

# Wool (feat. Vince Staples)

## Earl Sweatshirt

Yeah yeah yeah Soon as I catch the vibe tell 'em to fetch the hearse  
Shorty I'm pressin' lines lifting the Lauren shirt  
Tell her to bless the girth if she with it  
I'm in that kitchen, wrist water whippin'  
(psych) Work nigga, I don't do that  
Niggas get bloop-blapped and blown away  
Wessons making Mexicans wetbacks like órale  
Okay, I'm on to something  
Momma should've told you it'd be days like this  
It's just a tale from the crib  
I'm on my séance shit, I'm tryna' make a million dollars  
Keep it hood while crossing over on some A.I. shit  
I need a foreign baby momma to match a nigga model whip  
Ramona Park made me from scratch  
A lot of lotto picks lost inside this game called rap  
I be the underdog  
Bullet hit his forehead, it exit out his under arm  
Ain't nobody bigger than my hood, my nigga, fuck a boss  
Baby momma killer, you offended and I fuck her raw  
Stretchy doin' federal time for bustin' at the law  
And he gonna be a neighbor of mine, you play me for a pawn  
Shorty I be swimmin' with sharks, your posse full of prawns  
Pistols rip his body apart, now he  
afraid of dark alleyways  
Niggas better listen when the pastor say  
It's Golf on that-- bitch, it's Golf on that ball cap  
I guzzle the tall boy, Jehovah ain't call back  
And ya'll still debating over Earl music  
Troops got the group nationwide moving merch units crazy  
Peanut butter to paisley, walking down the street  
In the different color McGrady's, that first grader was me  
Now my fist full of spliffs and the old banker receipts  
Bitches grip the stick and jerky like cold shanks of the beef, dry  
I'm taking purses like they chances in the evening  
Pick your pants up, boy, you dancing with a demon  
On my momma I been limiting my features, filling swishers up with reefer  
Bitch, it's difficult to beat him like a soft dick  
Golf clique deep and we don't hit the streets passive  
That nigga Sweaty got the gas and Shreddy k brought the matches  
Put your body down in water like a Lipton tea bag and then  
Switch to different fucking whip to let them piggies speed past 'em  
It's the rats, try and get the cheese What it do? Rap like I'm mincing meat  
Call me Lou, if I'm on the track, these niggas skip to me

Niggas want to fade me, bitches feel some type of way for me  
50's in my pocket falling out like fucking baby teeth  
Vince be with the rocket, he gone pop it when it's danger round  
Fingertips to tapers, now, salute us when you face us  
Give a fuck about the moves all these loser niggas making now

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