

# Good Time

BROCKHAMPTON

Yeah, uh

I'ma call 'em out like

Pack up my bags (Yeah), I know it's time to leave (Uh)

The show is over, it ended overseas (Bye)

Take them plaques down, it's time to move on (Time)

Call up my real family, it's time I go home (Damn)

No more changes (Uh-huh), no more playlists (Uh-huh)

No more due dates (Nah), no more fake shit (Ayy, but, uh)

I'll miss runnin' 'round the city with you, though, you know I cannot lie (You know what I mean, though?)

I changed a bit from a minute ago, you know I ain't that same guy (Why?)

I got a chain now, I got a lane now (Bye)

I changed my style a while ago and it still hurt that we don't hang out

Lost my tribe and gang now, yes, lil' bitch, and over payouts

Art hurts, but it's worth it, my dog, and so please, won't you stay down?

I'd do anything to keep you in my life

Whatever you need, I got you forever (Right? Right?)

And we said forever (But I guess)

Forever don't last too long

And we said forever (So it seems)

Forever's only long as a song (Don't go)

May not see my brothers, though

Please don't test my brothers, though

Young as fuck, broke as fuck

Sausage roll, gullible

Corner store, gas me, though

Askin' me which set we from

But I get it, we young, we dumb

Film a video 'til the sun get done

Bitch, them was the good times

Bitch, them was the good times

Eat it in the hood

Bitch, them was the good times

Bitch, them was the good times

Bitch, them was the good times

Special in the hood, hood

Bitch, them was the good times

It be so fucked up, I be doin' Zoom calls

Talkin' with niggas about personal shit

I'm like, "Yo, make sure we filmin' this

Keep the camera rollin'"

That's a toxic relationship

That's what our friendship turned into

I turn everything into art