

# CHICK

BROCKHAMPTON

Why you look like that?  
He look crazy as hell  
But he dress well  
Why his face look puff?  
Why he look like that?  
Why your hair like that?  
Why your teeth like that?  
Why your cheeks like that?

I got this shitty moustache, and a new haircut  
Short, but tall enough to ride every ride so it's fair enough  
Teeth crooked but my breath fresh just like the evergreens  
My attitude is bit like a psys- fuck!  
You mean a psychopath  
I bet the marble feel good on your bare foot  
I'm in the backyard hiding out like I'm Bigfoot  
And I won't cater to ya  
Yeah I am not Carrabbas, and I ain't taking orders  
Here for the loot, and to inspire some of you  
To do what you do despite all the fuck you's  
'Cause they shit on your shit  
Stab you right in the back  
'Til you shittin' on the toilet with grammys in your lap

Niggas talk a lot of shit  
In a safe place  
Aiming with they keyboard  
They shootin' uppercase  
I'm booking tour dates  
Money in the suitcase  
Commander and the chief like  
Barack Hussein  
Same nigga, two names  
I am onto new things  
Flying out of Houston  
Lemme say a few things  
I don't give a fuck about you or your screen name  
I'ma be a star even if I say the same things  
'Cause them same things keep me on the wavelengths  
I dropped another verse, so you gon' have to pay me  
Glock with no safety  
Seen niggas on the pavement  
Over gang affiliations  
Guns with extensions  
Seeing niggas get anxious  
All these internet gangstas  
I'm running outta patience  
Nigga, stick to your day shift  
And watch what you're saying, and please keep praying  
'Cause niggas talk big 'til that price on their head

I feel these voices always drown out all the noise in the room  
They don't employ you for your purpose  
They just need a platoon  
Another number in a line ready to march into tombs  
I ain't the one to assume  
I put the coon in tycoon

We colonizing the moon  
I see you look to the sky  
And start to wish it was you  
Sometimes I wish I was me  
Sometimes I'm watching my life  
I'm dissociated from what eats my heart up at night  
Sleep on a cloud of my strife  
I ain't afraid of the heights  
They all afraid to appall  
I'm just afraid of exciting being a trip to the mall  
I need a summer to fall  
I need a winter to spring  
Got all these seasons within me  
Building a story to sing  
Don't need a dollar to dream  
I need a billion in facts  
I need a trillion in wealth  
Y'all niggas need to relax  
I wanna build up the culture  
They wanna dream in the trap  
I took the zoom off my lens  
And I saw the world in my lap