J'OUVERT

BROCKHAMPTON

[Music video intro:] (Me llamo Roberto, y estos son los sueños que no olvida dos)

(Take it all or leave it)
(I feel you)

When there's a rough patch, don't eyefuck the parachute
They goin' AWOL the second that the light goes on
It's a treat and it's on me, she hit the powder room
I pull her back and check my rosie yeah, I'm 'bouta bloom
This some ninety raised from hell shit, parlay like when the lights switch
Combat how you feel, strobe light, hit the kill switch
Neck twist like exorcist, I'ma see you 'round
'Cause tonight's the night I'm losin' all I'm doin', I'm about this

White cuffs, wood grain
Money in the suitcase on my way to the bank
White cuffs, wood grain
Money in the suitcase on my way to the bank
On my way to the bank
On my way to the bank
On my way to the bank
Suitcase
On my way to the bank
On my way to the bank
On my way to the bank

'Til the casket drops, I will play God
Fuck the world, let's start a riot
Got too much too quick
God damn, I'm feeling sick, bitch, call the doctor
Don't act like I ain't been dead to ya
Don't act like I ain't deserve this shit
Couldn't last a day inside my head
That's why I did the drugs I did
Got issues with these motherfuckers
Looking down from they pedestals
From that petty view on that petty shit
Prayin' for peace with a knife in my hand
Speak my piece like a gun to my head
Come equipped just to blast this shit
Misunderstood since birth
Fuck what you think and fuck what you heard
I feel betrayed, you can keep the praise
And all of that fuck shit need to get away
Still I get to pray to the fickle-minded people
I thought I knew better, wish I knew better
Should have known better, wish that I was better
At dealing with the fame and you fake motherfuckers
Guess I'm too real

Excuse we, let me pass, let me see your ass
We ain't playin' nice, little guy
Now let me, let me run my...

I be in my bag (excuse we)
Goin' in (let me pass)

Trust, you isn't built for this, man
Me and my thugs built for this, man
We're goin' for the gifts and the grams
I be in my bag (excuse we)
Goin' in (let me pass)
Smokin' on drips and dissin' bags
Man you isn't built for this, man
Run it like the gingerbread man

Fuck that shit, stay hydrated nigga
I'ma lit that bitch, go home, kiss my momma
Wassup?
Wassup?

Black power fist hangin' with my black 'fro
Yo, she saw me in that cereal she wants to lick a Oreo
Damn, break the dam when I spit the flow
I'm on the Lamb like the fuckin' wolf
Hoppin' out the van, I'm at Abbey Road
Fans with cameras in the bathroom, man that's difficult
I just wanna smoke a Backwoods by my lovely self
Chill, watch numbers go up, book off the shelf
I found myself and put my face on a missing shirt
I dropped out with no promise that this shit would
(That this shit would work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work)
(Work, work, work, work, work, work, work)

With the dogs, zoom around, all the doors, suicide
Paranoid, do or die, you should know we never lie
With the dogs, zoom around, all the doors, suicide
Paranoid, do or die, you should know we never lie

Pull up with the racks to your shop
Cop a medallion, a 3 on a don
Zim-zim-zim, out the Bim, get shot
One mill, two mill, three, that's a lot
Damn

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