

# IT CAN HAPPEN TO ANY OF US:

The reckless hedonism of your 20s gives way to the whole-grain realities and sobering responsibilities of your 30s. And suddenly, if you're the 32-year-old psychedelically groovy L.A. gangsta rapper Schoolboy Q, you may find yourself under the spell of a more serene (if no less addictive and expensive) habit: golf.

"I had all these people telling me, 'Why are you playing golf? Why you playing a lame-ass sport? You a loser!'" the rapper born Quincy Hanley says, warping his box-cuter baritone into the high-pitched mockery of an ignorant hater, one who knows nothing of the joys of manicured fairways and glen plaid. "But like I tell everyone, 'Bruh: Golf is life.'"

They love Q here. "Here" being the Calabasas Country Club, a postcard expanse of glimmering emerald turf, gently sloping mountains, and a 21-acre lake, a few minutes' drive from Q's home in the same ritzy neighborhood. "They" being everyone from the 19-year-old caddies who want photos to flex on Instagram to the baronial white-haired titans of commerce who greet him by name, slap high fives, and give him jovial biceps taps like he just closed a deal to bring in the Underhill account.

Unburdened from the demands of a nine-to-five existence, Q hits the links daily. This morning, he took to the course with Brock Korsan, the senior vice president of A&R at Warner Bros. Records, and Cole Young, the brand director for Malbon Golf, an insurgent streetwear-inspired golf label, for the photos you see here. But his partner for nine holes in the afternoon is Adrian, a fit older Mexican-American man with wind-swept gray hair and black shades, who has become Q's adoptive golfing *padre*.

The golf obsession started just over a year ago, and while Q seems a natural on the course, his new habit is actually the culmination of a fraught series of events. He spent his early years on 51st Street in L.A.'s South Central before enrolling at a local community college, intending to play football.

By 2009 he had been incarcerated, had a daughter, and gotten a trapezius tattoo that read *FUCK LAPD*—a nod, he says, to its habit of picking him up and then dropping him



↑  
FROM LEFT  
ON SCHOOLBOY Q  
shirt \$1,070 **Missoni**  
pants \$118  
**Carhartt WIP**  
sunglasses \$1,075  
**Jacques Marie**  
**Mage**  
cuff, stylist's own

ON COLE YOUNG  
polo shirt \$1,095  
**Giorgio Armani**  
pants \$23  
**Dickies**  
shoes, hat, and  
glasses, his own

ON BROCK KORSAN  
robe \$1,275  
**Issey Miyake**  
t-shirt \$40  
(for pack of three)  
**Calvin Klein**  
**Underwear**

pants \$795  
**Sies Marjan** at  
**Mr Porter**  
his own shoes  
**Converse**  
his own watch  
(throughout)  
**Rolax**  
hat and jewelry,  
his own

←←  
OPENING PAGES,  
FROM LEFT  
ON BROCK KORSAN  
blazer \$2,895  
**Giorgio Armani**  
pants \$390  
**Goodfight**  
his own shoes  
**J.Crew**  
socks \$3 **Uniqlo**

ON SCHOOLBOY Q  
sweater \$425  
**Canali**  
pants \$1,195  
**Giorgio Armani**  
shoes \$445  
**Boss**

sunglasses \$1,075  
**Jacques Marie Mage**  
his own watch  
(throughout)  
**Rolex**  
cap and cuff,  
stylist's own

ON COLE YOUNG  
cardigan \$600  
**Goodfight**  
pants (price  
upon request)  
**Etudes**  
watch \$2,626  
**Tudor**  
shoes, his own

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New York

(917) 407-4292

Nicki Silverman: [nicki@dsreps.com](mailto:nicki@dsreps.com)

Los Angeles

(626) 441-2224

Deborah Schwartz: [deb@dsreps.com](mailto:deb@dsreps.com)

Crystal Roberts: [crystal@dsreps.com](mailto:crystal@dsreps.com)