

BROCKHAMPTON, My American Life

Dead tired, feelin' stupid
It's just my American life I'm dreaming man
New shoes, new apartment
That's all, my American life
And I got nothing to say, and I got nothing to say
And I got nothing to say, and I got nothing to say
And I got nothing to say, and I got nothing to say
And I got nothing to say, and I got nothing, nothing
And I got nothing to give, that's why I made you the same
I been climbing this wall, how much more can I take?
Sometimes I think about God, but then I think of those days
Sometimes I wish we could speak, but I have nothing to say
Dead tired, feelin' stupid (Feelin' stupid)
And this is my American life

Thank you, thank you
Thank you all, let's get it, let's get i, let's