

# Pre (feat. SK La' Flare)

## Earl Sweatshirt

Baby girl, what you want to do?  
Hop in this 'Cedes girl  
She like where we going to  
A new life, new world  
Pop that molly, we hard-body  
Glocks hot as Kemosabe  
He said that he wanted beef  
So we fed him hollows and got it popping  
Fear and ego is the enemy  
You ain't got to pretend with me.  
I need the wool, I'mma skin the sheep  
And take the bull, skin it to the meat  
You full of shit, we in too deep  
I do this, she knew the deed  
Like two feet, Flare two time  
She wanna kick it like Bruce Lee  
Brought you in, I'll take you out  
Ball like Tim then I weighed it out  
It's no work, we sling through droughts  
The life of me, I'm just hanging out  
Don't get comfortable and lay on the couch  
I don't wanna see your ass laying down  
Pop that pussy, twerk some  
Cause most of these bitches work for nothing  
Paid your dues, while you're Paid In Full  
I can't wait to win, you wait to lose  
Your mind of a failure, hate rules  
When you settle for what you hate to do  
I go the extra mile, I'm with the extras  
Extended clips shoot through your necklace  
Leave you breathless, that tec is restless  
Cause All My Children need the best, bitch  
I need that Rothschild money, the top is sunny  
I seen the light, and you blocked it from me  
But I found my way to the top, I'm coming  
Cause I smack that bass like a rockstar drummer  
I'm a problem to niggas  
Pop artillery, the carbonates with him  
Starving to hit 'em, spar with a nigga  
Just watch, I'mma kill 'em all in a minute  
It's the ticket-dodging aristocrat  
New bitch, whip with the system slaps

Mister slide in and skimp the sack  
Nigga hit the function with a pick and ax  
My nigga miss me with the bullshit  
Right here, right ear got a Pesto blunt  
Why that shit got a young nigga Velcro stuck  
Why your bitch go down when the cess go up  
Hard as arm services, y'all might have heard of him  
Escobarbarian, best call the lawyers up  
Bruh, the broad Aryan, know the squad loiterers  
Not with the grain and these bitch niggas' wishes  
Dealt with addiction, fell for the bitch with the  
Pale butter skin who just packed up and dipped  
In the land of the rent-less, stand with my chips  
In a stack and a grin, fuck 'em

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>