

BROCKHAMPTON, Good Time

Yeah, uh

I'm callin' my flight, pack up my bags (Yeah)
I know it's time to leave (Uh), the show is over
It ended overseas (Bye)
Take them plaques down, it's time to move on (Time)
Call up my real family, it's time I go home (Damn)
No more changes (Uh-huh), no more playlists (Uh-huh)
No more due dates (Nah), no more fake shit (Wait, but, uh)
I just run around the city witcha, you know I cannot lie (You know I mean, though?)
[?], you know I ain't that same guy (Why?)
I got a chain now, I got a lane now (Bye)
I changed my style up a while ago and it still hurt that we don't hang out
Lost my tribe and gang now, yes, lil' bitch, and over payouts
Art hurts but it's workin', my dawg, so please, would you stay down?
I'd do anything to keep you in my life, whatever you need, I got you (Like, ride)
And we said, "Forever" (But I guess)
Forever don't last too long
And we said, "Forever" (So it seems)
Forever's only long as a song (Don't go)
Man, I see my brothers, yo
Please don't gas my brothers, yo
Young as fuck, broke as fuck
Sausage roll, gullible
Corner store, gas me, though
Askin' me where you said we from
But again, we young, we dumb
Film video 'til the Sun get down

Bitch, them was the good times
Bitch, them was the good times
Eat it in the hood
Bitch, them was the good times
Bitch, them was the good times
Bitch, them was the good times
Special in the hood
Bitch, them was the good times

It be so fucked up, I be doin' Zoom calls
Talkin' with niggas about personal shit
I'm like, "Yo, make sure we filmin' this
Keep the camera rollin'"
That's a toxic relationship
That's what our friendship turned into
I turn everything into art