

# Molasses (feat. RZA)

## Earl Sweatshirt

Search inside my purse to buy something worthless  
99 problems all gone in that one joint  
And the neck gold froze like he held it at gunpoint  
I'm a bubble in the belly of the monster  
With a duffel full of troubles, trunk rattle in the Mazda  
Ragged with the Contra, Phantom of the Opera  
And I'm standing on the cop's truck, stacking for the long run  
The bags packed, roadside with the thumb out  
Toe tag, don't gag, fag, spit your gum out  
Nomadic, chrome-grabbing when it's danger  
I'm a major born puppy holding flight like a hangar do  
Knife to the trachea, spit scabies and bet  
The label don't like me but they pay me a grip  
And you see how his day going by the state of his wrists  
My niggas busy Play-Dohing, bet the baker came swinging like  
What the fuck you saying? All that aiming and miss  
Hey, I'mma fuck the freckles off your bitch, nigga  
We could do this shit all night  
I'll fuck the freckles off your face, bitch  
We could do this shit all night  
I'll fuck the freckles off your face, bitch  
You know me, drugs out, 'front the telly  
I'm couch-drunk, ready to fuck, count fetti and bucks  
Pack loud as that slap across the belly  
What's up? Fuck nigga, what's up?  
I'm at the deli scheming on a Fanta and a Camel Crush screaming "Saddle up!"  
Like fuck his beef, get your cattle cut, pansy  
If the fans only local, why the flights trans-Atlantied?  
I'm the rice to the paddies, good nights for the chancellor  
The teeth with the gold bright, the light switch's mad at us  
Snapchatted panty-clad baddies, I'm a bachelor  
High and polite because po-lice is in back of us  
And write with the same hand I smack 'em up with  
Stretching out the fifteen I had initially  
Icky Thump, sticky kush lit up in a rental Jeep

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