

# BROCKHAMPTON, DISTRICT

[Intro]

&quot;I'm Sammy Jo, and my favorite colors are, um, black and red.&quot;

[Chorus: Kevin Abstract]

Let me find my way out of this bitch (Uh)  
Find myself high in the distance (Uh)  
Find me up, lying in this ditch (Ugh)  
With a wrist and some diamonds a-mixin' (Woo)  
If I can't find the time to get my heart out (Ugh)  
Would you stomp 'em out when we slow the world down? (Ugh)  
Would you hold it down for me when my heart pound? (Ugh)  
Ain't no telling, no telling, so call the coroner  
Let me find my way out of this bitch (Ugh)  
Find myself high in the distance (Ugh)  
Find me up, lying in this ditch (Ugh)  
With a wrist and some diamonds a-mixin' (Woo)  
If I can't find the time to get my heart out (Ugh)  
Would you stomp 'em out when we slow the world down? (Ugh)  
Would you hold it down for me when my heart pound? (Ugh)  
Ain't no telling, no telling, so call the coroner

[Verse 1: Merlyn Wood]

Ayy, I'ma just bounce with that  
In fact, I bought a whole damn house with that  
Ayy, hand me where the ounces at  
Tell me where the damn these ounces at  
Ayy, tell me where the ounces at  
Tell me where the ounces, ounces at  
Ayy, tell me where the ounces at  
Tell me where the ounces, ounces at

[Verse 2: Joba]

It's getting hot, you best just—  
Woo! Simmer down, simmer down, simmer down, simmer down  
The effects can't touch this  
Woo! Simmer down, simmer down, simmer down, simmer down  
Stand up, stand down, bitch  
Woo! Simmer down, simmer down, simmer down, simmer down  
Wait, wait, wait

[Verse 3: bearface]

I'm alive, I'm alive, the bags in my ride, I, I  
I ain't ever been the one that's scared of you  
Baby, you can come and get it  
I'm alive, I'm alive, the bags in my ride, I, I  
Baby, when the karma gets you, yeah  
Maybe you can run away with us

[Verse 4: Dom McLennon]

In my bag in the vault, moving on, move along  
Ain't my fault, moved too fast, life had skidded to a halt  
Got back on the road and made it to the start  
Disregarding the emotional discharge  
Can't forget the mission put into my heart  
I ain't playing games with you to play your part  
Standing up with pride behind my battle scars

[Verse 5: Matt Champion]

Money walk and money talk, but money no make comfortable  
Big-ass house and big-ass car don't add up when you die alone  
I want wife, nice life, highlights with some little clones  
I want bliss, no strife  
Rewind, don't slice around my aura with the better lies  
I want a better life, bend around the corner

One deep, eyes shut, really know the place  
Projecting on me, I don't correlate  
Straight from manipulation, wouldn't wanna infiltrate my brothers  
Still wanna get me high, eyes low off that methadone  
Always throwing curve, like a reaper scythe  
Gnawing on my wood like a termite  
Entering my world like a parasite  
(Parasite, parasite, parasite, parasite, parasite, parasite)

[Verse 6: Joba, Kevin Abstract]  
Praise God, hallelujah! (God, God)  
I'm still depressed (Damn, damn)  
At war with my conscience  
Paranoid, can't find that shit  
Woo, praise God, hallelujah! (God, God)  
I'm still depressed (Damn, damn)  
At war with my conscience  
Paranoid, I can't—

[Breakdown: Kevin Abstract]  
Let me find my way out of this bitch  
&quot;I'm Sammy Jo, and my favorite colors are, um, black and red.&quot; (Damn)  
(Ugh) With a wrist and some diamonds a-mixin'  
(Ooh da-aa, da, da, da, da)  
If I can't find the time to get my heart out (Ugh)  
Would you stomp 'em out when we slow the world down? (Damn)  
Would you hold it down for me when my heart pound? (Ugh)  
Ain't no telling, no telling, so call the coroner

[Outro: bearface, Kevin Abstract]  
Sittin' on your porch, across parking lots and you  
Light it up, better dodge the cops  
And I'll never get sick of playing with your locks  
I, I miss you lots, I, I miss you lots, I, I  
Sittin' on your porch, across parking lots  
That's all I got for you  
And I'll never get sick of playing with your locks, I, I  
That's all I got for you  
Sittin' on your porch, across parking lots and you  
That's all I got for you  
Miss you lots, I, I miss you lots, I, I  
That's all I got for you  
Sittin' on your porch, across parking lots  
That's all I got for you  
And I'll never get sick of playing with your locks  
I, I miss you lots, I, I miss you lots  
I, I miss you lots, I, I miss you lots, I, I  
That's all I got for you