BROCKHAMPTON, Big Pussy

Fuck you, come up here then
Oh, wow, big pussy
You guys ready?
Yo, yo
Shut yo bitch ass up nigga, uh

Fuck you to anyone that claim that they got me (Uh)
When my heart was low, it turn to kami-kamikaze
Respect was takin' back my gallery, I'm finna spaz (Yeah)
The truth is everything we need, can we agree with that? (Yeah)
The group is over without being on the album (Huh)
I'm back and ready, Ciaran had to bring it out me (Huh)
I love to hate but these days I'ma keep it classy (Huh)
Niggas I made, I love to see them boys surpass me (Huh)
Flava Flav with the way we keep it nasty (Huh)
Jesus my Savior, own my masters like Master P
I can't explain it, dawg, you know it's how magic be
You gotta bring it if you gettin' on a track with me
This shit a classic, ain't even been out a week
The show is over nigga, please stop harassing me
Stop asking me, it's bad enough for me to deal with this tragedy
On my own (on my own, on my own, on my own)

What? On my what?
Oh, no, no, don't, no
Listen to me nigga

Ooh, boy, you still a bitch boy, you ain't doin' shit boy
This that murder shit, boy, this that learn to destroy
The label needed thirty-five minutes of music
It's the true shit, faggot nigga out of Houston
Doin', whatever the fuck I'm 'posed to do, yeah
Moshing at the shows, surprised we ain't get sued yet
Crowds go loco, we lean into their amusement
After shows taking photos with all the new fans
I don't roll solo, need the crew to maneuver
Through the loose and dark and stupid kinda movements
Injectin' hope into a generation of a lotta lonely motherfuckers sick of waiting
We ain't taking all them punches to the fucking faces
Just to let some fuck nigga come around and say some fake shit
My everyday lifestyle ain't nothin' but a hustle
Can't nobody tell me shit, I made it out the jungle

My everyday lifestyle ain't nothing but a hustle
Gamble, slinging, doing stick-ups, nobody move a muscle
My everyday lifestyle ain't nothing but a hustle
Gamble, slinging, doing stick-ups, nobody move a muscle