

Earl Sweatshirt

"WHOA"

Visit "[WHOA](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Tyler, the Creator]

Nahh no, nahh nahh fuck that
Niggas think cause you fuckin' made Chum and got
all personal
That niggas won't go back to that old fuckin' 2010
shit
About talkin' 'bout fuckin' everything all
No fuck that nigga I got you
Fuck that

[Verse 1: Earl Sweatshirt]

Grab mittens who have to spit blizzardous
Actually flick cigarette ash at bitch niggas
Harassment, eight 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 fileted sentences
Advanced apathy, smashing the man cameras up
Tan khakis and antagonists Dan-dappered up
Vagabond, had it since a Padawan
Rapping hot as fuck in 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

[Hook: Tyler, the Creator]

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 its the mutherfuckinÂ'
G-O-L-F-dub-A-N-G
G-O-L-F-dub-A-N-G

[Verse 2: Earl Sweatshirt]

Yeah, the Misadventures of a shit talker
Pissed as Rick RossÂ'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 pigsÂ' 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
Goopy writtens, scoot Â'em to a ditch, chewed and
booty scented
Too pretentious, do pretend like he could lose to
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
shit

[Hook: Tyler, the Creator]

Posing nigga try to disrespect
Get a fucking thunder to his neck, shout out to Nak,
cause itÂ'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
ainÂ't make
A quarter million off of socks, nigga, cause itÂ's the
G-O-L-F-dub-A-N-G
G-O-L-F-dub-A-N-G

Visit [Earl Sweatshirt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.