

Sick to my motherfucking tummy
Bitch must think I'm a motherfucking dummy
Because I dress bummy, bitch think I'm broke
Bitch, I ate one roach and I made a lot of money
Popping since Bastard, (manager) Clancy is my slave master
Thanks to them crackers, my pockets are fatter than excess shit that's weighing on Jasper
I've never popped a bottle, but I've fucked a couple models in Europe
Yup, and a couple of them swallowed
Meet me half way, bitch I'm going all in
And I never pull back, shout-out to my nigga Taco

Fuck that, Golf Wang
Fuck that, Golf Wang
Fuck that, Golf Wang
Fuck that, (Golf Wang!) (3x)

So, a couple fags threw a little hisssfit
Came to Pitchfork with a couple Jada Pinkett signs
And said I was a racist homophobic
So I grabbed Lucas and filmed us kissing
Feelings getting caught, it's off, I'm pissing
You think I give a fuck? I ain't even stick my dick in yet
(No homo. Too soon.)
And while y'all are rolling doobies
I be in my bedroom scoring movies
Still, I'm sounding like a fucking newbie
Suck my dick, motherfucker, sue me
Mom got a new whip so she could scoop me
A year ago, I ain't have no hoopty
Four story home, gotta climb eight sets of stairs
Just to see where my fucking roof be

Fuck that, Golf Wang
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Fuck that, (Golf Wang!) (3x)

Wait a God damn second
I'm tripping balls, David Beckham
Will fall cause shit's going down
Just like Rodney King's swimming lessons
Now me and Justin smoke sherm and been talking 'bout freeing perms
And purchasing weapons naming them and aim them in One Direction
(Wait a minute)
It sounds like midgets in a God damn speaker
Every time you play this shit loud
But that's just me trying to get milk now
Instead of grunts from a God damn cow
Hit me on my beeper while Captain Hook sucks my Peter
Pan camera, repeat procedure
And when the beat drops, have a God damn seizure

Fuck that, Golf Wang
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Fuck that, Golf Wang
Fuck that, (Golf Wang!) (3x)

Cut it out!
I said I didn't want no goddamn lettuce.
I don't want that shit!
I don't want your goddamn lettuce.
He-he.