

# BROCKHAMPTON, J'OUVERT

[Intro]

Take it all, or leave it  
I feel you

[Verse 1: Matt Champion]

When there's a rough patch, don't eye for the parachute  
They goin' AWOL the second that the light goes on  
This a treat, ain't it, soon as she hit the powder room  
I pull it back and check my rose, and yeah, I'm 'bout to bloom  
It's that '90 raised from hell shit, parlay like when the lane switch  
Combat how you feel, strobe light, I hit the killswitch  
Neck twist like Exorcist, I'ma see you 'round  
'Cause tonight's the night I'm losin' all I'm doin', I'm about this

[Chorus: Joba]

White cuffs, wood grain  
Money in the suitcase on my way to the bank  
White cuffs, wood grain  
Money in the suitcase on my way to the bank  
On my way to the bank, on my way to the bank  
On my way to the bank, suitcase  
On my way to the bank, on my way to the bank  
On my way to the bank

[Verse 2: Joba]

'Til the casket drops, I will play God  
Fuck the world, let's start a riot  
Got too much, too quick  
God damn, I'm feelin' sick, bitch, call the doctor  
Don't act like I ain't been dead to ya  
Don't act like I ain't deserve this shit  
Couldn't last a day inside my head  
That's why I did the drugs I did  
Got issues with these motherfuckers  
Looking down from they pedestals  
From that petty view, on that petty shit  
Pray for peace with a knife in my hand  
Speak my piece like a gun to my head  
Come equipped just to blast this shit  
Misunderstood since birth  
Fuck what you think, and fuck what you heard  
I feel betrayed, you can keep the praise  
And all of the fuck shit need to get away  
Still ain't got the fright to the fickle-minded people  
I thought I knew better, wish I knew better  
Should have known better, wish that I was better  
At dealing with the fame and you fake motherfuckers  
Guess I'm too real

[Break: Lavaman]

Excuse we?  
Let we pass, rum is the gas  
We ain't play nice, little guy  
Doh blame meh, blame di rum, no t—

[Bridge 1: Merlyn Wood, Lavaman]

I be in my bag (Excuse we?)  
Goin' in (Let we pass, rum is the gas)  
Guess who isn't built for this, man?  
Me and my thugs built for this, man (Yeah)  
We goin' for the gifts and the grams (Doh—)  
I be in my bag (Excuse we?)  
Goin' in (Let we pass, rum is the gas)  
Smokin' all the grams in this bag

Man, you isn't built for this, man (Yeah)  
Run it like the gingerbread man (Doh—)

[Verse 3: Merlyn Wood]

Fuck that shit, stay hydrated, nigga  
I'ma lick that bitch, go home, kiss my momma, wassup?  
Wassup?  
Black power fist hangin' from my black 'fro  
Yo, she saw me in that cereal, she want to lick a Oreo, damn  
Break the dam when I spit the flow  
I'm on the lamb like the fuckin' wool  
Hoppin' out the van, I'm at Abbey Road  
Fans with cameras in the bathroom, man, that's difficult  
I just wanna smoke a Backwoods by my lonely self  
Chill, watch numbers go up, book off the shelf  
I found myself and put my face on a missing shirt  
I dropped out with no promise that this shit would  
(That this shit would work, work, work  
Work, work, work, work)  
(Work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work)

[Bridge 2: bearface]

With the dogs in my ride, know the doors suicide  
Paranoid, do or die, you should know we never lie  
With the dogs in my ride, know the doors suicide  
Paranoid, do or die, you should know we never lie  
Pull up with the racks to your shop  
Cop a medallion or three, I'm the don  
Zim, zim, zim out the Bim', get shot  
One mill, two mill, three, that's a lot, damn

[Chorus: Joba]

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On my way to the bank, bank, bank, suitcase  
On my way to the bank, on my way to the bank  
On my way to the bank, bank, bank