MotoLyrics MotoLyrics.com

Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Earl Sweatshirt ''Chum''

Visit "Chum" on MotoLyrics.com

Something sinister to it Pendulum swinging slower, degenerate moving Through the city with criminal stealth Welcome to enemy turf, harder than immigrants work Golf is stitched into my shirt

Get up off the pavement Brush the dirt up off my psyche, psyche, psyche

It's probably been twelve years since my father left Left me fatherless And I just used to say I hate him in dishonest jest When honestly I miss this nigga like when I was six And every time I got the chance to say it I would swallow it

Sixteen, I'm hollow with Tyler and skipped shots Just throw him that whole bottle, I'll show you a role model

I'm drunk pissy pissing on somebody front lawn Trying to figure out how and when the fuck I missed moderate

Momma often was offering peace offerings Think, wheeze cough, scoffing and he's off again Searching for a big brother, Tyler was that Plus he liked how I rap, the blunted mice with the trap

Too black for the white kids and too white for the blacks From honor roll to to cracking locks up off them bicycle racks

I'm indecisive, I'm scatterbrained and I'm frightened it's evident

In them eyes where he hiding all them icicles at

Something sinister to it Pendulum swinging slower, degenerate moving Through the city with criminal stealth Welcome to enemy turf, harder than immigrants work Golf is stitched into my shirt Get up off the pavement Brush the dirt up off my psyche, psyche, psyche

Time lapse, bars rot in heart's bottomless pit Was mobbin' deep as 96 Havoc and Prodigy did We were the potty mouth posse, crash the party and dip

With all belongings then toss 'em out to the audience

Nothing was fucking awesome Trying to make it from the bottom this is Feeling as hard as Vince Carter's knee cartilage is Supreme garment and weed gardeners garnishing spliffs

With Keef particles and entering apartments with 'zine article

Tolerance for boundaries, I know you happy now Craven and these Complex fuck niggas'll track me down

Just to be the guys that did it like I like attention Not the type where niggas trying to get a raise at my expense

Supposed to be grateful, right Like thanks so much you made my life Harder and the ties between my mom and I Strained and tightened Even more than they were before all of this shit Been back a week and I already feel like calling it quits

Something sinister to it Pendulum swinging slower, degenerate moving Through the city with criminal stealth Welcome to enemy turf, harder than immigrants work Golf is stitched into my shirt

Get up off the pavement Brush the dirt up off my psyche, psyche, psyche

Visit Earl Sweatshirt page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.