

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