

# Street Punks

Vince Staples

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I ain't worried about the police  
I ain't worried about these little niggas talking about they hold heat  
I ain't stressing going broke  
I don't never leave them residences alone, keep it on me  
I'm the nigga that you quote  
I'm the only conversation if you speaking up on Long Beach  
Get to acting like you know  
Don't be acting like you bold, get it cracking at a show  
Heard the FEDs taking pictures, let a motherfucker pose  
Tryna be the only Crippin' nigga sitting in the Vogue  
Better put me on the cover, undercovers at my home  
Tryna catch a nigga slippin', but I'm stickin' to the flow  
Heard these niggas flippin' coke, why the fuck these niggas broke?  
If there's shooters in the squad, what's the bodyguard for?  
You ain't calling me collect and I ain't pickin' up the phone  
Got some homies from the set who ain't never comin' home  
You wouldn't know about it You a street punk  
You a muthafuckin' street punk  
No one know about you  
You a street punk  
You a muthafuckin' street punk  
This'll blow up at you  
Where the cash at, where the cash at?  
Where ya pass at, where ya stash at?  
Bend my last rack doing head at  
Why? Cause you a muthafuckin' street punk! I don't know if ya heard of me  
But you heard them shots on the block, it's a murder scene  
Go on call the cops, open heart, durin' surgery  
Now his breathing stopped, stupid niggas should of knew we tripping  
Now we in the box, Winchester's  
Hundred in the box, Smith Wesson  
Stuff it to the top and we coming to your spot

Knocking on the door, askin' where he at  
Playin' games then we kick it down, everybody flat  
On the ground, kids get kidnapped, go and ask 'bout it  
Well you know how we rock it, nigga, you know who we wackin' now  
You ain't never caught a body, know it cause you talkin' 'bout it  
Catch me off a court and outta-  
You a motherfucking street punk You a street punk  
You a muthafuckin' street punk  
No one know about you  
You a street punk  
You a muthafuckin' street punk  
This'll blow up at you  
Where the cash at, where the cash at?  
Where ya pass at, where ya stash at?  
Bend my last rack doing head at  
Why? Cause you a muthafuckin' street punk!

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