

# BOY BYE

## BROCKHAMPTON

Jabari, me paddy! Ayy, everybody ask me how I deal with my depression  
Man look (Man look),  
I don't got the answer to your question  
If I did, you would probably never hear from me again  
That's a promise, not a threat and it ain't no half stepping (Hey)  
Can't let it compromise the pace I'm setting (Hey)  
Grandma told me don't forget to count my blessings (Woo)  
Breaking up botanicals to ease my stressing  
Was the one that you needed but you weren't expecting  
Game need refreshing (Hey), what you been suggesting? (Hey)  
Wrote a new Constitution, we don't need amending (Hey)  
I go Johnnie Cochran when I'm raising my defenses (Yeah)  
Man, I feel like Michael Keaton when a nigga start ascending (Hey)  
Never second guessing (Hey), had to do a bit of resting (Hey)  
Like I played for Popovich, try'na find our new direction (Woo)  
Listen, I ain't for the shelving, what you niggas telling?  
My team be rebelling from wherever you were heading (Goddamn)  
My shit bump like a belly when it's pregnant (Mhm)  
Bona fide big bird lookin' like a Yeti (Mhm)  
20 feet cheetah, that's a real big kitty  
Made y'all judges, that's a real ass feeling  
I don't like the style, but forget it, man, I did it (Yeah)  
Always got the shit, like a constipated reverend (Alright)  
Y'all like to shit talk, no pun, off 'em  
But I make your bitch crack a giggle with the next one (Oh)  
Goofy ass boy, look like aiming for his cousin (Jeez)  
Heavy ass feet, man, people heard you comin' (Shit)  
Actin' like Regina, you a lil' bit dramatic  
I've been in the cockpit, I been in the cabin (Right)  
Take the eagle out just to ride around the planet (Right)  
Did a lot of curving, man, I don't take damage  
Oh so high, so, sst, get branded  
I'm just havin' fun, cops hit me, goddamn it (Oh yeah)  
Trauma got me fucked up, my mama got me fucked up  
My lil' nigga locked up, it's like Hakuna Matata  
Never liked Sci-Fi, empathetic wifi  
Keep it in the backroom, hide it with my dry eye  
Put it in the vacuum, I got love for my label  
15 million on the table, none of my niggas are stable  
Need a personal connection, I just wanna feel you baby  
Bein' sober made me realize how poorly I been behavin', uh  
My bitch is so pretty, pretty (Mm)  
I get cash like really, really  
Tell the DJ, man, he ain't slick cause he ain't playin' hits

He silly, silly (Mm)  
My bitch is so pretty, pretty (Mm)  
I get cash like really, really (Get it)  
Tell the DJ, man, he ain't slick cause he ain't playin' hits  
He silly, silly (Boy, bye) Bringing in hits like I'm 'Bari  
Always feel left in the dark  
Trauma the price for the patience  
Character shaped like a arc  
Move like my shit stay in park  
Don't feel the love or respect  
Grip like a hand on my neck  
This is the year, place your bets  
Boy, bye Ooh, ooh, beautiful and bashful  
Ooh (Mm), ooh, ooh (Mm)  
I'm beautiful and bashful  
Boy, bye (What the?)  
Boy, bye  
Boy, bye (What the?)  
I'm beautiful and bashful

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>