

**SWEET**

**BROCKHAMPTON**

F\*\*\*, s\*\*\*!

F\*\*\*!

Ah-ha-ha, I didn't-ha-ha-ha, ah!

F\*\*\*!

I didn't know it was gonna-hehe

I didn't know it was gonna hit your dick

Ah, damn that shit [\*bleep\*]

Me llamo Roberto

Wait, what? That's a "Roberto"?

Stripped down to my skin and my bones

I love huskies but I feel like a wolf (howw!)

In a pack but I feel all alone

I'm scatterbrained, man

Better offer the clone

Until you high as a plumber with race eyes, (chronic) doin' weird shit

Like, this'll make your bio-pic (haha)

Rile 'em up, hit Zaxby's

Get the wing tings (yum)

Real quick bills still stacking to the ceiling (uh-oh)

Whatchu mean, it ain't working? (what?)

Whatchu mean, you ain't finding yourself? (oh, I am, I'm trying)

Whatchu mean, you ain't got no cash? (I got a little bit)

Whatchu mean? Whatchu mean?

Shouldn't your pockets be big just like a fat chick? (uh-huh)

Shouldn't your mama be done paying the house off? (I guess)

Shouldn't you have a real big-ass ego? (no)

Shouldn't these girls be flockin' just like seagulls? (eh)

Twistin' me up like licorice

Think I need someone who can handle it

Ice and my boys and my wrist this flex

I don't need nobody tryna give me shit

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The original lick-splickety

Higher than Yosemite

Breaking the mold mentally

Master with no limiting

Making em say ugh

They worshipping our force viciously

Watching the floor tip

In your temple of authenticity

Often they say I'm off it

I offer my crossed empathy

They forgot what we on

I'll remind em with hostility

Hot diggity damn

Everyone running scams

Gotta cover your clams

And take another glance

Running a clinic

No scans  
Ain't no one claiming  
Yo mans  
It's all pertaining  
To plan  
Call me the architect  
Lap you in a UFO I haven't started yet  
Still gotta figure out exactly where to park it at  
Moses with the pen  
Each line an ocean I can part it at  
But that's too deep

Don't call me stupid, that ain't the way my name pronounced  
Don't call me Cupid, I got too many hoes right now  
Poolside in Houston, tryna see if Beyonce will take me for adoption  
Broke-ass rich suburbs  
I said they ain't shot, third war  
We just by the fountain  
This is Merlyn Wood, man  
Everywhere I go is the woodlands  
I need a honeybutter  
Vodka in an Sprite can  
When I'm in the Whataburger  
All the kids know who I am  
I need a honeybutter  
Puttin' lean in my Sprite can

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I got a record but I'm clean as they come  
I'm Godzilla, when they see me they run  
On 37th, used to run from the bloods  
The undercovers gotta duck when they come  
I moved out and in a couple of months  
I'ma be a pop star, they call me a thug  
I used to write raps on the back of the bus  
Now I'm in the front seat shifting the gears

It's funny how things can change  
Three hundred dollars to my name, left to Hollywood  
I was living off Ramen and change  
Five hundred dollars on these dinners, never have to pay  
Growing up my teachers told me  
"You better get them grades up  
If you wanna finish high school  
And after high school, you better get a degree  
'Cause it's a dog-eat-dog world  
You could live in the street"  
Flashback, I had my Walkman in the minivan  
Listening to NSYNC, saw my name on the CD  
Bleach blond tips, wanted to be JT  
Wanted to do big things, had to fulfill a dream  
One might say I was doomed from the get-go  
But those same people assume, 'cause they'll never know  
What it's like to be called to what's not set in stone  
I am one with the ebb and flow, that's all I know

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