

# DNA (feat. Na'kel)

## Earl Sweatshirt

Intercepting a fifth of whisky  
And neckin it 'til I'm dizzy  
I never was defenseless  
I never hugged a fence  
I pick a side and trust in it  
Stomach full of drugs and shit  
My niggas on some other cleanse  
Sunday binge, Monday  
Then another 6 days back to Sunday when it's done again  
And the pants better be creased on my corpse  
If you need that, run until the street lights off  
Back got bigger, got the team strapped on  
And you thought it was magic  
But that's just the difference  
Nigga my team is magicians  
We think of the shit that we want then we get it  
Look I got hoes in my britches  
Big up Dill and Britches, pro part coming soon  
Thought you knew this my nigga  
It's crackin like french tips  
Just checkin and balances  
And checks and salaries  
Testing my friendships  
Cause niggas get sour of this  
Rap shit got the best of me  
I threw the rest off the balcony  
Shoutout Da\$H and Retchy  
I know yo bitch check for me  
So much for chivalry  
So long to every bitch tryna get intimate  
I'm in my 20s now  
Feet aimed at the jaws of the running mouth  
Disdained from the loss since a fucking child  
Spotlights on me I ain't stopping in my tracks  
We taking it all and we running out  
Threw shade in the past but you want me now ho  
Put your face in your palm when I come around ya  
Tell mom I'mma get a gun  
If I get too popular  
I'm just being honest with it  
Tell her:  
Stop whining

It ain't no no problems  
I'm the best out of all these niggas  
I'm just home when you speaking  
Ain't no home for the weekend  
No rest for your ass if I know that you're sleeping  
I'm here and I'm there  
And I'm up and I'm down  
And I'm low and I'm peakin  
It's cold in the deep end Bitch nigga, we the train  
If you see 'em wave Ain't no bitch in my DNA  
Hundred blunts, niggas chains, that's my day to day  
Niggas tryna ride my train like they fucking strays  
My bro left today, fuck  
Hot sauce in my cup of noodles, you taught me that  
I ain't seen us in years  
And this news right here almost made me have a heart attack  
Your momma heart intact  
We just spoke, I couldn't stomach that  
I'm going to London on the first, I'm bringing you something back  
A house on the hill with a big ass grill  
We could have a boxing match  
Japan, Australia, I know you be proud of that  
I got a couple bitches now, I ain't gotta lie about that  
I know you in a better place, I can't even cry about that  
When I look into the clouds, I know you look down on me  
Right next to grandmammy, and the rest of the ones who wanna see me happy

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