

# JOHNNY

## BROCKHAMPTON

When I imagine myself on acid  
I take steps backwards and find those to lap itself  
Even dance and pounce around my silent thoughts who had the crown  
Don't-don't-don't-don't let life pass yourself  
When I imagine myself on acid  
I take steps backwards and find those to lap itself  
Even dance and pounce around my silent thoughts who had the crown  
Don't-don't-don't-don't let life pass yourself I could've got a job at McDonald's, but I like curly  
fries  
That's a metaphor for my life, and I like taller guys  
Could've got a deal if I wanted, but I like ownin' shit  
And I like makin' shit, and I like sellin' it Could've peaked when I was in high school, but I had  
bigger plans  
Could've took the time out to find you, but you ain't understand  
You don't gotta leave for them to define you, 'cause what could you demand?  
When everybody out to define you without a circumstance  
Anybody got Harry Styles' phone number?  
Okay, I called him and they said I got the wrong number  
I was tryna be Pac when I was younger, dreamin' of better days  
I don't see my mom no more, remind me of bad weather days If you got a problem with me, try  
some other guy  
I let you know I'm a dog, I eat the cat alive  
But really, though, I'm alone, 'cause I don't stick around  
And, yes, I know it's my fault, so put your finger down I would keep this shit pent up if it  
weren't for my mom  
If it weren't for Dijon, yeah, I don't like to lie  
Guess it sounds out the month  
Should've opened up my mouth more  
Show 'em what my fist for, let 'em get a fistful  
Caught up in the lust, man  
Bred from the legs of straight killers on best end  
Black eyes, bloody sheets, damn, where yo' feet stand?  
We should get a new plan, maybe some more fans  
I love it when the people go wild for me  
I love it when the people go wild for me  
I love it when the people go wild for me  
Keep it wild for me  
Wild, wild, homie  
I love it when the people go wild for me  
I love it when the people go wild for me  
I love it when the people go wild for me  
Keep it wild for me

Wild, wild, homieBaby, I been trippin' off 'em, tie me up and send 'em off  
And I been on a mission for it, I just want my own apartment  
I just want a space with my old best friend  
Lock me in your cellular, won't elevate again  
Baby, I been trippin' off 'em, tie me up and send 'em off  
And I been on a mission for it, I just want my own apartment  
I just want a space with my old best friend  
Lock me in your cellular, won't elevate againI'm a shithead son  
And I'm bad at growin' up  
I'm a shithead son

And I'm bad at growin' upMy life ain't been the same since my dog died, since my girl left  
I quit drinkin' and druggin' and still can't get ahead  
Been at a loss for words

It seems I'm destined to fall apart when I'm depressed  
It's all a test, scream at God from my bedside  
I glue my hands together, life's got me hog-tied  
There's no applause in the game of life, I just bought a car  
And a new house—here's the cost to prove it  
I spin a little wheel when I'm feelin' moody  
And that's like all the time, try not to mind the clock  
Because my heart is tickin', I smoke a pack a day, and  
I wish I didn't, havin' some trouble quittin'  
I have a couple vices, we had that show on Viceland  
I was hardly in it, most the time I'm hidden

Anxious, impatient and always wantin' somethin' different  
I hate the way I'm feelin', I'm sick of chasin' feelin'sBaby, I been trippin' off 'em, tie me up and  
send 'em off

And I been on a mission for it, I just want my own apartment  
I just want a space with my old best friend  
Lock me in your cellular, won't elevate again  
Baby, I been trippin' off 'em, tie me up and send 'em off  
And I been on a mission for it, I just want my own apartment  
I just want a space with my old best friend  
Lock me in your cellular, won't elevate again

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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>