

BROCKHAMPTON, BERLIN

[Chorus: bearface]

She said, "Baby boy, why you looking grimy as shit?"
I'll make the wristwatch flood, let diamonds fill my sink
If I got colors on my neck, what would my mama think?
We got the weapon tucked on us, make these boys extinct
Now look, look

[Verse 1: Dom McLennon]

Trade in that noose they put around us for a Cuban link
So my ancestors can see me shining, tell me what you think
I remember the illusions that they tried to move to me
That pollution still ain't stunt my evolution
What you choosing?

[Verse 2: Matt Champion]

No chip on my shoulder, hunnid leagues under the sea (Hoo!)
We live life like cheetah power up like Hummer diesel
Golden chain for niece and nephew
Pessimistic, I do not hang 'round them boys
Metaphysics, need another dimension I can enjoy

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[Verse 3: Dom McLennon]

Reporting for the operation
I learned that the beauty is in the creation
I added my detail for decoration
So baby boy, what's the occasion?
You dressed like you 'bout to take over a nation
Avoiding social litigation
When that admiration turns into abrasion
Y'all can find another station
Otherwise, stay tuned, evolution coming soon
Rolling deeper than a dune
Howling at the moon, I'll be back in June
Told my baby I'd be back in November
Did some Beatles shit to kick off this September
Crazy 'cause in 2010, I had some old friends
That thought I'd be another—[censored]
Go fucking figure

[Bridge: Kevin Abstract]

If I pull up out the tool
Riding still up on the roof
Seems like only legends do
(Check this, hot lookin' babes!)
Bitch, and that's the fucking move
(I feel you, when she said—)

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[Verse 4: Joba]

Good riddance, goodbye
Out of sight, out of mind
Cutthroat every time
This time, I get what's mine
Where the hell is your backbone?
Ducking me like whac-a-mole
Looking like an inflatable at a car show; a spectacle
Lick my finger, bet I found the wind
I follow that shit wherever it blows
You hung yourself, that's not my fault
I just supplied the rope, ugh!
Most thoughts, I don't think twice
Make decisions I'll die by
Never asked for the drama
But I'll turn it into dollars
Dollars, dollars, dollars

[Outro]

"Do you think about me?"
Ohh, ohh