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 offNow 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

I be on it any day
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I be on it any daySpent like a year and a half feeling sorry for myself
'Cause I thought love ain't make sense anymore
If I drank you would probably see a fifth on the floor
And a hole in the door, rest a few more
Scared of the past I've been tryna avoid from before I was born
Running from the shoes that my grandfathers wore
Tryna pick a better battle but I saw I'd win the war
Feel the sun in my pores but I still got clouds in my head, now
Rain for a little bit, stay for a little bit
Moved along with my head, down
That's what momma taught me and I never let them fuck me
When they handed me a dead king's, crown
Told 'em think of what you doing before
I'm the one you're choosing
I just wanna be a human when I share myself

Hear the things I'm saying and I scare myself GoddamnBe there any minute

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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