

# Sunday (feat. Frank Ocean)

## Earl Sweatshirt

I know it don't seem difficult to hit you up  
But you not passionate about half the shit that you into, and I ain't havin' it  
And we both know that I don't mean to offend you, I'm just focused today  
And I don't know why it's difficult to admit that I miss you  
And I don't know why we argue, and I just hope that you listen  
And if I hurt you I'm sorry, the music makes me dismissive  
When I'm awake I'm just driftin', I'm not complainin'  
It's just to say that I stay pretty busy, lately  
And I couldn't be misbehaving, I just hang with my niggas  
I'm fuckin' famous if you forgot, I'm faithful  
Despite all my what's in my face and my pocket, and this is painfully honest  
And when I say it I vomit, and cloudy days when I'm salty  
I play the hate to the laundry  
State to state for the profit, it ain't a stain on me, nigga  
My momma raised me a prophet, I play for dollar incentive  
And where I'm walking, it's studded, and half-retarded I stumble  
To where she park where she visit, I grab the bottle and chug it  
I see the car in the distance, I know the dark isn't coming  
For the moment, if I could hold it  
She, seems seems that  
All my dreams got dimmer when I stopped smoking pot  
Nightmares got more vivid when I stopped smoking pot  
And loving you is a little different, I don't like you a lot  
You see, it seems like I'm coming back I gotta handle business  
Vanish to my sleepers see  
Left you at terminal 3  
I'll meet you down at baggage claim in a couple weeks  
A fortnight  
And you can parade my homecoming  
Don't cry  
You know I can't live in any place I visit  
To live and die in LA  
I got my Fleetwood Mac  
I could get high every day  
But I'd be sleepy, OCD and paranoid  
So, give me Bolly beach  
No molly please  
Palm, no marijuana trees  
Yo hickeys on my A order  
And tattoos you could only see  
When I'm playing surfboarder  
Put whisky in that salt water

I emptied every canteen  
Just to wear that straight edge varsity you think's cool  
They thought me soft in High School  
Thank God I'm jagged  
Forgot you don't like it rough  
I mean he called me a faggot  
I was just calling his bluff  
I mean how anal am I gon' be when I'm aiming my gun  
And why's his mug all bloody, that was a three on one?  
Standing ovation and Staples  
I got my Grammy's and gold  
Polka dots on my brit  
I'm not supposed to be stunting  
It's all melodic this song  
I catch this vibe in my sleep  
But I'm just jet-lagged is all  
And restless  
All my dreams got more vivid when I stopped smoking pot  
All my nightmares became more vivid when I stopped smoking pot  
Loving you's a little different I don't like you a lot  
I meanfuck  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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