Get the Fuck Off My Dick

Vince Staples

Get the fuck off now, get the fuck off my dick
Hard to tell which one more perfect, man, my art or my bitch
Hard to tell which one more perfect, man, my car or my crib
Avant-garde with this shit, get your jaws off my dick
Get the fuck off now, get the fuck off my dick
Hard to tell which one more perfect, man, my car or my crib
Hard to tell which one more perfect, man, my art or my bitch
Avant-garde with this shit, get your jaws off my dickYeah, I ain't takin' no more calls, might think 'bout callin' it quits
Press is tryin' to block my blessings, no more talking to Vince
NPR and XXL, man, I can't tell which is which
Missed the mark, I think my label need a marketin' switch
Hold up, switch the flow up, I won't roll for nothing
Rappers ho up, then they blow up, guess who do the fuckin'?
VMA and Grammy snubbin', not walkin' through no clubs
Homie you can keep your money, it don't do nothing for me
Heard they lookin' for me yeah, you're a dummy yeah
Have somebody find your body parts, run and run it, yeah
Ay bay-bay, ain't for play, sear the steaks, steal the Wraith
(And them Wraiths is ugly, by the way
We see you got money to spend, but, nonetheless)
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We caught him slippin', he in a coma
You got two choices, lose your life or your persona
I still hear voices from them nights I hit them corners
Walked through the MoMA, just did the feature, hit the scene
And blew the quota, I might do Toshiyuki Kita for the sofa
Might save my Nike check and spend my Coca-Cola
Don't count my packets, pocket rocket leave you tore up
Time to glow up, from the floor up how I came
You don't know my pain, bitch, don't act like you don't know my name
Don't record me man, bitch, you see me tryna board this plane

Don't you touch my frame, still the one who bust you in your brain
I don't fuck with fame, you don't see me in no fuckin' chains
Ain't no fuckin' slave, Def Jam ain't gon' put me on no pay
This the sound I made, won't nobody knock me off my wave
I'm the god in this, fuck up off my dick
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