

# Dat Ass (Profesher Remix)

## Earl Sweatshirt

Juicebox, tank top, tube socks  
Dude stop, forehead shiny like a new Glock  
Two shots fired at the Excursion we were swervin' in  
All purpose verses with a passion for servin' kids  
Empty out your purses on an immature crime spree  
Eyin' up the nurses with some gloves that read I squeeze  
Who the fuck said to speak, Mr. Me-Is-Siamese?  
Even Christ said "Christ, he flows quite nicely"  
Hypebeast's highly likely to bite me  
And try to high five me, but I just give them high threes  
Cause y'all don't get two, touch me, I'm the shit  
Sue me, if you got an issue, grab a tissue  
Mediocrity is odd to me  
Ass as far as ya eyes can see. Who the best? They holla me  
Nombre, Ho-lay shit, I don't spit crack, I spit cocaine crisp  
I ain't fuckin' with it if it's no payment (Why?)  
Cause everyone knows payed dues don't pay rent  
I'm dope like the coke that I'm laced with  
Dreams what I'm chasin', flow hot it's chafin'  
This is why I'm hot? No, that is why I'm blazin'  
Dilla jacked Nick, I am shinin' like the diamond that I'm draped in  
But I don't wear jewelery, it's HUF over Louis V  
Excuse the endurance miss, this critic thing is new to me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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