

Grown Ups

Earl Sweatshirt

So why'd they evict you, bro?
Feel this cage when that acid fade
Face the same, but your mind has changed
You desire a stable home
I acquire fame at naming hoes
Contemplating ways of getting dome
(Plotting on my neighbors
Asking God for favors, guess he isn't home)
Probably 'cause that f**king faith I didn't show
(Skippin church, flip the work)
Hit the dirt like Tommy run it bitch
Grew up in a home that papa wasn't in
Came up off of work that my conscience wasn't in
Either way it goes, a lot is getting hit
And if it wasn't hoes, then it probably was a lick
Got burners on my soul, and my posse on my skin
Sweaty D-A dollar top lotto picks
Promise that I am not the one to f**king plot against
Love him, but my father ain't my motherf**king friend
Trying to figure out how to start a motherf**king end
Trend dodging, keep a bitch by me, back roll
(Garbage bag full of xans
Place myself to rap still, nigga
Cash is in hand
Packs get vac sealed like the Tin Man
Cardiac still missing, is it past real?
Get it, work make Guinness)
Don't know where I'm going, don't know where I been
Never trust these hoes, can't even trust my friends
Tell that bitch to roll up, f**king with some grown ups
My mama wonder why I never seem to reach
See my daddy in the way I'm acting
And my facial features
Just trying to put you on
Dog, I came from teachers
Take the plate and clean it
Nigga, I'm a dog
Tell her hit or miss me with the f**king monologue
(Lord, I can't fight it, know I'm tryna brawl
Get a copper hauled off
Shit, I'm the type of nigga that you cop your raw off
Popping hoes off)
Grab the board and these niggas call charge
(Chain switches jerseys like it's all star
Press the OnStar, think it's all lost)