

# Sasquatch (feat. Tyler, The Creator)

## Earl Sweatshirt

After filling my reputation of?  
Soar to Taco Bell and ordered some gorditas  
Wanted four more, ordered them and then eat em  
Then head to Thebe's house for some gymnastics  
Fantastic, I backflip on this beat B  
Cause we running shit like the Dingleberry's on 4G  
This flow colder than Papa Joe's or Domino's  
Fuck it, whatever  
Trashwang scratched inside the knucks  
Got some One Direction tickets, I should hit that up  
Drive by with puppy signs plastered on the truck  
Then see how many of they fans could fit inside the trunk  
Move over the microwave and the cannabis  
Try to take the van and the whole band to Canada  
Fuck the block news and the venues, they can't handle us  
They can't stand us including fruits that Frank's channeling  
The Ku Klux Klan see me and my managers  
But thank me when they ask where the Five Panels is  
Man I suck now, I'm not still dope  
But Chris and Rihanna fuckin again so there's still hope  
Oh fuck, I went there, balling bitch, I'm Ben's hair  
Y'all barely breaking like Taco's self-esteem in a thin chair  
Old Navy bitches love this gap, yeah this grin's rare  
Watch a nigga smile like five-year-old child  
I'm kicking it with Nak and the nigga from Green Mile  
It's Red Bull in this cup so a nigga may seem wild but  
That's just all the sherm I was burning a little while ago  
Don't let me get hold of that rifle  
Shout my nigga Sage Elssester and Shaun Pablo  
Surround by them niggas that skate with a sick style  
And some freckled bitches with giant peaches that's vile  
They never did catch that rhino  
Squadron full of some lost souls  
Sergeant of all that's odd in men not just nolly the pothole  
Non-cooperative with his momma's wishes for college  
And coppers label, the problems is paying for Damianos  
So shimmy through the swamp, nigga, follow me through the fox holes  
More Orenthal with a pretty bitch in a Bronco  
Hopped right off the seventh and stumbled into some Vatos  
Threw a punch, got jumped, dusted it off and then walked home  
Shit, it's like six PM and his temper throbbing  
Hand in the cabinet by seven, sniff the prescription Oxy's

Logo in the boxes, all my niggas hostile  
Cautious of your crosses, scoffing at your doctrines  
Bitches augmented and stupid as the group is  
Only slightly ripe but sice to get a pussy nigga tooth chin  
Any stitches shut the loose lips, stumbled in a rude Crips  
Slid into a booth and hid the luggage from his shroom trips  
See, Lionel bought with Leonardo on a weekend now  
And Maui on a scenic route, we on the second season now  
Small fry got 'em seasons salty  
Weed and coffee, ease up off me, end is breathing easy as bulimics barfing  
From a different breed of doggy  
From a different seed and cloth, and teeing off, believe it's Golf Wang, nigga

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