Centurion (feat. Vince Staples)

Earl Sweatshirt

I feel like the Tom Sawyer for real niggas
Looking for a problem, revolver under the Hilfiger
No bluff needed, we will kill niggas
So try me if you want, bruh, I promise I'm with all of that
Late night shooters, got 'em thinking Johnny Carson back
Trying to win this white man game with my heart intact
All off a dollar and a dream that I really had
Kind of hard to sleep when your thoughts is in the streets
North north is the side where my family stay
Big Baby Jesus, I can't wait
Until the money coming in, spend it all on guns and rims
I ain't nothing but a nigga, ain't no reason to pretend
Kept the sticky in the Stussy pouch
Ski mask, bloody 'Preme hoodie tossing doobies out
The window of the hoopty, night black as Paul
Mooney at the movies but the moon was out
Food was always optional
Eating nothing but hard punches to that abdominal
Closed fist chronicles, sold sniff, Momma knew
Baggies laying 'round, peanut shells at a carnival
Stomping clowns, welcome pussy niggas to the romper room
Buckshot'll cover a whole torso like a parka do
In a park at 2, plotting, trying to garner loot
Split it with his big roll dog, call him Marmaduke
Searching for a shard of truth and found uh
Couple bucks bought his cousins lunch
Another Dutch, stiff collar on the button-up
Hood, rich, wild, and 'bout to run amuck
Road to hell paved with cement, covered trussled drugs toughen up
x2
Alright, okay
If that's how you truly feel about it thenVinny Stape, they stupid, think the city safe
Until that little bindi placed, head shots, red dot
Block as hot as Denny plates, fed watch, Fed watch
Opinions only pity based, deep in the Civic with the
Evilest niggas this side of the Mississippi
All courtesy of Vincent from niggas who plot against
Ear-L-double-S, hear shells from the Tec
Hear in full-effect, eat a dick and cut a check, bitch
Few niggas I'm on a first-name basis with
Address me by the alias, that trunk weighted like he
'Bout to catch a case again, eighths louder than the voice of

Satan that be plaguing him, bruh, I'm caking
Whether Hell or bad weather, high water, I'm a sailor-type
Assailant for the paper, living like I met the maker twice
Hit it 'til I'm faded right? Mami, take a hike
And treat it like you fucking shaking dice, bitch

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