

# Kingdom (feat. Vince Staples)

## Common

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom, ooh  
Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom, ooh  
Ah yes, my Lord, ah, oh  
Ah yes, my Lord, ah, oh Second row of the church with my hood on  
My homie used to rap, he was about to get put on  
At his funeral, listening to this church song  
His family yelling and screaming, I hurt for 'em  
A cold world that's why we pack heaters  
Listening to this preacher as he tryna reach us  
I'mma need to go back, I gotta get 'em  
Back and forth in these streets, that's the rhythm  
Revenge is supposed to be the Lord's but I use my own accord  
When I seen him on the porch, cost my man his life, I can't afford not to hit him  
Shots ripping through his true religion denim  
These streets was my religion  
I stood over him, his life is over then  
Now these keys got me locked up with older men  
Thought these was the keys for me to roll a Benz  
They ended up being the keys for my life to end Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah) ooh (sing)  
Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah) ooh  
And the streets say (oh yes) and the people say (my Lord) and we all say (ah, aah oh)  
And the streets say (oh yes) and the people say (my Lord) and we all say (ah, aah oh) My money ain't straight,  
my fam ain't straight  
Ain't wanna push kis, heaven couldn't wait  
I was hurtin', couldn't get no work  
You created me from dust, that's why I did dirt  
You said that the last shall be first  
Now I'm in a hearse, what's this cash really worth?  
My whole life I had to worry about eatin'  
I ain't have time to think about what I believe in  
When the days of the kingdom for Chicago gon' come?  
I'm coming back like the Prodigal Son, and I got a son

And I don't want my waves following him, the streets swallowing him  
And I don't want no hollows in him, his momma said she see his father in him  
Hope it's the good things, 'til life was over is when I understood things  
Standing at the gates 'cause I know you've forgiven what I've done  
I'm your son, do I have the keys to get in? Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah) ooh (sing)  
Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah) ooh Sweet Lord Jesus, tell the polices to let a nigga breathe  
My sinning father see, got a shipment by the seas  
See my niggas tryna eat, eat whatever's on your plate  
Save some for me, the worst things in life come sitting six feet  
Tryna hop the gate to heaven 'cause I couldn't get a key  
But these niggas play for keeps and I gotta hold my own  
Tryna watch my back 'cause these stripes ain't free  
We still wading in the water, cocaine, blunts, marinating in the water  
Lean and took a puff and then she gave it to my father  
Used to take the bullets out so I could play with the revolver  
Satan serenading ever since I was a toddler  
Tell 'em talk is cheap, niggas living for the dollar  
So in God we trust, leave the praying to my momma though  
Another motherfucker out of control, just walking my soles low  
Lit up with the abuse, they wasn't for show, I promise every pistol was used  
See I was waking up afraid to see my name on the news  
Broad day, been phased giving niggas the blues  
Nigga who you? They know me on the streets where I grew  
If you ain't from around here you get gunned down here  
Make the best from the least on the quest for them keys  
To the kingdom Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah) ooh (sing)  
Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah) ooh  
And the streets say (oh yes) and the people say (my Lord) and we all say (ah, aah oh)  
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