

Earl Sweatshirt "Stapleton"

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[Verse 1]

It's Earl, Mr. Early Bird, gets them girls with curvy
curves
Skate Mental, truck smack a faggot in his Shirley
Temple
Your rhymes rentals, give 'em back to they owners
At the end of the bar, I spit with the permanents
Learn I'm a curb stomping person
Like third strike verdict dropping jaw dropping verses
This bigger lips in person, nigga spits some burn so
urn the shit
Furnish the flow until my pockets green, Kermit's dick
The Miss Piggies with a string in they ass
I control them like your eyes when I'm tinkering a glass
So if you thinking about dissing stop thinking it fast
Cause my wolves ten deep and they knuckles is brass,
ho
The Miss Piggies with a string in they ass
I control them like your eyes when I'm tinkering a glass
So if you thinking about this then stop thinking it fast
Cause my wolves ten deep and they knuckles is brass,
bitch

[Hook]

Tell your boyfriend that's a bat and this a migraine
Don't ask why my jeans splattered with these white
stains
Wait, where you going, what you doing tonight?
Just want to know what you doing, come back
Tell your boyfriend that's a bat and this a migraine
Don't ask why my jeans splattered with these white
stains
Where you going, what you doing tonight?
Stop running, where you going, what you doing?

[Verse 2]

It's Earl, Mr. Lateshift, rapist in training
Who edge about as straight as some clay closet gay
dick
Ray say hey Earl's a real charming racist

Your birthday day, have some KK cake bitch

Habit have it, grab it fast and attack it, faggot
I'm above average like I'm rapping in the attic, yeah
I'm crouched in the basement shouting "Couch" is the
greatest hit
Dirty as a anus is, fans stand in rain for this
They even stand in sleet season until they fucking feet
bleeding
Hail and fucking snow, in hell with fucking coats
Probably wear more layers, there's only one Sweatshirt
He make them bow down until they mothafucking
necks hurt
Fans probably stand in sleet season until they fucking
feet bleeding
Hail and fucking snow, in hell with fucking coats
Probably wear more layers, there's only one Sweatshirt
He make them bow down 'til they mothafucking necks
hurt

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Mr. Deerskin Moccasins is on the fucking stalk again
Following and stalking all them larchmont soccer
chicks
Chopping limbs, gnawing legs, through they fuckin'
stockings
Him his grandfather sweatshirt, clockin' all them
cardigans
Product of popped rubbers and pops that did not love
us
So when I leave home keep my heart on the top
cupboard
So I will not stutter when I'm shoutin' fuck you, son
Wolf Gang 'bout it, we ain't waitin' 'til the moon come
Woo son, the moonshine got feelin' loose
As the puss of a whore who's used to abuse
My screws pretty loose mind fucked like the hair-doo
Of doo-doo mamas, dude I will bear jew you
You unripe fruit dudes is crews to chew through
My niggas wash 'em down with a fat carton of yoo-hoo
Odd Future Wolf Gang Kill Them All fuck 'em all
No lube, it's the crew to get use to, faggot

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