

TEAM

BROCKHAMPTON

Evanie
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/>

