

# Grown Ups (feat. Dash)

## Earl Sweatshirt

I don't give a fuck, nigga  
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 fucking faith I didn't show  
(Skippin church, flip the work)  
Hit the dirt like Tommy Drummond 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 fucking plot against  
Love him, but my father ain't my motherfucking friend  
Trying to figure out how to start a motherfucking 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, fucking with some grown ups  
My mama wonder why it 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 fucking 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)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>