

## Back Sellin' Crack

Vince Staples

I done beat the breaks off niggas  
Shot the face off niggas  
Pending case with state, and I'm still out trippin'  
All the feds take pictures, fuckin' up my image  
Even mama bringin' drama, i don't trust no BITCHES  
See these hoes be out here switching their sides  
When its time for the killin i ride  
Look right in my eyes, been ready to die, risk felony time for threatening m  
ine  
Better than I, nobody alive  
Nobody live the life that i did  
Fighting to live since I was kid  
Playing in the yard with a 30-06  
House look like a gun range  
Room look like a gun store  
Either you're gonna know my name, or niggas dying young and poor  
Either way don't give a fuck, you gon find me northbound  
With the shit, I'm in the shit  
You know I love them gun sounds  
7's cry, macs applaud  
They taking shots, I had to call  
You catch em out the shot gun, that's Roddy White from 50 yards  
No body shots, I'm hitting jaws  
Tryna run you Stephen Hawking  
You see I mean this shit I'm talking  
You don't want no problem

Slave to the rhythm, shoot my master in his back  
2 dope boys, in the Cadillac strapped  
Wood grain dash, windshield stained glass  
Beating' down the ave, like we back selling' crack  
Killing for the karma, but liven for my mama  
Trouble what the call us, and nothing wit they offer  
Off em, and they wonder why niggas get shot  
And they wonder why niggas shot

Where you at, where you from?  
Cause its hot where I'm at  
Any time of the day you get robbed you get jumped  
It's a game we play, to get paid  
From the wants to the needs to the young  
Snakes slide through the grass  
Blades slide in the back, of the used and abused  
Tryna walk in my shoes  
Get tripped by my fuse, too short  
Ask God what you want, he said I want your life  
Well I ain't live mine right  
But if I do the crime I do the time  
I ain't scared of shit, I was born to die  
Extended clip, big .45 been quick to trip  
Been lost my mind  
When I die, please don't let mama cry  
Cause she know it had to be him or I  
And I got caught slippin'  
Get a gun and go knock that nigga  
Run up on him, no mask, no feelings, no room for that  
They shoot at us, so we shootin' back

Burnin' shells till I burn in hell  
And I'm cool with that, that uzi packed  
I done learned a lot in these 19 years  
Lot homies ain't shed one tear  
God decide what my curfew is  
So till that day, I'mma do my shit  
I proved my shit, they know my name  
Not proud of the outcome either have regrets or  
Be out young, don't sleep

I took the blue pill and it's evidence was shown  
Homies from elementary some them niggas gone  
I got this cocaine  
But my stove ain't turning on  
I got that knock-knock  
Uuh, yeah you know  
Riding in the whip for sure  
No Ls in the whip for sure  
All the homies strapped but it ain't for show  
Tryna hit a lick, no envelope  
Nigga, weed ain't the only thing get smoked  
Cuz got ghost 'fore he even got ghost  
Cuz got toast and he ain't old enough to drink  
Shouldn't been singing  
Now his ass Murder Inc  
Sunny LA, where we never need a mink  
Sunny LA, where the youngers don't think  
Sunny LA, where the heat get sprayed  
And every other word on the wall get K'ed  
All the homies taking you to parking space  
This my set, I ain't hearing whatcha say  
Back then had to be in by 10  
But out by 12  
My man just said the word  
I got the text on the cell  
Back with the Locs raising Hell  
Found out the homie in a cell  
I know we hated school  
But it's better than jail  
Gotta thank God I was saved by the bell  
Tryna spit bars  
I ain't trying to live behind 'em  
So I keep my face here  
Right where I found them  
Nigga my rawness  
Fuck through a condom  
Ready when I'm rapping  
No wonder why they signed him  
I'm with the house  
So watcha still pining  
Dead by the street lights  
Boy you shining  
Talk about you grinding