

# 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 that All 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 like I'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 hickeyes on my aorta and tattoos you could only see  
When I'm playing surferboarder, 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 restless  
All 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

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