

# Grown Ups (feat. Dash)

## Earl Sweatshirt

Feel this cage when that acid fade  
Face the same but your mind has changed  
You desire a stable home  
I acquire fame at naming hoes  
Contemplating ways of getting dome  
Plotting on my neighbors  
Asking God for favors  
Guess he isn't home  
Probably 'cause that fucking faith I didn't show  
Skippin church, flip the work  
Hit a dirt, like Tommy run it bitch  
Grew up in a home that papa wasn't in  
Came up of of work that my conscience wasn't in  
Either way it goes, a lot is getting hit  
And if it wasn't hoes, then it probably was a lick  
Got burners on my soul, and my posse on my skin  
Sweaty they ain't dollar top lotto picks  
Promise that I am not the one to fucking plot against  
Love him, but my father ain't my mother fucking friend  
Trying to figure out how to start a mother fucking end  
Trend dodging, keep a bitch by me  
Back roll  
Garbage bag full of sand  
Place myself the rap stale  
Cash is in hand  
Packs get vac sealed  
Like the Tin Man  
Cardiac Stillness  
Missing past real, in it, words make dentists  
Don't know where I'm going, don't know where I been  
Never trust these hoes, don't even trust my friends  
Tell that bitch to roll up, fucking with some grown ups  
Don't know where I'm going, don't know where I been  
Never trust these hoes, don't even trust my friends  
Tell that bitch to roll up, fucking with some grown ups  
My mama wonder why it never seem to reach  
See my Daddy in the way I'm acting  
And my facial features  
Just trying to put you on  
Dog I came from teachers  
Take the plate and clean it

Nigga I'm a dog  
Tell her hit or miss me with the fucking monologue  
Lord I can't fight it  
Know I'm tryna brawl  
Get a cop a hog dog chick  
I'm the type of nigga that you cop your raw off  
Popping hoes off  
Grab the board and these niggas call charge  
Chain switches jerseys like it's all star  
Press the on star  
Think it's all lost

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