

# Whoa

## Earl Sweatshirt

Nah, no, nah, nah, fuck that  
Niggas think cause you fucking made "Chum"  
And got all personal that niggas won't go back  
to that old fucking 2010 shit about talking 'bout  
fucking everything all  
No, fuck that nigga, I got you, fuck that Grab mittens who have to spit blizzardous  
Actually flick cigarette ash at bitch niggas  
Harassment, ate 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 then hide away in the shade of his maimed innocence  
Suitcase scented with haze and filetted sentences  
Advanced apathy, smashing the man cameras up  
Tan khakis, an antagonist Dan-dappered up  
Vagabond, had it since a Padawan  
Rapping hot as fucking 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 Four deep in a Rover cannon  
Riding dirty through a Saugus canyon, niggas know that it's 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 it's the motherfuckin'  
G-O-L-F-dub-A-N-G  
G-O-L-F-dub-A-N-G Yeah, the misadventures of a shit-talker  
Pissed as Rick Ross's 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 with spitting  
Steaming tubes of poop and twisted doobies full of euphemisms  
Stupid, thought it up, jot it quick, thaw it 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

Songwriters

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