

THUG LIFE

BROCKHAMPTON

I gotta get that bag
It's a thug life, it's a thug life
I gotta get that bag (run, sha-na-na-na-na-sha-ah)
It's a thug life (la-da-da-da)
It's a thug life (It's a— oh-uh-oh)
Ooh-ah (sha-na-na-na-na-na-sha-ah)
La-da-da-da (It's a— oh-uh-oh)
Ooh-ah Try to treat man like baby
Feel the teeth sink in like rabies
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, ah, ah)

It's different reconciling with skeletons I ain't know that I possessed
I sought perfection out in ways I no longer accept
I understand what I neglect in times when I obsess
I'm learning to confess, this fate is harder to digest
The biggest threat I'm up against is who I face in my reflection
Depression still an uninvited guest, I'm always accepting
Can't help but meet the feeling with a familiar embrace
But I know that it'll kill me, if I give into my brain
I see the shadows inside, they ten feet tall with no eyes
They put my head in the water and it's so beautiful under
The sun reflecting off the corals, colors I can't describe
To make the darkness divine
Sha-na-na-na-na-sha-ah
(La-da-da-da) It's a, oh-uh-oh
Ooh-ah
Sha-na-na-na-na-sha-ah
(La-da-da-da) It's a, oh-uh-oh
Ooh-ah
Sha-na-na-na-na-sha-ah

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