Sunday

Earl Sweatshirt

[Verse 1: 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 couldn't be misbehaving, I just hang with my niggas
I'm fuckin' famous if you forgot, I'm faithful
Despite all my what's in my face and my pocket, and this is painfully honest
And when I say it I vomit, and 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-retarted I stumble
To where she park where 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, seems seems that[Hook]
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[Verse 2: Frank Ocean]
I'm coming back I gotta handle business
Vanish to my sleepers see
Left you at terminal 3
I'll meet you down at baggage claim in a couple weeks
A fortnight
And you can 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 Bolly beach
No molly please

Palm, no marijuana trees
Yo hickeys on my A order
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 and 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[Hook]
All my dreams got more vivid when I stopped smoking pot
All my nightmares became more vivid when I stopped smoking pot
Loving you's a little different I don't like you a lot
I meanfuck

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