

## 20 Wave Caps

### Earl Sweatshirt

Look for me  
Lost in a whirlwind, 2012 quality  
High up until the world end, doing 85 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

Doms

Doms, why they ripping through the packaging to grab the shit?  
Shaded with the few whom I usually blow cabbage with  
New Patterns, and patty-caking with mannequins  
Cause I don't like my fucking homies dip, bruh, they all  
Jaw-slacking, all of '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  
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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  
Chef and fit the cook apron, ante up for good payment  
Run until my foot achy, running 'till my foot aching  
Full-grown tear 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'm a dip, I know you must have had it with my rude ass