Grief

Earl Sweatshirt

Good grief, I been reaping what I sow
nigga, I ain't been outside in a minute
I been living what I wrote
And all I see is snakes in the eyes of these niggas
Momma taught me how to read 'em when I look
Miss me at the precinct getting booked
Fishy niggas stick to eating off of hooks
Say you eating, but we see you getting cooked, niggaI don't act hard, I'm a hard act to follow, nigga
Like it or not, when it drop, bet he gotta listen
Chasing dragons, tryna make it happen, on a mission
Step into the shadows, we could talk addiction
When it's harmful where you going and the part of you that know it
Don't give a fuck, pardon me for going into details
3-7-6 was a brothel
We had females come in every hour on the dot
And the shit sound like a gavel when it knock
Focus on my chatter, ain't as frantic as my thoughts
Lately I've been panicking a lot
Feelin' like I'm stranded in a mob
Scrambling for Xanax out the canister to pop
Never getting out of hand, steady handling my job
Time damaging my ties
Who turn to get up? Get
Dude turned to dinner quick
You circus niggas, you turning into tricks
I was making waves, you was surfing in 'em
Dealing with the stomach pains just from birthing niggas' shit
Cut the grass off the surface
Pray the lawnmower blade catch the back of a serpent nigga shit
bitch
I'm fleeting thoughts on a leash
For the moment, high as fuck
I've been alone in my shit for the longest
Snakes sliding in the street
Mama taught me how to not be like the bodies lying in them
Pigs, riding in 'em
I'm a target so it's hard to even eye me in 'em
If he ain't dying for me, then I ain't riding with him
There's no time for that
Making sure my man wallet's straight like a collar
When you eyeing that

Thinking 'bout my grandmama, find a bottle
I'mma wallow when I lie in that
I just want my time and my mind intact
When they both gone, you can't buy 'em back

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