

# TEAM

## BROCKHAMPTON

Evanie

Did you die to care since you were seventeen?  
How's he holding on, Evanie?  
Do you cling to him like you would on to me?  
But he needs you more than I, Evanie  
Did you hide your neck to save him from his sleep?  
I know how that feels, Evanie  
Every chance you take you make me want to flee  
Can't you see?

You should move on  
So don't be found  
Whenever you want  
I'll be your ride  
And flee to the night  
Shoots to the sky  
Take what you see and  
You're keeping me less than lost  
'Til you find it in yourself

Little old me, I thought my world was progressive  
Cause my president was black, twenty-five lighters on the dresser  
I had guilt trip on my back and a bulletproof vest  
Inside my Uncle John's Toyota was a walking Crayola

(Gimme that mic)

I got a hard time, I gotta watch myself  
The way I move through a room full of suits  
Ain't no, ain't no Constitution, I hate uniforms  
I hate handcuffs, I can't stand up

They throw me in the crowd  
And tell me boy I lose that smile  
But see I got it from my dad and that's the reason why we had

I raise my black fist, I got big lips  
I'm strong as Samson, they cut my fuckin' locks  
I lose my fuckin' strength, fuck

I'm running out of sense  
My life been feelin' tense  
I won't be on the fence  
I put my phone on airplane mode cause I'm on autopilot  
I need a lot of patience, I need a lot of silence

I hope this holy water burn me 'cause  
I ain't worth this life  
I ain't worth the light of day  
Let summer light the way  
Nude along the banister  
Kitchen smell of lavender  
Swimming in my wranglers  
I am another caliber

Ooh, yeah  
Soon, soon

No, no, no, no, no, no