

JOHNNY

BROCKHAMPTON

When I imagine myself on acid
I take steps backwards and find those to lap itself
Even dance and pounce around my silent thoughts who had the crown
Don't-don't-don't-don't let life pass yourself
When I imagine myself on acid
I take steps backwards and find those to lap itself
Even dance and pounce around my silent thoughts who had the crown
Don't-don't-don't-don't let life pass yourself I could've got a job at McDonald's, but I like curly
fries
That's a metaphor for my life, and I like taller guys
Could've got a deal if I wanted, but I like ownin' shit
And I like makin' shit, and I like sellin' it Could've peaked when I was in high school, but I had
bigger plans
Could've took the time out to find you, but you ain't understand
You don't gotta leave for them to define you, 'cause what could you demand?
When everybody out to define you without a circumstance
Anybody got Harry Styles' phone number?
Okay, I called him and they said I got the wrong number
I was tryna be Pac when I was younger, dreamin' of better days
I don't see my mom no more, remind me of bad weather days If you got a problem with me, try
some other guy
I let you know I'm a dog, I eat the cat alive
But really, though, I'm alone, 'cause I don't stick around
And, yes, I know it's my fault, so put your finger down I would keep this shit pent up if it
weren't for my mom
If it weren't for Dijon, yeah, I don't like to lie
Guess it sounds out the month
Should've opened up my mouth more
Show 'em what my fist for, let 'em get a fistful
Caught up in the lust, man
Bred from the legs of straight killers on best end
Black eyes, bloody sheets, damn, where yo' feet stand?
We should get a new plan, maybe some more fans
I love it when the people go wild for me
I love it when the people go wild for me
I love it when the people go wild for me
Keep it wild for me
Wild, wild, homie
I love it when the people go wild for me
I love it when the people go wild for me
I love it when the people go wild for me
Keep it wild for me

Wild, wild, homieBaby, I been trippin' off 'em, tie me up and send 'em off
 And I been on a mission for it, I just want my own apartment
 I just want a space with my old best friend
 Lock me in your cellular, won't elevate again
 Baby, I been trippin' off 'em, tie me up and send 'em off
 And I been on a mission for it, I just want my own apartment
 I just want a space with my old best friend
 Lock me in your cellular, won't elevate againI'm a shithead son
 And I'm bad at growin' up
 I'm a shithead son
 And I'm bad at growin' upMy life ain't been the same since my dog died, since my girl left
 I quit drinkin' and druggin' and still can't get ahead
 Been at a loss for words
 It seems I'm destined to fall apart when I'm depressed
 It's all a test, scream at God from my bedside
 I glue my hands together, life's got me hog-tied
 There's no applause in the game of life, I just bought a car
 And a new house—here's the cost to prove it
 I spin a little wheel when I'm feelin' moody
 And that's like all the time, try not to mind the clock
 Because my heart is tickin', I smoke a pack a day, and
 I wish I didn't, havin' some trouble quittin'
 I have a couple vices, we had that show on Viceland
 I was hardly in it, most the time I'm hidden
 Anxious, impatient and always wantin' somethin' different
 I hate the way I'm feelin', I'm sick of chasin' feelin'sBaby, I been trippin' off 'em, tie me up and
 send 'em off
 And I been on a mission for it, I just want my own apartment
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