

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-cut 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 \$1,895
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)
Rolex
hat and jewelry,
his own

←←
OPENING PAGES,
FROM LEFT
ON BROCK KORSAN
blazer \$2,895
Giorgio Armani
pants \$390
Goodflight
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
Goodflight
pants (price
upon request)
Etudes
watch \$2,626
Tudor
shoes, his own

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