Homage

Vince Staples

No stupid

Don't think too much, you gon' lose it

Just lose yourself in the music

Get off your ass and move that thang, girl

All my girls are my main girl

'Round the world in them planes

'Til they chains too strap to do range

'Til they see how you walk and your strange lookThese niggas won't hold me back

These hoes won't hold me back

Oh my God, I'm the bigshot now

Prima Donna had them like "wow!"

Hitchcock in my modern day

Where the fuck is my VMA?

Where the fuck is my Grammy?

Supermodels wearin' no panties

Supercar, not drivin' no Camry

Freshman, Showtek but no ralliesThese niggas won't hold me back

These hoes won't hold me back

My girlfriend looks like she's from Gilmore

Dance on my bands like we from Fillmore

This my ghetto story, crescendo

Coupe with them same windows, limos

Wrong label had me in limbo

Too much info, we're rich and prismo

Prolly loco, black as the Congo

Pay me pronto, wearin' snow camoI'm on a new level

I am too cultured and too ghetto

If you knew better you'd do better
But then you would know by the word of my penis
Please do not treat me like I'm not a genius
I'm runnin' on empty, the new River Phoenix
I'm out in Bristol, bro from the ends got a pistol
The bro from the ends gonna get youThese niggas won't hold me back

These niggas won't hold me back
These niggas won't hold me back
These niggas won't hold me back
These hoes won't hold me back
These hoes won't hold me back
These hoes won't hold me back

These hoes won't hold me backI was 'pose to meet you Don't tell my girls or I'll creep through

I never see you

Can't figure what I did to leave you

Everything's see-through

Your official smile to see you

They don't see you

Wish that I could see too

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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