

# TEAM

## BROCKHAMPTON

Evania

Did you lie to him since you were seventeen?  
How's he holding up? Evanie  
Do you cling to him like you would on to me?  
Bet he needs you more than I, Evanie  
Did you hide your neck to save him from his sleep?  
I know how that feels, Evanie  
Every chance you take you make me want to flee  
Can't you see? You should move on  
I swear you'll be fine  
Whenever you want  
I'll be your ride  
And when you're alone  
And his love is gone  
Maybe you'll see that  
Your company was the worst  
Thing for him—your sin  
Little old me, I thought my world was progressive  
'Cause my president was black, twenty-five lighters on the dresser  
I had guilt trip on my back, and a bulletproof vest  
Inside my uncle John's Toyota was a walking Crayola (Gimme that mic, nigga)  
I got a hard time, I gotta watch myself  
The way I move through a room full of suits, ain't no  
Ain't no Constitution, I hate uniforms  
I hate handcuffs, I can't stand up (shut up, nigga) They throw me in the crowd and tell me, "Boy,  
I'd lose that smile"  
But see, I got it from my dad and that's the reason why we had I raise my black fist, I got big lips  
I'm strong as Samson, they cut my fuckin' locks  
I lose my fuckin' strength, fuck I'm runnin' out of zips  
My life been feelin' tense, I won't be on the fence  
I put my phone on airplane mode 'cause I'm on autopilot  
I need a lot of patience, I need a lot of silence  
I hope this holy water burn me 'cause I ain't worth this life  
I ain't worth the light of day, but for some I light the way  
Nude along the banister, kitchen smell of lavender  
Swimmin' in my Wranglers, I am another caliber Ooh, yeah  
Soon, soon  
No, no, no, no, no, no

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

