

BROCKHAMPTON, NEW ORLEANS

[Intro: Matt Champion]

"—perfectly fine, that's fine!"

[Verse 1: Dom McLennon]

Said nigga brother, nigga brother, what you living for?
Is you gon' finish what you started? What you quitting for?
They told me God gave me a mission
But I'm missing the supplies to complete it
I ain't the one you should read in, I'm used to being defeated
So nigga, brother who you standing with?
I'm independent 'cause these parties never planned for this
Brother nigga with a brain, unintentionally swerving in every lane
The feeling's never the same, you chase what you couldn't gain
I'm so accustomed to flames, I couldn't tell you what's fire
Situation is dire, hear them calls from the choir
The disposition acquired from my position on Earth
It's telling me "Decapitate everything for what it's worth!"
When I die, these words gon' need separate caskets and a hearse
I don't rhyme, I freeze time and let these hands just do the work
I'm in tandem with my curse, going manic since my birth
See the canvas as a planet I'm commanding with my nerves, ah

[Chorus: Kevin Abstract]

Tell 'em boys, don't run from us
I been down too long, cousin
I been down too long, brother
Tell the world, I ain't scared of nothing
Tell the world, I ain't scared of jumping
Tell my boy I want a crib in London
Tell the world to stop tripping, I'll
Build a different house with some different functions
Tell 'em boys, don't run from us
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[Bridge: bearface]

Try to treat man like baby
Feel the teeth sink in like rabies
Ah ah-ah, ah, ah-ah-ah ah
Ah ah-ah, ah, ah-ah-ah ah
Boy, you know you don't look fly
Them gold chains turn your neck green, bye
Ah ah-ah, ah, ah-ah-ah ah
Ah ah-ah, ah, ah-ah-ah ah

[Verse 2: Matt Champion]

Nothin' different now (woo!) all around now (woo!)
Who you keep around now? That's a big reflection
Don't like how they talkin' to me, why they walkin' to me?
Wear your shit upon your sleeve, stop projectin' on me
Sense is your surround sound, what's your take on me?
Kill the ego now, what that make of me?
Angle widescreen, couple sips of Tanqueray
I'ma throw a couple punches, I'ma do it anyway
Chin up little son, I slide in like the macarena
Lose time, pen it, style spiced on, jalapeño
Supersonic, move through tunnel, two-wheel cycle, slightly
Silence crowd better than 9 millimeter with extended suppressor
Bustin' out the function, highly comfortable

Got this Martine on my body, man, my sweat lethal
Sweet kisses like the candy out the carnival
I'ma call my own shots, hit the audible

[Verse 3: Joba]

Impending death is the only sign of life
I'm throwing Hail Marys 'til I die
Throw it up, all I have is peace of mind, throwin' up
Have my wings clipped, I don't need them shits
Learn to fly again
Fast track to last place, I swear
I've never been up top but I'm up here somewhere
Out here, nobody can tell me shit
Shit, never mind what I did back then
You should take a look at yourself instead
Maybe you can find yourself, love yourself
Here's to health and here's to wealth, all together now

[Chorus: Kevin Abstract & Jaden]

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[Verse 4: Merlyn Wood]

Hoo! Voodoo Man
Momma took me to the church and I sang a hymn
Co-colonized Chris-ti-an
Now I'm losing my reli-gi-on
God damn, so narcissistic this millennium
Fuck you and the bubble that you livin' in
I don't go to church, but I'm so spiritual
Pulled my life out of dirt, that's a miracle
If Jesus was a pop star, would he break the bank?
All these diamonds in my face, I'm shining like the day
I'm living in my prime, man, what can I say?
If the service is an hour, I'm an hour late