

Sunday

Earl Sweatshirt

I know it don't seem difficult to hit you up
But you not passionate
About half the shit that you into
And I ain't havin' it
And we both know that I don't mean to offend you
I'm just focused today
And I don't know why it's difficult
To admit that I miss you
And I don't know why we argue
And I just hope that you listen
And if I hurt you I'm sorry
The music makes me dismissive
When I'm awake I'm just driftin'
I'm not complainin'
It's just to say that I stay pretty busy, lately
And I could be misbehaving
I just hang with my niggas
I'm fuckin' famous if you forgot, I'm faithful
Despite all what's in my face and my pocket
And this is painfully honest
And when I say it I vomit
On cloudy days when I'm salty
I play the hate to the laundry
State to state for the profit
it ain't a stain on me, nigga
My momma raised me a prophet
I play for dollar incentive
And where I'm walking, it's studded
and half-retarded I stumble
To where she park when she visit
I grab the bottle and chug it
I see the car in the distance
I know the dark isn't coming
For the moment, if I could hold it
She, she seems thatAll my dreams got dimmer when I stopped smoking pot
Nightmares got more vivid when I stopped smoking pot
And loving you is a little different
I don't like you a lot
You see, it seems likeI'm coming back I gotta handle business

Vanish to my sleeper seat
left you at terminal three
I'll meet you down at baggage claim
in a couple weeks, a fortnight
When you parade my homecoming, don't cry
You know I can't live in any place I visit
To live and die in LA
I got my Fleetwood Mac, I could get high every day
But I'd be sleepy, OCD and paranoid, so
Give me Bali beach, no molly please
Palm, no marijuana trees
Yo hickeys on my aorta and tattoos you could only see
When I'm playing surfboarder, put whisky in that salt water
I emptied every canteen, just to wear
that straight edge varsity you think's cool
They thought me soft in High School
thank God I'm jagged
Forgot you don't like it rough
I mean he called me a faggot
I was just calling his bluff
I mean how anal am I gon' be when I'm aiming my gun
And why's his mug all bloody, that was a three on one?
Standing ovation at Staples
I got my Grammy's and gold
Polka dots on my brit
I'm not supposed to be stunting
It's all melodic this song
I catch this vibe in my sleep
But I'm just jet-lagged is all, and restlessAll my dreams got more vivid when I stopped smoking pot
Nightmares got more vivid when I stopped smoking pot
And loving you is a little different
I don't like you a lot
I mean, fuck

Songwriters

THEBE KGOSITSILE, CHRISTOPHER BREAUXPublished by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT
US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>