

FORGE

Earl Sweatshirt

For the sake of everybody in the band, act like you got some sense

The heavy measure did 'em in
The message couldn't be missed
The head was on a stick where it belonged
My February never ends, it isn't long

That pinch of salt in your mix threw your biscuits off
I'm on my off-foot again, I pick apart the defense with the triple-cross
Silver hearts, a spliff for your scars
Jog my memory, what isn't ours?
Slivers of God ad infinitum
I gather you didn't hunt at all, we circling like hawks, all them niggas lunch
Took time off, I ain't know niggas still would suck
Permafrost pimpin', protocol ice cold like André Benjamin (Ice cold)
I'm playin' bae, I'm still in love with you, let's get in the tub
Jaws ain't big enough for all
What you bit off, I'll keep the key to your heart for incidents
Tunnel vision, stuck like barnacles on what's propping the big picture up
Stick along for the ride long enough
We ending up fine for once, finally, fuck

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