

BROCKHAMPTON, J'OUVERT

[Intro]

Take it all, or leave it
I feel you

[Verse 1: Matt Champion]

When there's a rough patch, don't eye for the parachute
They goin' AWOL the second that the light goes on
This a treat, ain't it, soon as she hit the powder room
I pull it back and check my rose, and yeah, I'm 'bout to bloom
It's that '90 raised from hell shit, parlay like when the lane switch
Combat how you feel, strobe light, I hit the killswitch
Neck twist like Exorcist, I'ma see you 'round
'Cause tonight's the night I'm losin' all I'm doin', I'm about this

[Chorus: Joba]

White cuffs, wood grain
Money in the suitcase on my way to the bank
White cuffs, wood grain
Money in the suitcase on my way to the bank
On my way to the bank, on my way to the bank
On my way to the bank, suitcase
On my way to the bank, on my way to the bank
On my way to the bank

[Verse 2: Joba]

'Til the casket drops, I will play God
Fuck the world, let's start a riot
Got too much, too quick
God damn, I'm feelin' sick, bitch, call the doctor
Don't act like I ain't been dead to ya
Don't act like I ain't deserve this shit
Couldn't last a day inside my head
That's why I did the drugs I did
Got issues with these motherfuckers
Looking down from they pedestals
From that petty view, on that petty shit
Pray for peace with a knife in my hand
Speak my piece like a gun to my head
Come equipped just to blast this shit
Misunderstood since birth
Fuck what you think, and fuck what you heard
I feel betrayed, you can keep the praise
And all of the fuck shit need to get away
Still ain't got the fright to the fickle-minded people
I thought I knew better, wish I knew better
Should have known better, wish that I was better
At dealing with the fame and you fake motherfuckers
Guess I'm too real

[Break: Lavaman]

Excuse we?
Let we pass, rum is the gas
We ain't play nice, little guy
Doh blame meh, blame di rum, no t—

[Bridge 1: Merlyn Wood, Lavaman]

I be in my bag (Excuse we?)
Goin' in (Let we pass, rum is the gas)
Guess who isn't built for this, man?
Me and my thugs built for this, man (Yeah)
We goin' for the gifts and the grams (Doh—)
I be in my bag (Excuse we?)
Goin' in (Let we pass, rum is the gas)
Smokin' all the grams in this bag

Man, you isn't built for this, man (Yeah)
Run it like the gingerbread man (Doh—)

[Verse 3: Merlyn Wood]

Fuck that shit, stay hydrated, nigga
I'ma lick that bitch, go home, kiss my momma, wassup?
Wassup?
Black power fist hangin' from my black 'fro
Yo, she saw me in that cereal, she want to lick a Oreo, damn
Break the dam when I spit the flow
I'm on the lamb like the fuckin' wool
Hoppin' out the van, I'm at Abbey Road
Fans with cameras in the bathroom, man, that's difficult
I just wanna smoke a Backwoods by my lonely self
Chill, watch numbers go up, book off the shelf
I found myself and put my face on a missing shirt
I dropped out with no promise that this shit would
(That this shit would work, work, work
Work, work, work, work)
(Work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work)

[Bridge 2: bearface]

With the dogs in my ride, know the doors suicide
Paranoid, do or die, you should know we never lie
With the dogs in my ride, know the doors suicide
Paranoid, do or die, you should know we never lie
Pull up with the racks to your shop
Cop a medallion or three, I'm the don
Zim, zim, zim out the Bim', get shot
One mill, two mill, three, that's a lot, damn

[Chorus: Joba]

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On my way to the bank, on my way to the bank
On my way to the bank, bank, bank, suitcase
On my way to the bank, on my way to the bank
On my way to the bank, bank, bank