Loco (feat. Kilo Kish)

Vince Staples

I load the 44
Then paint the Van Gogh
She rang the front door
She came commando
She came and rambled
I came and rolled over
No time for conversations cold shoulders
Outta my mind
She outta red wine
She woozy bitch bourgeois straight from Dubai
She love the hip hop and love my slick talk
Give head then begged the boy to crip walk
I write the James Joyce
Don't need the Rolls Royce
I need a straight jacket finna go bat shit
Sick of these rapper stealing my swagger
Tryna run with the penmanship practiced
Gangsta gone Gatsby
Fades with no lotion
Get this shit cracking
Crack his jaw open
Crack in my system
Daddy loved smoking
Like he loved smoking niggas no jokingEverybody get a little bit crazy
Seems like you've been feeling that lately
Everybody gets a little bit lonely
Keep breathing slowly slowly
Right place at the wrong time
Wrong turn in my own mind
Right place at the wrong time
Got lost in my own mindIt's okay, hey Vince, it's me
Things are going pretty great and this ain't what you need
Don't need to waste your time on an ignorant fuck
Send me some more money, we'll laugh it all up
Hey, remember how we used to fight in Pre-K?
Mama whooped that ass for 3 days
Parties at McDonald's for our birthday
It's okay, it's okay, guess I should sayLemme tell ya 'bout, when a nigga went crazy
At the Marriott, having Kurt Cobain dreams

Lemme tell ya bout, when a nigga went loco
Ace hotel shoulda stayed at the Soho
Housekeeping keep knocking on my door though
Don't she know I'm staring in the mirror with a 44
Tryna get my head straight
She tryna get the bed straight
No room to think
KABOOM on the sinkUhh me tienes harta
(Pinche baboso abre los ojos)
Quien te cres eh? El muy chingon?
(Date cuenta de lo que tienes)
Tu no eres nadien
(Ya no eres niÃ±o)
Todo lo que quieres hacer te sale mal, eres un estupido no sabes nada
(You're a grown ass mutherfuckin' man)
Nadie te toma enserio
(I fuckin' hate you, just leave me the fuck alone)
Sabes que, vete a la chingada me caes gordo
(Pinche puto desgraciado)
Pinche vato pendejo
(I fuckin' hate you)Everybody get a little bit crazy
Seems like you've been feeling that lately
Everybody gets a little bit lonely
Keep breathing slowly slowly
Right place at the wrong time
Wrong turn in my own mind
Right place at the wrong time
Got lost in my own mindIt's okay, hey Vince, it's me
Things are going pretty great and this ain't what you need
Don't need to waste your time on an ignorant fuck
Send me some more money, we'll laugh it all up
Hey, remember how we used to fight in Pre-K?
Mama whooped that ass for 3 days
Parties at McDonald's for our birthday
It's okay, it's okay, guess I should sayIn the black Benz speeding with my black skin gleaming
Out the window
Tints low baby come and see 'em where the rent low
Been gone I don't need a shrink I need a hit song tryna show the world a nigga
Tweaking
Been a schizo crip though off of 65th though
Anybody killer I ain't aiming when the shit blow
Jumping through your window finna hit a lick mode
Thugging since the flip phone don't be who I flip onWe all waste away, what are you looking for?
We all waste away, what do you got in store?
We all waste away, cause I can't take much more

We all waste away, rather be lost and poor
What my pastor say? Some shit that I don't believe
What my master say? Nigga, you won't be free
Until you pass away, razor on my sleeve
Tryna compensate, this pain, it run so deep
"But you a star," they say, "You mean so much to me
Mean so much to me"

Songwriters
DACOURY NATCHE, JOHN HILL, VINCE STAPLES, KILO KISHPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/