

20 Wave Caps

Earl Sweatshirt

[Verse 1: Domo Genesis]

Look for me

Lost in a whirlwind, 2012 quality

High up until the world end, doing eighty-five in my ride

And these niggas hiding, know I'm striding like a giant

I ain't lying when I'm rhyming, rule these niggas like a tyrant

Damn, Doms, it don't even seem like you trying

Know these niggas crucify 'em, couldn't crack him I'm a diamond

I know that niggas is finding my progression so uncommon

The pressure I'm still applying until I hear the angels crying

Sad day in Hell for those who doubted, hope your head explode

Cry about it, but don't deny that Doms got the realest flows

My eyes is feeling low, pulling on the killer 'dro

Chilling with a vixen, thinking "This is what I did it for"

Still banging, Wolf Ganging as if you niggas didn't know

Still trife and Loiter Litter Life and triple sixing, ho[Verse 2: Earl Sweatshirt]

Doms, Doms

Doms, while they ripping through the packaging to grab the shit

I'm Shaded with the few whom I usually blow cabbage with

New patterings patty-caking with mannequins

Cause I don't like my fucking homies dip, bruh, they all

Jaw-slacking, all 'em awe struck

And I ain't got shit but a pretty bitch and cigar tucks

Riding in the city and knocking out in the Starbucks

I swear these niggas is fucking phony, smoking spliffs and that's

Prior to arriving to the studio

Eyes glued to a gluteus maximus, attractive lady

Where you headed with that shit?

And can a real nigga get a look at it? Crook, panic-shook

Ain't ya? Blunt fatter than some butch ankles

Cheffing, fit the cook apron, ante up for good payment

Run until my foot achy, running 'till my foot aching

Full-grown terror type, Ferragamo do-rag

With my nigga Travy out in Maui, running two-mans

Smoking 'till I'm loopy as a motherfucking toucan

20 minutes, burn a fucking quarter back to two grams

But I'mma dip, I know you must have had it with my rude ass

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