

## Earl Sweatshirt

### "Guild"

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[Verse 1: Mac]

Said this a hit of liquid heroin, Marilyn Mason  
channeling  
Panicking, spar with Anakin 'til one of us leave in an  
ambulance  
Blow the smoke of the spliff in your eyes...  
You ain't gon' live 'til you die  
Intelligent bitch at my side  
She bitching, I'm spitting habitual lies  
I hit her up when my jet land, call her  
Swisher tucked in my headband  
Front page news, I'm Young Jesus  
Eatin' bagels with no cable on  
I've been fuckin' hoes since when Mase was on  
(okay)  
I hope the Based God hear my prayers  
One day you're here, the next day you're gone  
So me and Earl smokin' weed on JD's lawn  
Some dope rap on your hoe-ass, Tony Womack  
Don't hold back, no - feed your girl Cognac  
Eat a bitch sleeping with a feverish diva chick  
Met her off Twitter, even Schindler keep a list  
Pittsburg, broke down somewhere in the Fisker  
I could pull your bitch with a whisper then diss her  
...dumbass hoe...  
She only dumb 'cause she love that dough (okay)  
Some are getting high, reading Juxtapose  
Hit her up, she come through  
Watch Adjustment Bureau (good movie)  
Moms love me 'cause I'm so commercial  
I fuck 'em raw 'cause I know they're fertile  
In Myrtle Beach with a purple fleece  
Hotel lobbies playing F<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>r Elise  
I'm Ron Burgundy mixed with Hercules  
Slap a bitch in the mouth if she curse at me  
Said "Josh's beard is like Paul Revere"  
When he walk in the room, it's like God is here  
I'm at a prop shop in Montauk  
Throwin' tomahawks at civilians  
I'm chillin' ...

[Verse 2: Earl]

Iâ€™m on the monitor, nigga...  
Sheâ€™s takinâ€™ it like a champ, and Iâ€™m proud of her  
Iâ€™m on the couch where that loud is burning  
Shouting â€œI donâ€™t fuck with you! â€ â€˜cause I donâ€™t  
Never love a hoe â€“ but we could play doctor  
Ma, open wide for the thermometer  
Your cowgirl is crotch-rotted  
With a clean fade, her â€™fro lopsided  
Tell the label that I want a white driver  
And tell him give me space, I donâ€™t know that nigga  
Bold-ass little fuckinâ€™ low-class villain  
Whole van tinted â€“ no, canâ€™t kill him  
Itâ€™s the Trash Wang nigga, thatâ€™s whatâ€™s up (nigga)  
Half-pint of hope in that plastic cup  
Real nigga from the start â€™til the casket shut  
Present his own case, itâ€™s a basket one  
Present-day based nigga smack the judge  
Rhyme with them same niggas ashinâ€™ blunts  
But that bass make his face like he mad or something  
Slide into the safe, take the cash and run  
And know that if he fake, Iâ€™m harassing him  
They took the big toe so they tagged the tongue  
Out here stuntinâ€™ like Iâ€™m supposed to, dawgs  
Blowinâ€™ more smoke than a broke exhaust  
Pipe, only spirit thatâ€™ll hold me, dawg  
Itâ€™s Wolf Gang, bitch, like you know these paws  
Livinâ€™ like in â€™62... spitting rip my genitals  
My bitch just split the Swisher  
My niggas split them residuals...

[Outro]

Aye, this marijuana feels â€™Pac  
Growing, blaring Gil Scott  
Heron, while we pill pop  
Ever run and kill cops?  
Niggas know I feel not  
For â€™em, stop bitching and staring  
Get that grill knocked open...  
Aye, this marijuana feels â€™Pac  
Growing, blaring Gil Scott  
Heron, while we pill pop  
Ever run and kill cops?  
Niggas know I feel not  
For â€™em, stop bitching and staring  
Get that grill knocked open...  
Nigga...

