy, no more bluffin'  
Cold summers, don't tussle with strangers  
Some of those keep one in the chamber  
Three spliffs had my wing tips clipped, I was stuck in a hangar  
, nigga  
Muffle my pain and muzzle my brain up  
Really, I'm just makin' sure my promise is kept  
Chuck a duece if you know it's the end  
Kept the truth in my palm and my chest  
See it through, keep a noose hangin' off of my neck  
We got the juice, niggas corny as shit  
We on the loose, niggas know what it is  
We makin' moves, niggas corny as shit  
We got the juice, niggas know what it is  
Yeah

It is night and like the others I clean my weapons  
It is all so familiar