

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