

# Inside

## Earl Sweatshirt

You're crazy for this one!  
Fresh out the belly of the island  
Into the heart of the city  
T and them just hit the road  
I had Sage and Nak and 'em with me  
I thought the fodder was pretty  
So I approached her  
My first apartment was  
Really covered with roaches  
Cause niggas was really smoking  
Gotta say that as of late  
I been busy with business mostly  
Got a tape? Catch a wave  
Now you in the industry ocean  
And missing out on your boat  
I been figuring out my own fish  
Home gets distant  
We working I'm on the road again  
Cold and his spirits is  
Bursting up out the Trojan, man  
Fridge full of spirits  
And the crib mirror mirror  
Let me hear why the niggas  
That's the peers see and hear us  
Then mimmick the fucking motions man  
Keep the circle closed  
Let them niggas front in the cul-de-sacs  
Friendly with the chosen  
The rest is getting the poker hand  
Face-drinking smoker  
It help me duck when emotion jab  
Fame is the culprit  
Who give me drugs without owing cash  
Sipping 'til I melt  
Never trying me, I'm diving  
Falling victim to myself  
Middle finger to the help  
When it's problems I don't holler  
Rather fix 'em by myself  
When it's looking like it's quiet for you  
This the shit to yell  
This the shit right

Keep your chin high up  
Cause when she ain't fucking with you  
Then her friend might  
Let you get up inside yup  
Let this shit ride  
You don't get it rocking  
Like we do on this side nigga I blow a spliff before the ink dries on the paper  
And lately I don't like shit, I been inside on the daily

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>