

# That Phone Is a Brick

Allday

Yeah, aged 12 first day at a new school  
In a room full of peoples, pubescent being brutal  
It was casual dressed, which made it even worse  
Me in my resting shirt couldn't let them see me hurt  
They're all in Ralph Lauren but me I'm just poor as shit  
At a private school and I'm only here on scholarship  
The girls ignore me and I'm beat up by the older kids  
But the teachers quiz me like I wonder what your problem is?  
Well the kids in my neighborhood will think I'm an asshole  
And the rich kids hate me cos I don't live in a castle  
And my home life is fucked I'm copping shit from my uncle  
At school I get in trouble, these are things that I juggle  
So I save my lunch money, starve for months straight!  
To get a phone of my own, I'll be cool you just wait  
Then I finally get it and I show it to a kid  
He's like ha ha ha that phone is a brick!

The cool kids used to say this shit like  
That phone is a mother fucking brick, that phone is a mother fucking brick  
Where the hell'd you find something that big?  
And the hot girls used to say this shit like  
That phone is a mother fucking brick, that phone is a mother fucking brick  
Why are you talking to me, you're weird!

I'm like, why are you laughing mother fucker, you have one of those  
Exactly like mine  
He said you'll find that was months ago  
Of course I've got another phone since I'm not poor  
I already sold that old dinosaur to a porn star  
In fact it was probably the same place you bought yours  
But I understand man it's not like you can afford more  
Damn that flatter me, took everything I had in me  
It was supposed to be my ticket to popularity!  
But it turned out actually just more pain and tragedy  
Cos adults can be mean but kids are really damaging  
So I left at lunch I was so fucking embarrassed, head slumped in sadness just to punch my mattress  
Hating all the rich kids, what a bunch of actors  
But pursuing their approval of pathetic double standards  
Feeling so defeated like a total idiot, so I took my brick phone and binned it

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Now as I build up my life as a grown man, with the newest piece of shit on a phone plan  
Home in a leafy street with more than enough things  
I tell myself to remember how little stuff means  
And then I think back to all my memories of everything stressful  
And realize it's integral to the recipe  
So really they were right, in this moment it clicks  
My life is a wall and that phone is a brick...

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