

# Surf (feat. Kilo Kish)

Vince Staples

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Broke and all I had was my homeboys  
Either build or destroy, what you going for?  
Just a pawn and a plan tryin' to hold on  
When the smoke clear why was the war fought?  
Bout time you abandon the folklore  
How you rich but your bitch in an old Ford?  
How you black sellin' crack for the white man?  
How you real, wouldn't kill for your right hand?  
On the stand sworn in with ya right hand  
It was all goin' good 'til the rave end  
Knife scars on ya neck from ya best friend  
Now it's talk, leave a tec' on ya nightstand  
Leave a nigga dead to the world 'til his life end  
You got it, I armed it, you dreamt it, I start it  
You're missin' the target, what more can you ask me for?  
You want it, my dearly departed  
I cocked back and shot it, what more can you ask me for?  
More black kids killed from a pill than the FEDs in the projects  
In the planned parenthood playin' God with ya mom's check, you ain't even been to prom yet  
Sixteen, heard you wanna be a star girl  
What he charge for the dream that you bought girl  
What's the price for a life in this dark world?  
Couple hundred where I come from, how you sleep when the sun down?  
I ain't really tryna judge, they be lookin' for somebody you can love  
He was lookin' for somebody he could fuck  
Took ya body, wouldn't bother with you none  
Spoiled rotten in the bottom of the slums  
Caught up in the fun  
You got it, I armed it, you dreamt it, I start it  
You're missin' the target, what more can you ask me for?  
You want it, my dearly departed  
I cocked back and shot it, what more can you ask me for?

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