

Huey

Earl Sweatshirt

Foot and hand on the gates
We was jumping 'em, fuck, I'm like quicksand in my ways
Was always stuck in 'em, stuck it in and I ambulance came
The first time which ain't fast if you Los Angeles raised
And my bitch say the spliff take the soul from me
And the clique tight-knit, it's like the 'lo rugby
Beat the fucking beat up like it stole from me
You can talk to Clancy, you need a feature or quote from me (Bitch)
I'm off Delancy, I reek of reefer and show money
It's Early running with niggas who cold running shit
The wins like lotion, he get 'em, he gone rub 'em in
Critics pretend to get it and bitches just don't fuck with him
I spent the day drinking and missing my grandmother
Just grab a glass and pour some cold white wine in it
A Colt 4-5 in it, you know how I get it
I'm toasting myself and a toast to all my niggas
And ain't no time limit, I'm toasted as hell
And I gotta jot it quick cause I can't focus so well

And now, a formal introduction