

Centurion

Byzantine

[Intro: Vince Staples]

I feel like the Tom Sawyer for real niggas

Looking for a problem, revolver under the Hilfiger

No bluff needed, we will kill niggas

So try me if you want, bruh, I promise I'm with all of that

Late night shooters, got 'em thinking Johnny Carson back

Trying to win this white man game with my heart intact

All off a dollar and a dream that I really had

Kind of hard to sleep when your thoughts is in the streets

North north is the side where my family stay

Big Baby Jesus, I can't wait

Until the money coming in, spend it all on guns and rims

I ain't nothing but a nigga, ain't no reason to pretend[Verse 1: Earl Sweatshirt]

Kept the sticky in the Stussy pouch

Ski mask, bloody 'Preme hoodie tossing doobies out

The window of the hoopty, night black as Paul

Mooney at the movies but the moon was out

Food was always optional

Eating nothing but hard punches to that abdominal

Closed fist chronicles, sold sniff, Momma knew

Baggies laying 'round, peanut shells at a carnival

Stomping clowns, welcome pussy niggas to the romper room

Buckshot'll cover a whole torso like a parka do

In a park at 2, plotting, trying to garner loot

Split it with his big roll dog, call him Marmaduke

Searching for a shard of truth and found uh

Couple bucks bought his cousins lunch

Another Dutch, stiff collar on the button-up

Hood, rich, wild, and 'bout to run amuck

Road to hell paved with cement, covered trussled drugs toughen up[Hook] x2

Alright, okay

If that's how you truly feel about it then[Verse 2: Earl Sweatshirt]

Vinny Stape, they stupid, think the city safe

Until that little bindi placed, head shots, red dot

Block as hot as Denny plates, fed watch, Fed watch

Opinions only pity based, deep in the Civic with the

Evilest niggas this side of the Mississippi

All courtesy of Vincent from niggas who plot against

Ear-L-double-S, hear shells from the Tec

Hear in full-effect, eat a dick and cut a check, bitch
Few niggas I'm on a first-name basis with
Address me by the alias, that trunk weighted like he
'Bout to catch a case again, eighths louder than the voice of
Satan that be plaguing him, bruh, I'm caking
Whether Hell or bad weather, high water, I'm a sailor-type
Assailant for the paper, living like I met the maker twice
Hit it 'til I'm faded right? Mami, take a hike
And treat it like you fucking shaking dice, bitch[Hook]

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