

# twisted

BROCKHAMPTON

Pardon the, uh, technical difficulties

Some days I just don't feel it (Don't feel it)  
Some days I want my days to pass right by and change my spirits (Yeah)  
Your hatin' made me fearless (Me fearless)  
If it do not make me happy or bread  
Then, dawg, well, I just can't deal with it (Deal with it)  
Swear to God I'm 'bout my business (My business, yeah)  
Got both of these boys kissin' (Straight kissin')  
These drinks, they got me spinnin' (Spinnin')  
B boy, the way they twistin' up my words  
For months they said I was missin'  
Man, the world ain't out to get ya  
They just tryna dismiss ya, 'miss ya, 'miss ya

They keep twistin' up my words, shawty (Yeah)  
Got me stuck right in the dirt, shawty (Yeah)  
All day, all night, I worry, shawty like (The luxury suite with the marble floors)  
Shawty like, shawty like (Yeah, ooh)  
They keep twistin' up my words, shawty (Yeah)  
Got me stuck right in the dirt, shawty (Ooh, fun)  
I think all night, I worry, shawty like  
Shawty like, shawty like (The luxury suite with the marble floors)

Tryna' drag my name in the dirt  
There they go twistin' my words  
Talkin' 'bout this what he say she say  
Tell'em I don't give a fuck  
Tell'em It ain't my concern  
You ain't gotta be in my world  
Talkin' 'bout this what he say she say  
I don't give a fuck  
(Give a fuck, give a fuck)  
Stay ridin' 'round with my team, we don't give a fuck  
I keep my space serene, still don't give a fuck  
They don't wanna see me gleam, I been knew wassup

(Yeah, okay, yeah)  
My attention span is outrageous  
So invested 'til you come faceless  
Where's the finish line that I can walk towards?  
'Cause otherwise I'm on vacation  
My location gone, my dick is long  
I'm up and down till I make a song  
Now tell me what I'm doin' wrong  
So I can leave your ass and I make you feel neglected  
Paranoid and uninvested  
My money's gone but there's a bigger picture I got goin' on  
"Who you signin' to?"  
"When the album come?"  
"When your next shit drop can you make a song that goes to the lines of goin' through?"  
'Cause your new shit's good, but I gotta say  
When I heard those chords I was blown away  
Nah, fuck that, my family just wants their son back  
Lucky me, I'm just a scumbag

I watch a little TV, then it's back to the lab again  
Workin' nights 'cause I wanna compete with producers  
Out do these brain-dead losers  
Yeah, you hate me, that's excuses, and I hate you too  
If we were in the same room I think I'd fuck you too  
I'm done with playin' games, you lame excuse of a stoner boy  
I'm tired of people weighin' me down  
I'm about to drown in this empty void cause  
Hey, I'm done with playin' games, shawty  
Yeah, she wanna suck my dick, shawty

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Nobody sees it like we do  
Nobody knows what we've been through  
It's been a hell of a year, but I know you got me and I got you  
Now look at the love, look at the love  
Nobody sees it like we do  
Nobody knows what we've been through  
It's been a hell of a year, but I know you got me and I got you  
Now look at the love, look at the love