

Fire

Vince Staples

School couldn't get me into Heaven
And Heaven couldn't get me in a bitch bed
Bred 11's that I stole on a house lick
Got them hoes, whole Polo outfits
Feelin' like Young Dro, summertime '06
Thirteen years old runnin' my home, ya bitch
Believe that, we was thuggin' on the back street
Catchin' cases, probably finna go to Hell anyway I'm probably finna go to Hell anyway
I'm probably finna go to Hell anyway
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I'm probably finna go to Hell anyway Them Yankee hats remind me of my younger days
Dog was a maniac
My momma had me where them babies havin' babies at
My knuckles ashy knockin' niggas on they ass
For smackin', never lackin', road to riches is a path
Mothafucka watch your ass
And quick race, dawg, for when cold blood like Crips
You dig your own grave when you fuckin' with the Lord
Catch a fade, probably finna go to Hell anyway I'm probably finna go to Hell anyway
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Songwriters

KILHOFFER, ANTHONY / STAPLES, VINCENT Published by

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