

BROCKHAMPTON, Southside

Don't give a fuck if they judge us
It's my life, so, so what?
Moved out just to blow up
Three tags, blow up
Whole fed show up
Remember you don't know us

Bitch boy, quit actin' like you know me
You gon' make me wild out, you keep actin' funny

With my folks I ride, you know I do that, yeah
Music's so loud, feel stupid, yeah
Jagged out the crib with computers, yeah
I know you feel it in the music, yeah
All the old cribs look like a museum
[?] southside was ruthless, yeah

Bitch boy, quit actin' like you know me
You gon' make me wild out, you keep actin' funny

Homie, yeah, know me, yeah, look at me, point and stare
Grow into a new year, with the vision hella clear
Yeah, they keep it delicate, growin' up, I'm barely rich
We stay reminiscin' shit, remind me of the early shit
Shit that we was on when the sun felt sunny
Shit that we was on when music was not money

Bitch boy, quit actin' like you know me
You gon' make me wild out, you keep actin' funny

Hello? Hello?
Yo, you hear me?