

# TOURMALINE

Earl Sweatshirt

Gots to, gots to

I'm finna be out  
I thought I told you geek down, trouble follow me 'round  
Everybody wanna be Bowser  
I'm throwin' another seed out, the fire come through me now  
Pitch-black tourmaline towers  
She found me on the streets, she wildin'  
Keep my feet grounded for my sweet child  
Struggle not a team sport  
You're not afforded recourse, of course I had to reroute  
Stories wasn't unfounded  
Multitudes of one, I'm never done, countin' up drowsy  
Your son bouncin' through the funhouses  
I got used to the comedown, I leaped around and jumped out

Both ears ringin', ears ringin' with your love  
Both my ears ringin' with your love

Uh, ghost in the shell, you a hell of a host  
We set up a post outside of the settlement with whatever niggas could want  
Golden intel, it's heavy to know everything goes, but it's better to  
Vestibule lesson, prerequisite be gettin' in the doors  
Never lettin' them be sellin' you short, let's get it  
I've been in here before, it's been a minute, familiar with it all  
It's bone-chillin' and a bar for good riddance  
The muzzle isn't on the dog  
The muscles wouldn't get it from the gods, it's a different feeling  
Spirit and heart, that's unrelenting  
Evidently to a fault which obviously gon' cause all kind of switchin'  
Comin' to my senses

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