

Thug Life

BROCKHAMPTON

[Intro: London Community Gospel Choir, bearface]

C **F**
I gotta get that bag
C **F**
It s a thug life, it s a thug life
C **F**
I gotta get that bag (run, sha-na-na-na-na-sha-ah)
C
It s a thug life (la-da-da-da)
F **C**
It s a thug life (it s a, oh-uh-oh)
F **C**
Ooh-ah (sha-na-na-na-na-na-sha-ah)
F
La-da-da-da (it s a ooh-uh-oh)
C
Ooh-ah

[Verse 1: bearface]

F
Try to treat man like baby
C
Feel the teeth sink in like rabies
F
Boy you know you don t look fly
C
Dem gold chains turn your neck green, bye

C F C F

[Verse 2: Dom McLennon]

C
It s different reconciling with skeletons I ain t know that I possessed
F
I sought perfection out in ways I no longer accept
C
I understand what I neglect in times when I obsess
F
I m learning to confess, this fate is harder to digest
C
The biggest threat I m up against is who I face in my reflection
F
Depression still an uninvited guest, I m always accepting
C
Can t help but meet the feeling with a familiar embrace
F

When I know that it ll kill me if I give into my brain

C

I see the shadows inside, they ten feet tall with no eyes

F

They put my head in the water and it s so beautiful under

C

The sun reflecting off the corals, colors I can t describe

F

To make the darkness divine

[Outro: bearface]

C

F

Sha-na-na-na-na-sha-ah

C

F

(La-da-da-da) It s a, oh-uh-oh

C

Ooh-ah

F

Sha-na-na-na-na-sha-ah

C

(La-da-da-da) It s a, oh-uh-oh

F

Ooh-ah

C

Sha-na-na-na-na-sha-ah