

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 cheasin' for the pictures
Now who can circumvent us?