

Tabula Rasa -Earl Sweatshirt Feat. Armand Hammer Lyrics

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"Tabula Rasa"

Uh, off the strength I'm not as numb as I thought

I'm broken links, my circle shrinking smaller

Satellite revolve, my core is a cauldron

Surrendered orbits

Cross-check what's really real and what's performance

Speak for self but wondering who else really on it

Who's really all in? (Hello)

Trouble calling

My phone don't ping, I'm buzzed, leave me alone

Truth with a stashed pocket for a lie

The document is alive, I speak life

Every border gets revised if dissolved

With the fines what it's charged

Haven't made up my mind if I'm assigned to the stars

I slide when I walk
I'm inside of the funk, trust
She want up when it dump, it came from the sludge
Involuntary, shooting foundations in studs

Tears and snot bubbles, sob puddles
I lay in the west spot, listen
Let's not conflate, I give what I take
It's the hunt, there is the chase
Some talk like they never got punched in the face
You can't see clearly now, don't come near me
Wails of the weary, loop max infinite
Draw me closer, damn near intimate

And I'll give you a kiss

The flyest and grown and sexy
I came through over proofing the plastic Pepsi bottle, security didn't check
me

Skipped coat check, they playin' the oldies

I'ma go 'head and get sweaty

Plus saved the ten-piece

It's hell up in Harlem so meet me 'cross 100 and 10th street

If the tree's a bargain, bars that don't really tempt me
I'm from where every car foreign and we drive 'em on empty (Zimbabwe)

Bury me in a borrowed suit
Give my babies my rhyme books but tell 'em "Do you"
Give my enemies the good news, time flew
We was probably brothers back then like TRU
No jerseys, no durags, hard-bottom shoes
Niggas tired of the foolishness
No disrespect, it's a lotta mids in the room
My pack loud, cut right through
Kofi Annan in the booth so you ain't get in the stu'
Sese Seko Mobutu if the DJ play something smooth (slide on 'em)

It's a move, I don't dance but maybe tonight
Maybe tonight
I don't know her, and I don't even mind if it is the strobe light
Live for the living
I made chicken late night in my boxers burning up the kitchen
She passed out right when I was done fixing
I watch reruns in the dark; fingers and lips glistening
Ooh, get 'em

I'm so damn proud of myself

I did this for you, G, alright?

Been to there and back, tall tales tossed to the breeze

We keep facts in the midnight wax, family tree sap

Lightly through the leaves on familiar tracks

I know it's real even when I'm feeling bad

Resilient as they build to black

She shimmy into the, yeah, that's consent gettin' established

You only trash if you trash, I keep it simple and dynamic

Trust the passage rites to life's chapters

I have to write to find balance

This game of telephone massive, I do what I have to with the fragments

The madness method rampant these days, I let the panic pass me

Featherweight, my heart was straight despite baggage

Asymptomatic but I get sicker, the delays faster, faster

Practicing practice in what I preach, keep pace

The calcium on my teeth fade

The streets are blazed with the anger, complacency and deceit create

Ice sheet break, I couldn't weak, wait

All I could say to the times I couldn't freeze frame, bleak fate

You got so much to bleed to clean slate (I've got so much)

The bag of tricks in my sleeve breaks

Southpaw under the North Star, forcing all the league changes (I've got so-)

Don't sleep baby

(I've got so much, I've-)

(I've got so much, I've-)

(I've got so much)

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
