

FOLLOW

BROCKHAMPTON

And now you in Hollywood, baby
I know, isn't that crazy?
I saw Will Ferrell last night
Where? (where?)
And Woody Harrelson. (where?)
Just in a restaurant, (what?) I was walking down the street on La Brea
Will Ferrell and Woody Harrelson are-
They looked old. He had a shaved head
Well, yeah, he looks old. What movie was he in?
I forget
Me llamo Roberto, y este es el primer single de Saturación tres

I'm an old soul, tell by my tracfone
Check my credit score, shit was lookin' hella low
Anywhere I go, boys wanna follow
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Nineteen, I got my first boyfriend
Nineteen, I almost signed to Def Jam
I remember being younger watching Space Jam
Told my mama that I wanna be the bold man
Got older, goals changed, needed God's plan
Got older, got a chain, nigga, god-damn
Shit is gold and it hurt me when I walk man
And I ain't got it but I just got my advance
So I might cop it, yeah, nigga that's my energy
I might tell these niggas that they ain't no friends to me
'Cause I'm tired of these niggas sucking clout up
Like a motherfuckin' 'squito in the trough, bruh

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I got dirty money, minutes on my tracfone
I just bought a scale, now err'where a traphouse
I got on TV, then I turned into an asshole
'Cause I ain't selling dope or running with them bad folk
I'm eating shrimp and lobster, sitting next to white folk
Now I'm in Trader Joes with Birkenstock of iPhone
My agent called said they want me in the movies now
They used to call me ugly, turned 'em into groupies now
Now I'm on Melrose, I'm ready for my closeup
They call me pretty, need to put me on the poster
I write my name, then I buy a Testarossa
I kill my haters then I leave 'em for the vultures

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God-damn, man, I think I need a therapist
Feel like a goldfish in the bowl with
Twenty other goldfish with the bowl switched
Bowl-cut or the mullet 'til I shaved it
Barely made it but I'm still here on my kickstand
Did the same shit that duffed Whitney Houston
They was boostin' while I'm slurping from my sippy cup (sippy cup)
Need blue jeans, pulling out the pocket fluff (the pocket fluff)
Took it to myself like I hear my best friend (hello, hello, hello)
When I walk, see the arrogance flushing (hello, hello, hello)
Make the front page like Paris in the sex tape (oh)
Barely late to my first date with my therapist

Trusty press, wear the colors of the ocean
Skeetin' sad in my Supreme clothing
Hit my line if you ever need an OZ
Don't hit my line if you think you know the old me
Have gassed-ass plans in the e-class
And I'm still getting head on public transit
And I'm still really sad about my last chick
And I'm still 'bout to cry outta both heads

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