

DISTRICT

BROCKHAMPTON

I'm Sammy-jo, and my favorite colors are black and red

Let me find my way out of this bitch
Find myself high in the distance
Find me up, lying in this ditch
With a wrist and some diamonds a-mixin'
If I can't find time to get my heart out
Would you stomp 'em out when we slow the world out
Would you hold it down for me when my heart pound
Ain't no telling, no telling so call the coroner
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Aye, I'ma just bounce with that
In fact I bought a whole damn house with that
Aye, hand me where the ounces at
Tell me where the damn these ounces at
Aye, tell me where the ounces at, tell me where the ounces, ounces at
Aye, tell me where the ounces at, tell me where the ounces, ounces at

It's getting hot, you best just
(Woo! Simmer down, simmer down, simmer down, simmer down)
The effects can't touch this
(Woo! Simmer down, simmer down, simmer down, simmer down)
Stepped up, step down, bitch
(Woo! Simmer down, simmer down, simmer down, simmer down)
Wait, wait, wait

I'm alive, I'm alive, the bags in my ride, I
I ain't ever been the one that's scared of you
Baby, you can come and get it
I'm alive, I'm alive, the bags in my ride, I
Baby, when the karma gets you
Maybe you can run away with us

In my bag in the vault, moving on, move along
Damn I fall, move too fast, life is skidding to a halt
Got back on the road, and made it to the start
Disregard me, emotional discharge
Can't forget the mission, put it to my heart
I ain't playing games, but you can play a part
Standing up apart behind my battle scars

Money walk and money talk, but money no make comfortable
Big ass house and big ass car don't add up when you die alone
I want white knights like five lights for some little chromes
I want bliss, no strife
Rewind, don't slice around my aura with the better lies
I want a better life, bend around the corner
One deep, eyes shut when they know the place
But you don't know me, I don't correlate

Straight from manipulation wouldn't wanna infiltrate my brothers
Still wanna get me high, eyes low off that methadone
Always throwing curve, like a reaper sight
Gnawing on my wood like a termite, entering my world like a parasite (parasi
te, parasite)

Praise God, hallelujah! I'm still depressed
At war with my conscience, paranoid, can't find that shit
Woo, praise God, hallelujah! I'm still depressed
At war with my conscience, paranoid, I can't

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Sittin' on your porch, across parking lots and you
Light it up better dodge the cops
And I'll never get sick of playing with your locks
I- I- miss you lots, I- I- miss you lots, I- I-
Sittin' on your porch, across parking lots
That's all I got for you
And I'll never get sick of playing with your locks I- I-
That's all I got for you
Sittin' on your porch, across parking lots and you
That's all I got for you
Miss you lots, I- I- miss you lots, I- I-
That's all I got for you
Sittin' on your porch, across parking lots
That's all I got for you
And I'll never get sick of playing with your locks
I- I- miss you lots, I- I- miss you lots, I- I- miss you lots, I- I- miss yo
u lots, I- I-
That's all I got for you