

Chum (Explicit Version)

Earl Sweatshirt

Something sinister to it
Pendulum swinging slow, a degenerate moving
Through the city with criminals, stealth, welcome to enemy turf
Harder than immigrants work, "Golf" is stitched into my shirt
Get up off the pavement brush the dirt up off my psyche
Psyche, psycheIt's probably been twelve years since my father left, left me fatherless
And I just used to say I hate him in dishonest jest
When honestly I miss this nigga, like when I was six
And every time I got the chance to say it I would swallow it
Sixteen, I'm hollow, intolerant, skip shots
I storm that whole bottle, I'll show you a role model
I'm drunk, pissy, pissing on somebody front lawn
Trying to figure out how and when the fuck I missed moderate
Momma often was offering peace offerings
Think, wheeze cough, scoffing and he's off again
Searching for a big brother, Tyler was that
And plus he liked how I rap, the blunted mice in the trap
Too black for the white kids, and too white for the blacks
From honor roll to cracking locks up off them bicycle racks
I'm indecisive, I'm scatterbrained, and I'm frightened, it's evident
And them eyes, where he hiding all them icicles at?Something sinister to it
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Psyche, psyche"Can I get that, oh let me get that beat in my headphones"Uh time lapse, bars rot in heart's
bottomless pit
Was mobbin' deep as '96 Havoc and Prodigy did
We were the pottymouth posse crash the party and dip
With all belongings then toss em out to the audience
Nothing was fucking awesome, trying to make it from the bottom
His sins feeling as hard as Vince Carter's knee cartilage is
Supreme garment and weed gardeners garnishing spliffs
With Keef particles and entering apartments with 'zine article
Tolerance for boundaries, I know you happy now
Craven and these Complex-fuck niggas done track me down
Just to be the guys that did it, like, "I like attention"
Not the type where niggas trying to get a raise at my expense
Supposed to be grateful, right?

Like, "Thanks so much, you made my life
Harder, and the ties between my mom and I are strained and tightened
Even more than they were before all of this shit"
Been back a week and I already feel like calling it quits
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Harder than immigrants work, "Golf" is stitched into my shirt
Get up off the pavement brush the dirt up off my psyche
Psyche, psyche "Ha ha ha!"

Songwriters

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