Knight (feat. Domo Genesis)

Earl Sweatshirt

Guess with a few exceptions, yeah, I'm living honest Except I promised my momma that I would finish college, started chasing profit Sorry ma, I ain't forget about it but if money evil I'm hoping that you could see through all the drama and watch me get these dollars And my ambition burn so hot, it's like I'm bleeding lava Haters be pleading me to stop but I don't even bother Though my approach is seeming awkward, I could see it proper See success and I just see the fact that I don't need a father Doms hotter than the drop of Harry Potter shit Pedal to the metal, high-level, full throttle shit Still searching for a reason why niggas ain't acknowledge this I'm lost in an era where real shit does not exist I hate the sway of things, I'm everyday cooling it I'm getting blazed and laughing at the way they overdoing shit I'm just a old soul sticking to a newer script I guess I got to prove this shit, I'm truly too legit to quit I'd like to send a shout to the fathers that didn't raise us To every ho who hated, now unable to say much To critics doing dirty with comments and nigga paid for an apartment Yesterday off some songs I haven't yet made up Black Cressida, pay up Bars going hard as the ashtray where I place guts Shouts to the eses who paid pesos to play us, riding in the barrio Huff and puff blowing kush in Huf clothing articles, Kenny rolling blunts, got us stuck like a barnacle To the bottom of your shit, ironic cause the audios As nautical as ships, look momma, look momma Look, your product is legit, I promise, honest Karma got me balling up my fist 'Til I demolish your clique, pardon the clips I am honestly as bomb as it gets, regardless of who talking I'm farming, harvesting hits Just me and Domo and lit marijuana to split between two of us Rocking boxes easy as warming some ramen noodles up So, searching for a way to state it right Young, black, and jaded, vision hazy strolling through the night

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/