

# Whoa

## Earl Sweatshirt

[Intro: Tyler, the Creator]

Nahh no, nahh nahh fuck that

Niggas think cause you fuckin made Chum and got all personal

That niggas wont go back to that old fuckin 2010 shit

About talkin bout fuckin everything all

No fuck that nigga I got you

Fuck that[Verse 1: Earl Sweatshirt]

Grab mittens who have to spit blizzardous

Actually flick cigarette ash at bitch niggas

Harassment, eight nickels of hash, delay quick, and then dash

To Saint Nicholas pad to taste venison

Still in the business of smacking up little rappers with

Raquets you play tennis with, hated for bank lifting and

Spraying that hotter wind in the shade of his maimed innocence

Suitcase scented with haze and fileted sentences

Advanced apathy, smashing the man cameras up

Tan khakis and antagonists Dan-dappered up

Vagabond, had it since a Padawan

Rapping hot as fuck in cattle brands, wearing flannel thongs

Grab a bong, momma and some food, beer, tag along

Get a nice spanking, new Sears catalog

Send them nettled critics to the bezzle stop, dead and wrong

Get em higher than the pitch of metal tea kettle songs[Hook: Tyler, the Creator]

Four deep in a Rover cannon

Riding dirty through a Saugus canyon, niggas know that its the

G-O-L-F-dub-A-N-G

G-O-L-F-dub-A-N-G

50 K for the last check

But the Dollar Menu still be on deck,

Nigga its the mutherfuckin

G-O-L-F-dub-A-N-G

G-O-L-F-dub-A-N-G[Verse 2: Earl Sweatshirt]

Yeah, the Misadventures of a shit talker

Pissed as Rick Rosss fifth sip off his sixth lager

Known to sit and wash the sins off at the pitch alter

Hat never backwards like the print off legit manga

Get it? Like a blue pill, make ya stick longer

Or a swift fist off your chin from his wrist launcher

Chick, chronic thrift shopper, thick like the Knicks roster

Stormed off and came straight back like pigs posture  
Pen? Naw, probably written with some used syringes  
From out the rubbish bin at your local loony clinic  
Watching movies in a room full of goons he rented  
On the hunt for clues, more food, and some floozy women  
Bruising gimmicks with the broom he usually use for Quidditch  
Gooley wittens, scoot em to a ditch, chewed and booty scented  
Too pretentious, do pretend like he could lose to spitting  
Steaming tubes of poop and twisted doobies full of euphemisms  
Stupid, thought it up, jot it quick  
Thought out, toss it right back like a vodka fifth  
Spot him on a rocket swapping dollars in for pocket lint  
Then lob a wad of chicken at a copper on some Flocka shit[Hook: Tyler, the Creator]  
Posing nigga try to disrespect  
Get a fucking thunder to his neck, shout out to Nak, cause its the  
G-O-L-F-dub-A-N-G  
G-O-L-F-dub-A-N-G  
Looking bummy, posted on the block, looking like I aint make  
A quarter million off of socks, nigga, cause its the  
G-O-L-F-dub-A-N-G  
G-O-L-F-dub-A-N-G

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