

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