

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.songarea.com/>