

## BEN CARSON

### BROCKHAMPTON

Dressed in the same shit I wore yesterday  
Yeah, it's still fresh, never flexed clichés  
I never write a verse and repeat the same thing  
Cause the sheen on my chains is my calling to fame  
Made in the projects, slave to my progress  
I only fuck a black girl if she wearing contacts  
You ain't gotta talk you still blocked from my contacts  
She hit me on my MySpace she ever wanna find me  
I'm way too fly to drive, too drunk to call a cab  
But I still need a ride to fit a couple girls inside  
Oh what am I to do? I rent an Uber for the week  
It's just another whip on my back, and we don't pay no tax  
Cause where I come from, ain't no body getting shot by the IRS  
The trap ain't free, you better realize that  
But imma get money, no tests on the desk  
Fuck the SAT's, smoking Sunday's best  
Find me in the ground, only time I regress  
Six feet down, no I'm not there yet  
Won't you meet me in the grave? I got grass on deck  
So a grave like a slaveship, candy colored spaceship  
Space like a white girl but ride like a Lexus  
Leather with an accent, designed by Italians  
But he ain't got medallions so maybe he a Mexican  
But really what's the difference?

I don't know difference, mirror black and white like a pilgrim  
Plymouth landed on me like a kickflip  
Y'all repress this, oppress this  
Question next is why my mention so menstrual?  
I be going ham on Ray street eating tofu  
Loiter at the wholefoods, sipping kombucha  
Yeah I went green but the black will still do ya  
Damn, she used to be my number one, past tense  
Past time chillin, evolved into the villian  
Sunday school friends  
In search of second circumcisions  
Nah, keep your opinions  
We was mallrats just cheesin' for the pictures  
Now who can circumvent us?