

# DON'T SHOOT UP THE PARTY

BROCKHAMPTON

All American self-hatred runs deep  
White boys all I see whenever I sleep  
Niggas think I think these thoughts on purpose  
But I knew 'bout \*NSYNC 'fore cash could rule me  
Colonized minds by masters and slaves  
They both hate niggas, act like niggas a shame  
Homophobic, I tried to gang bang  
I tried to get laid, I had to get paid  
Hopped off the ship, I land on my feet  
In Corpus Christi I got my own street  
Runnin' this shit like it's a track meet  
I had to go back home, I seen too many niggas die in a week  
I give my dogs black wealth, let 'em live well  
What a miracle we dreamed a million stories to tell  
You are now tuned in, baby, to the new classic  
New machine, keep the peace, keep 'em dancin'

Don't shoot up the party  
Don't shoot up the party  
Please, please  
Don't shoot up the party  
Don't shoot up the party  
Please, please  
Don't shoot up the party  
Don't shoot up my party  
Please, please  
Please, please

This a jam for you whims and you woes  
For the people in the back standin' on they tippy toes  
Don't give a damn what the journalist wrote  
Always dead inside like they in the catacombs  
On the prowl like a lion in his throne  
Watchin' for the prey that might slit his throat  
It's 'bout time that I let your ass know  
Y'all deserve the guillotine even mo'  
Kiss my ass, treat my balls like it's mistletoe  
Fuck class, get cash by the truckload  
Latest album with my dogs but the city closed  
You in for a hell of a ride, uh oh  
This a good time, know I'm damn right  
Order every single bottle of the best wine  
Fuck if I know, need it all though  
Dedicate this to my family in Chicago

Stay down, I'm sorry  
Stay down, you're ugly  
The people need more of the money  
These white people don't love me  
Stay down, I'm sorry  
Stay down, I'm hungry  
I don't need you to love me  
Fuck you, come fuck me I know

Don't shoot up the party  
Don't shoot up the party  
Please, please

Don't shoot up the party  
Don't shoot up the party  
Please, please  
Don't shoot up the party  
Don't shoot up my party  
Please, please  
Please, please

What's the issue?  
Why you gotta grab that pistol?  
Think about who gon' miss you  
Never know what I been through  
What's the issue?  
Why you gotta grab that pistol?  
Think about who gon' miss you  
Never know what they might do

Don't shoot up the party  
Don't shoot up the p-

Who you really wanna try to step to?  
Who you really wanna try to step to?