

## TAPE

## BROCKHAMPTON

I could barely rap, I could barely dance  
I could barely laugh, I could barely hang  
And there's a male stripper doing a belly dance  
For me and my boyfriend still the same  
And I'm drunk as fuck, nigga sucks up  
For a reason to get my bucks up  
And the reason I care about society  
Is a good enough reason just to hire me  
But honestly, see my mom can't walk  
And her lungs don't work like they used to  
And I feel like it's my fault 'cause of music  
I be saying shit just to fucking ruined it, I'm truant  
But truthfully, the words had damage and it's fooling me  
But even more cruel to be  
This is here for you niggas that paid to hear me

Sometimes I be wondering, why I been tripping off  
And I should probably spend my time  
Writing rhymes in the dentist's office  
That's killing two birds in one song  
When I was younger, way before I was grown  
I wanted a deal with Death Row or Rhymesayers  
I'm saving my time for mics later  
I might save it, depending on the shit that y'all write later  
I hate writers, I hate tweets, I hate journalists  
They hate truth, they hate peace  
They want my niggas to burn with us

Flicking on the face of my wrist watch  
Watch the time stop just to speed up, watch life unfold  
And between the tick-tocks, speeding down the one way  
Fuck these signs, fuck these lights, put my life on the line  
When it feel right, I'm fine, no, I'm not lyin', don't ask me  
I'll pay the fine, I'll pay the toll, just hope I don't crash it  
But hey, if I do, it will be a blaze of glory  
Engulfed by the manifestation of death behind me  
All my life I've felt inadequate  
And through the years I've dealt with  
Tragedy after tragedy, God, send a message  
Send a messenger my way, never claimed to be a saint  
Forgive me  
Feel like the light that I was blessed with has diminished  
I'm haunted, by the visions of my youth turned true  
I've come to expect my expectations aren't true  
But I'm a master of believing my lies  
And you can't break me, and I can't break at the speed of light

I'm afraid to share the bed, what if she want money later?  
Like she got laid off, uh, hit my lawyer for some paper  
I'm afraid to speak my pains like, "You lucky where you at"  
"You cool but quit complaining 'bout all that"  
That's why I'm showing up late  
I'm not tryna be a dick, but my time is not to waste  
For myself, for the small talk with my sensei  
Where my sense at?  
Four-cylinder go round, Lincoln Towncar pick me up  
Drop me off

I got bubble under my biceps, meet me into the sidestep  
Ego is getting sized up, I be on butterfly effect  
Fuck it, I'll be myself now, tell 'em I take no shit now  
Tell 'em they work for me now, tell 'em my tears, they bleed down  
Tell 'em I work, like, what, what time for me now  
Wondering who is me now, wondering where you been now  
Lose you in crowds, I see now, 14, I see 'em all inside of me now  
Bank account with less fees now, make it from ways to feed now  
Thinking of ways to be everything but right now

It's crazy how things that are best  
Reminisce when we check ourselves  
It's crazy how people who left  
Started feeling left out when we step for health  
Still accustomed to nights filled with solitude  
I don't always remember to call goodnight  
I don't always remember my altitude  
I don't always remember to stop the fight  
But I might check my sight, it ain't right  
Yeah I know, but my strife overwhelms, every night  
Until I'm forced to close my eyes  
Brain disease, parasite, eating me from inside  
Emotions bleed, I can't believe  
How I'm sleeping through the night