

exhaust

Earl Sweatshirt

Take two

Worked harder than a bitch
Operating the tight shift, God steering the ship
The wheel in the Vise-Grip, slave to the vices
Stay sipping, I don't got all day to play with you
The fake shit don't surprise me
Things change, so a nigga stayed improvising
Risk-take 'cause look at all the places that it got me
Save it, no thanks, you can't make me no promise
We went our own ways, I still think of you highly
Give my baby my daddy last name and his likeness
Taking the signs in, facing the fire
Change of surroundings
Kings of the county, angels around me
Sailed in on lightning
Prepare for the fight, go to church if you scared or you frightened
Worked harder than a bitch
Operating the tight shift, God steering the ship
My wheel in a Vise-Grip, scaling and climbing
They pale in comparison and slimy
I pray they know better than to try me
I stay with the veteran advisors
I paid every time, I wasn't righteous
I'm checking all the boxes
I made every effort, then I laced up my creps and kept it rocking
I can't see no other option
Hold rank, tank engine on the 110 southbound growling
You love stank bitches, that's your fucking problem, sergeant
At Marathon standing on the couches, singing loud
Lining silver on the nimbus cloud, I get it now (The heart breaks itself)
More power to you, but it's no flowers in your vase (Over and over again until)
No amount of sugar gon' help with the taste (It stays open)
At the end of the day
It's really just you and whatever you think
I'm airmailing you strength

So there you have it