

BROCKHAMPTON, 37th

I know it hurts but this is my favorite way (Yeah)
I know it hurts, but please, just hear what I say
If I could fly through California night
I'd end up back on 37th street

At the dark end (Yeah), of the street ([?])
This dark end (Like), of the street (Say, mm-hmm, oh)
Dark end (Oh-oh, oh) of the street (Oh-oh, oh, oh-oh, yeah)
That's where we'll always meet (Uh-huh, always meet)
Uh, uh-oh
Hiding in shadows, dark end of the street

In the Murci' with my flannel with my Vans on
Out in Brooklyn with Ciarán makin' these damn songs
This my vacation, this my Cancun
Tell my brothers who I love, "I know I failed you"
Linked up with Ameer to see what he been up to
I praise God for the days that we been through
Some days I face God, some days I see the devil too
I was nervous, ain't know what I was gettin' into
Dawg, I seen growth, dawg, I seen change
Wasn't like the old days, it felt different, man
My heart skippin' the game, my thoughts driftin' again
Can we get back the band together and be civil again?
Empathy's a bitch, man, mix that bitch with some shame
And some weed and champagne, you end up like me
Tryna make everybody happy, when I'm only there for me
I'm searchin' for healin' even when I'm asleep
I'm searchin' for friends when I'm the one endin' things
But I can't be sad about it, it's the life that I lead
You know, gettin' over you, it ain't been easy for me
So now I'm workin' through the pain, gettin' fucked up in between like

I know it hurts but this is my favorite way (It's gettin' really hard to trust if you lie every time and say
I know it's hard, but please, just hear what I say (If you really open up your mind and try to hear me
If I could fly (That's why we down) through California night (See how we down)
I'd end up back on 37th street (Type of shit that I be down with, yeah, yeah)

At the dark end of the street
That's where we'll always meet
Hiding in sh