

# HONEY

## BROCKHAMPTON

My arms are always open  
Your fears always rollin'  
And they deep and you can't control it  
What you want, what you want, emotion?  
My arms are always open  
Your fears always rollin'  
And they deep and you can't control it  
What you want, what you want, emotion?

I need a step out with no frustration  
I need a permanent getaway vacation  
They got a permanent hit-list my nigga  
A million reasons to get rich my nigga  
Fifty did it right

I could've been homeless  
I thought I moved too often this for the Summer  
I could've been homeless  
Before I had to go, I had a course

A million reasons to get rich my nigga  
A million reasons to get rich my nigga  
A million reasons to get rich my nigga

My people still dry snitchin' whenever they touch the mic  
That's what happens when a therapist isn't somewhere in sight  
Take flight, never lean to the left or the right  
'Cause they turn the other cheek when our niggas start to die  
When our women start to die, when our children start to die  
I don't feel the empathy, we made the space too many times  
Every summer in this city start to feel like Columbine  
'Cause you got to get yours, and I got to get mine  
One time for the paragon to the paradigm  
When you underground nigga only try to undermine  
Use the track as a gymnasium to get into the stadium  
They couldn't match my alien, I'm blowing like uranium

One time for the  
One time  
One time (nigga)  
One time (nigga)  
One time (nigga)  
One t  
(Nigga)  
(Nigga)  
(Nigga)  
A million reasons to get rich my nigga  
Fifty did it right, Fifty did it right  
Wish I could call every successful rapper for advice  
How the fuck do I make this shit last my whole life?  
Do y'all want to come to the concert tonight?

Fifty did it right, Fifty did it right  
Wish I could call every successful rapper for advice  
How the fuck do I make this shit last my whole life?  
Do y'all want to come to the concert tonight?  
(Nigga)

(Nigga)

(Nigga)

(Nigga)

Tuggin' on my pinky ring, smelling like chrysanthemum  
I just want that, I just want that, I just want that, I just want that  
Tuggin' on my pinky ring, smelling like chrysanthemum  
I just want that, I just want that, I just want that, I just want that  
Tuggin' on my pinky ring, smelling like chrysanthemum  
I just want that, I just want that, I just want that, I just want that

On my jewelry, and on my niggas  
On my jewelry, and on my niggas  
You know I got  
Just give me what I need