

Yacht Lash (feat. Earl Sweatshirt & Riff Raff)

Harry Fraud

1: Earl Sweatshirt]

I need a substance, lit or drunk before I sleep
Travy whippin' that Beamer proper, tell grandma we eatin', I made it
Nothin' much to my ethics,
Bitch I'm joggin' like I already won the election
Fuck it, shunning protection
Tunnel vision on a guap stack,
King Cobra perspiring through the brown sack
Big talk, lookin' thinner when it's combat
Nigga who really 'bout that ballin', but goin' fishin'
I'm bouncing back from a yacht crash
Still dealing with the whiplash from it
Uptown, we on Sixth Ave stuntin', pack luggage
For the long trip, smell the marijuana on the prom tux
Big dog, never got up out the yard much
Quick guard, little nigga leave 'em all stuck
Hold 'em hostage and dip and then switch the cars up
They flickin' me when I leave the apartment dirty
And seekin' no polish, I'm Percy
When he was grimy the master
P is for pocket catch
I'm where weed is deposited free, my people important
Needing that feasible mortgage
Set up shop near the beach, throw the beans in the ocean
When coppers come and I'm leavin', I started leadin' commotion
Yacht crash, I got whiplash
Yacht crash, I got whiplash
Yacht crash, I got whiplash
Yacht crash, whiplash I need a substance, lit or drunk 'fore I can work correctly
No, it deaded, hearses ready where the vultures headed
Smoker's section, copasetic, keep the surface ready
I think I'm Turkoglu, every purchase was purposeful
Burn that grass that the serpent inhabit
Based Jam off the phone while I'm claimin' my baggage
Rest assured I keep the label embarrassed
Niggas paradin' in Paris, the rain and k had a marriage
And I supported it, sport the Army coat with the ornaments
Buy and burn a quarter quick, wilding while I order fish
I'm Scorsese except black and leather pants
I'm out in minivans like I'm Dan screaming "Couture made me"
Circle make a square, you compared to the average
Versace water cabbage, hid your daddy in the attic

Ruby Red dragon, my Aladdin station wagon
My new bitch looks like Lamborghini in a bikini
Rap game "I Dream of Jeannie"
Versace lasagna, get married at the prom, uh
I don't want your gal, she look like an iguana driving a Honda
Ya ever had a family member slice your cheek while you sleeping?
Tangerine flags, tangerine flags in Baghdad
Feed your nieces Reese's Pieces while your nephew tie my sneakers
My shampoo [?] liquid detergent
On a desert island, I'm splurging on these virgins
I found your wife on clearance at Wal-Mart
I don't shop for car parts
Park my car on the side of the road by an Aston Martin
In a Versace helicopter, never speaking proper
Pull up at the doctor's office coughing often
Pull up in Versace coffins
I got diamonds on my earrings
Cold enough to freeze the North and South polars
My fans got syrup on their shoulders
I freeze the fans on your ceiling
Pita bread pays the costs with stone gloss
Hide the [?] in the ill South
Riff sushi

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>