

# BROCKHAMPTON, NEW ORLEANS

[Intro: Matt Champion]

&quot;—perfectly fine, that's fine!&quot;

[Verse 1: Dom McLennon]

Said nigga brother, nigga brother, what you living for?  
Is you gon' finish what you started? What you quitting for?  
They told me God gave me a mission  
But I'm missing the supplies to complete it  
I ain't the one you should read in, I'm used to being defeated  
So nigga, brother who you standing with?  
I'm independent 'cause these parties never planned for this  
Brother nigga with a brain, unintentionally swerving in every lane  
The feeling's never the same, you chase what you couldn't gain  
I'm so accustomed to flames, I couldn't tell you what's fire  
Situation is dire, hear them calls from the choir  
The disposition acquired from my position on Earth  
It's telling me &quot;Decapitate everything for what it's worth!&quot;  
When I die, these words gon' need separate caskets and a hearse  
I don't rhyme, I freeze time and let these hands just do the work  
I'm in tandem with my curse, going manic since my birth  
See the canvas as a planet I'm commanding with my nerves, ah

[Chorus: Kevin Abstract]

Tell 'em boys, don't run from us  
I been down too long, cousin  
I been down too long, brother  
Tell the world, I ain't scared of nothing  
Tell the world, I ain't scared of jumping  
Tell my boy I want a crib in London  
Tell the world to stop tripping, I'll  
Build a different house with some different functions  
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[Bridge: bearface]

Try to treat man like baby  
Feel the teeth sink in like rabies  
Ah ah-ah, ah, ah-ah-ah ah  
Ah ah-ah, ah, ah-ah-ah ah  
Boy, you know you don't look fly  
Them gold chains turn your neck green, bye  
Ah ah-ah, ah, ah-ah-ah ah  
Ah ah-ah, ah, ah-ah-ah ah

[Verse 2: Matt Champion]

Nothin' different now (woo!) all around now (woo!)  
Who you keep around now? That's a big reflection  
Don't like how they talkin' to me, why they walkin' to me?  
Wear your shit upon your sleeve, stop projectin' on me  
Sense is your surround sound, what's your take on me?  
Kill the ego now, what that make of me?  
Angle widescreen, couple sips of Tanqueray  
I'ma throw a couple punches, I'ma do it anyway  
Chin up little son, I slide in like the macarena  
Lose time, pen it, style spiced on, jalapeño  
Supersonic, move through tunnel, two-wheel cycle, slightly  
Silence crowd better than 9 millimeter with extended suppressor  
Bustin' out the function, highly comfortable

Got this Martine on my body, man, my sweat lethal  
Sweet kisses like the candy out the carnival  
I'ma call my own shots, hit the audible

[Verse 3: Joba]

Impending death is the only sign of life  
I'm throwing Hail Marys 'til I die  
Throw it up, all I have is peace of mind, throwin' up  
Have my wings clipped, I don't need them shits  
Learn to fly again  
Fast track to last place, I swear  
I've never been up top but I'm up here somewhere  
Out here, nobody can tell me shit  
Shit, never mind what I did back then  
You should take a look at yourself instead  
Maybe you can find yourself, love yourself  
Here's to health and here's to wealth, all together now

[Chorus: Kevin Abstract & Jaden]

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[Verse 4: Merlyn Wood]

Hoo! Voodoo Man  
Momma took me to the church and I sang a hymn  
Co-colonized Chris-ti-an  
Now I'm losing my reli-gi-on  
God damn, so narcissistic this millennium  
Fuck you and the bubble that you livin' in  
I don't go to church, but I'm so spiritual  
Pulled my life out of dirt, that's a miracle  
If Jesus was a pop star, would he break the bank?  
All these diamonds in my face, I'm shining like the day  
I'm living in my prime, man, what can I say?  
If the service is an hour, I'm an hour late