20 Wave Caps (feat. Domo Genesis)

Earl Sweatshirt

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
Doms, while they ripping through the packaging to grab the shit
I'm shaded with the few whom I usually blow cabbage with
New patterns 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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