

# 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 shit  
The 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 can 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 shit I 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 gears It'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 know 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 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 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 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 shit

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>