SWEET

BROCKHAMPTON

Stripped down to my skin and my bones I love huskies but I feel like a wolf (howw!) In a pack but I feel all alone I'm scatterbrained, man Better offer the clone Until you high as a plumber with race eyes, (chronic) doin' weird shit Like, this'll make your bio-pic (haha) Rile 'em up, hit Zaxby's Get the wing tings (yum) Real quick bills still stacking to the ceiling (uh-oh) Whatchu mean, it ain't working? (what?) Whatchu mean, you ain't finding yourself? (oh, I am, I'm trying) Whatchu mean, you ain't got no cash? (I got a little bit) Whatchu mean? Whatchu mean? Shouldn't your pockets be big just like a fat chick? (uh-huh) Shouldn't your mama be done paying the house off? (I guess) Shouldn't you have a real big-ass ego? (no) Shouldn't these girls be flockin' just like seagulls? (eh) Twistin' me up like licorice Think I need someone who can handle it Ice on my boys and my wrist this flex I don't need nobody tryna give me shit Twistin' me up like licorice Think I need someone who can handle it Ice on my boys and my wrist this flex I don't need nobody tryna give me shitThe original lick-splickety, higher than Yosemite Breaking the mold mentally, master with no limiting Making 'em say "ugh!" They worshipping our force viciously Watching the floor tip in your temple of authenticity Often they say I'm off it, I offer my crossed empathy They forgot what we on, I'll remind em with hostility Hot diggity damn, everyone running scams Gotta cover your clams and take another glance Running a clinic, no scans, ain't no one claimin' yo mans It's all pertaining to plan, call me the architect Lap you in a UFO, I haven't started yet Still gotta figure out exactly where to park it at Moses with the pen, each line an ocean I can part it at But that's too deep... Don't call me stupid, that ain't the way my name pronounced Don't call me Cupid, I got too many hoes right now

Poolside in Houston, tryna see if Beyonce will take me for adoption Broke-ass rich suburbs A civilian shot in Third Ward We just by the fountain This is Merlyn Wood, man Everywhere I go is the woodlands I need a honeybutter Vodka in an Sprite can When I'm in the Whataburger All the kids know who I am I need a honeybutter Puttin' lean in my Sprite canTwistin' me up like licorice Think I need someone who can handle it Ice on my boys and my wrist this flex I don't need nobody tryna give me shit Twistin' me up like licorice Think I need someone who can handle it Ice on my boys and my wrist this flex I don't need nobody tryna give me shitI got a record but I'm clean as they come I'm Godzilla, when they see me they run On 37th, used to run from the bloods The undercovers gotta duck when they come I moved out and in a couple of months I'ma be a pop star, they call me a thug I used to write raps on the back of the bus Now I'm in the front seat shifting the gearsIt's funny how things can change Three hundred dollars to my name, left to Hollywood I was living off Ramen and change Five hundred dollars on these dinners, never have to pay Growing up my teachers told me "You better get them grades up if you wanna finish high school And after high school, you better get a degree 'Cause it's a dog-eat-dog world, you could live in the street" Flashback, I had my Walkman in the minivan Listening to NSYNC, saw my name on the CD Bleach blond tips, wanted to be JT Wanted to do big things, had to fulfill a dream One might say I was doomed from the get-go But those same people assume, 'cause they'll never know What it's like to be called to what's not set in stone I am one with the ebb and flow, that's all I knowTwistin' me up like licorice Think I need someone who can handle it Ice on my boys and my wrist this flex I don't need nobody tryna give me shit Twistin' me out like licorice Think I need someone who can handle it Ice on my boys and my wrist this flex I don't need nobody tryna give me shitTwistin' me up like licorice Think I need someone who can handle it

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