

STAINS

BROCKHAMPTON

I spent like a year and a half on the greyhound bus
On the way to see this girl
Take a flight back just to keep my job
Used to fly standby, late to the airport
Where the buddy pass? Stuck in the traffic
Whole lotta hours, real long distance
But I've grown since then
Learned to be on my own since then
Marble floor in my brand new crib
This the life that I wanted still
Got a hole and it burn my chest
Mash the chip that's still in my shoulder
Ain't a day that I still been sober
(Y'all motherfuckers made 3 albums)
These the things that I'm tripping over
(Still talking about the same shit)
The one gay, the one selling drugs
The one that's tryna act like Lil Wayne
What the fuck is this shit man?
Y'all better turn this shit off when y'all get in the whip
When y'all enter my whip y'all better not play this shit
'Cause this can go right the fuck off Now them boys hooked on heroin
Parents always asking like
"Where y'all get it from?"
Rehab poppin' like when Amy had the single out
Single out the reasons how I quit before I fell down
I used to pick Ameer up
Talk about what's got us fucked up
We vent 'till the sun up (ay)
Hopefully get our funds up (ay)
And if I didn't know y'all
Maybe y'all would have a desk job
Ticking 'till I off myself
Used to drive around for some hours (oh, ohhh)
Used to get paid by the hour (oh, ohhh)
Now I'm just pickin up check (oh, ohhh)
Now I'm just pickin up swag (yeah)
Used to drive around for some hours (oh, ohhh)
Circle round the block for some hours (oh, ohhh)
Now I'm just pickin up check (oh, ohhh)
Now I'm just pickin up sweat (yeah)
Be there any minute

