

Odd Future "Orange Juice"

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[Verse 1: Earl]

So I'm guessing there's questions that need addressing,
huh?

Like how we fresh in our adolescence and wrecking
'em

Hear new tracks, he destined to make a mess of 'em
Snapping necks and records in matter of seconds
check 'em son

Lost an erection and found it in an aggressive nun
Fucking chin-checking punks 'til he's outta breath and
done

No affection, he's dooper than cess-sessions son
Chilling for a while on a pile of the rest of 'em
Let the crowd choose who can f*cking last longer
It's the rap monger, rap monster Earl Sweat attack,
conquer

Lose least, niggas lost like the last blanca chica
That we picked up at the last concert
Please, get out ya seat, get out ya seat, verses written
with scalpels

He's the junior king standing out shouting on the
balcony

How come he's not in counseling? F*cka's loud while
he's sound asleep

Heard he was dope as Sour D. Nigga was Courage
cowardly?

State Gold, alchemy, nigga we rap's Alpha Team
Mr. Teen and Mr. T with a mouth full of powder
And a nose full of chowder, he's chopping up all the
doubters see

Now watch him count the bodies like bitches be
counting calories

[Verse 2: Tyler]

F*ck with the wolves we starting to bark viciously
Catch us in a pile of bodies where dead bitches be
Box logo hoodies and goodies from buddies that
understand

That Bastard was buzzing like Woody so we get it for
free

Had to duct tape the mother goose the mask was off

I stumbled down a hill then I had Jill jack me off
Harder than my dick when Taylor Swift is in my
basement
Cause I've been doing this since Pooh f*cked
Christopher Robinson
Wolf Gang knitted on my cotton like some smelly
Dirty rotten nigga picked it from a cotton gin
Do not give a f*ck I've got the swagger of a virgin's
dick
But if I did it would be bigger than Earl's upper lip
Sip sizzurp, Supreme on my shizzirt
I munch a bunch of tacos with Waverly's favorite wizard
The favorite nigga turned into Freddy Kruger
And this that raw shit, dead bodies chopped up in the
sewer
From the palms of Jeffrey Dahmer, baby mamas said
the kicks
Beat like the brown lip balm that was made for Rihanna
All you fucking blogging faggots yapping up that extra
shit
I'll shove Bastard down your throat, regurgitate my
excrement
Them 2DopeBoyz is fairies they're Peter like
boysenberries
Meet the scary, turn his white ass to a Jim Carrey twin
A fucking sausage fest will them shaky niggas get
married then
2DopeBoyz don't want beef, they're just overweight
vegitarrians

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