Chum

Earl Sweatshirt

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 shirtGet up off the pavement

Brush the dirt up off my psyche, psyche, psychelt'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, intolerant, skip shots

I storm that whole bottle, I'll show you a role model

Drunk pissy pissing on somebody front lawn

Trying to figure out how and when the fuck I missed moderateMomma 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 trapToo 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 atSomething sinister to it

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Brush the dirt up off my psyche, psyche, psycheTime 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 audienceNothing 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 articleTolerance 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 expenseSupposed 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
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Golf is stitched into my shirt
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Brush the dirt up off my psyche, psyche, psyche

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