Norf Norf

Vince Staples

Bitch you thirsty, please grab a Sprite
My Crips lurkin', don't die tonight
I just want to dance wit' you, baby
Just don't move too fast, I'm too crazy
Man down, down the ave and get shaded
Take a nigga mind off that
We can dip, fuck in the whip, slide right back
In the function, one wrong word, start bustin'
Put that on my Yankee hat
I'm a gangsta Crip, fuck gangsta rap
Where the ladies at? Where the hoes? Where the bitches?
Every real nigga know the difference
Bandana brown like the dope daddy shootin' in the kitchen
Real Norfside nigga, never went to Poly, Wilson or Cabrillo
Cocaine color of a creole
T-scrap movin' for the d-lo, what he know?I ain't never ran from nothin' but the police
From the city where the skinny carry strong heat
Norfside, Long Beach, Norfside, Long BeachHit the corner, make a dollar flip
And split the dollars wit' my mama children
Folks need Porsches, hoes need abortions
I just need y'all out of my business
Never no problem, playin' no pitches
Never no problem, sprayin' no witnesses
No face, no case, been wit' the shit
Hopped out broad day then emptied clips
Cut class cause it wasn't 'bout cash
School wasn't no fun, couldn't bring my gun
Know when change gon' come like Obama would say
But they shootin' everyday 'round my mama and them way
So we put a AK where Kiana and them stay
And that's for any nigga say he got a problem wit' me
How I'm Crippin' where I'm livin', come and follow me
Pistol poppin', Poppy StreetI ain't never ran from nothin' but the police
From the city where the skinny carry strong heat
Northside, Long Beach, Northside, Long BeachNate Dogg still here cause of niggas like me
Police still scared cause of niggas like me
In the hood like a dollar sweet tea or a Louis Burger
You ain't wit' the business, nigga
Who you murdered? You ain't heard of Coldchain

Best thang, smokin' out the city
Ridin' 'round wit' the same shotgun that shot Ricky
Lil' nigga should've zig-zagged, then he got his back wet
Now he runnin' Norfside, niggas better fact-check
Frontin' wit' the gun talk, I ain't heard a clap yet
All my niggas from street, they a nigga best yes
'Cept for Little Halftime, Brody bangin' five blocks
Sorry, I hit your homie five times, better grab chalk
Did it, got away with it out the Civic
We Crippin', Long Beach City, pay a visit
Park Ramona, pop blocked a corner
Givin' hell 'til it's frozen over, I ain't never ran from nothin'I ain't never ran from nothin' but the police
From the city where the skinny carry strong heat
Northside, Long Beach, Northside, Long Beach

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