Whoa (feat. Tyler, The Creator)

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 thatGrab 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 that hotter wind 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 songsFour 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-GYeah, 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
Gooey writtens, 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, 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 shitPosing nigga try to disrespect
Get a fucking thunder to his neck, shout out to Nak, cause it's 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 ain't make
A quarter million off of socks, nigga, cause it's the
G-O-L-F-dub-A-N-G
G-O-L-F-dub-A-N-G

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