

## Southside

BROCKHAMPTON

Don't give a fuck if they judge us  
It's my life, so so what?  
Moved out just to blow up  
Three tapes, blow up  
Whole fam' show up  
Remember you don't know us

Bitch boy, quit actin' like you know me  
You gon' make me wild out, you keep actin' funny

For my folks I ride, you know I do that, yeah  
Music's so loud, feel stupid, yeah  
Decked out the crib with computers, yeah  
I know you feel it in the music, yeah  
All the old cribs look like a museum  
Van Nuys and south side was ruthless, yeah

Bitch boy, quit actin' like you know me  
You gon' make me wild out, you keep actin' funny

Keep the hunger, yeah, know me, yeah, look at me, point and stare  
Go into a new year with the vision hella clear  
Yeah, they keep it delicate, growin' up, I'm barely rich  
This that reminiscin' shit, remind me of the early shit  
Shit that we was on when the sun felt sunny  
Shit that we was on when music was not money

Bitch boy, quit actin' like you know me  
You gon' make me wild out, you keep actin' funny

Hello? Hello?  
Yo, Ian?