

STUPID

BROCKHAMPTON

Merlyn! Hoppin' out the vehicle, I feel like Batman!
Hangin' with directors, 'bout that action
So please don't stick and move in my direction
All I got to lose is my erection I'm a black man (What drug reference, huh?), with a deadly
weapon
I'm a real dog, we all go to heaven
But I been trippin' on the steps and I don't think I'll make it
I'm in this big house (Rewind!), still I'm suffocatin' Carnival, my heart like a Supreme phantom
Goin' hundred speed, blowin' steam, I throw a tantrum
Judgin' by my face, my eyes slit like a python
I think she might hate me for a lifetime, ay, ay!
Daddy crackin' red drum, you pay for the pipeline
Goin' out the weather, leave my name, I'm goin' offline
I just want my shit to fit, tailored just like Tiffany
Oh, they say I'm perfect, on my back, oh, man, they killin' me
Boys wanna play with my cell phone
But I don't want nobody to see what's in it
Boys wanna play with my cell phone
But I don't want nobody to see what's in it
Boys wanna play with my cell phone (Wha-wha, aqua, for my-)
But I don't want nobody to see what's in it (Wha-wha, aqua, for my-)
Boys wanna play with my cell phone (Wha-wha, aqua, for my-)
But I don't want nobody to see what's in it (Wha-wha, aqua, for my-) White burner, black
burner, I do not discriminate
I am on a pilgrimage so don't try to insinuate
Buildin' up in instruments to aim it at the human race
Let it off in hopes that all the pain and stress disintegrates
I think you intolerant, when you do the most it's moderate
I come with that gas that'll make you think I had a doctorate
What we do provocative, I ain't no apologist
Don't step to professionals if you still move like novices (Rewind!)
America's favorite, I do my best and they hate it
It's like I'm stuck in the matrix, and I'm stuck losin' patience
While they stuck on they day shift, I hate my boyfriend's fragrance
I'm a faggot, I say it, I scream that shit like I mean it
Yeah, I'm ugly and genius
I went from nothin' to sleepin' on Jon's couch
To makin' people bounce at every show that's sold out
You know who I'm talkin' 'bout, with ghouls all in my dirty mouth
Boys be on that silly shit so Billy 'bout to air 'em out Boys wanna play with my cell phone
But I don't want nobody to see what's in it
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>