

Vince Staples

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hittin' corners, thuggin' with the blower, barrel louder than a motor
Keep the engine runnin' when a nigga run up on ya
Another day in sunny California
The FEDs takin' pictures and they tappin' Motorolas
Everybody snitchin', gotta live with paranoia
A soldier since the stroller, ask my mama if you doubt that
Homie where ya clout at? You ain't ever push nobody's scalp back
45, 9s 'round 9 in the AM
Yesterday I sat in place, today I'm finna take it
A week ago, they killed my bro, that's been the price of bangin'
Since my granny Alameda days, robbin' cause we need a raise
Fingers do the talkin' when the Cs do the walkin'
And the Cs been polluted, baptism for these shooters
Seventh grade, I went to OCA, hoopin' up at Lueder's
With my Ru from Campanella we was crashin' shit together
3230 Poppy St, we ain't chasin', they brought the
beef
Used to the sounds of violence, my neighbors ain't never call police
Call it followin' protocols, spark it if you ain't know the call
Got this bitch that live off of Market that's down to hold the heat
Turn the water and power off, got to send patience, powered up
Evictions notices go unnoticed, the final hours up
Livin' off of borrowed time, committin' crimes that's organized
Fortress ones and fortified, just tryna build my castle up
Got it in a dream, at night time we maskin' up
The deadly game of tag, the older generations passed to us
I got a clip that's long enough to shoot until the casket come
Wait until that casket drop, they droppin' when that magnum pop

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