Bagbak

Vince Staples

This is for my future baby mama Hope your skin as black as midnight I'll take you out that Honda I can put you in a Benz, I can balance out your chakras Fornication is a sin, we can fuck all night regardless Oh father, oh the heavens, as I pray for new McLarens Pray the police don't blow me down cause of my complexion Everybody think they know me now Cause I'm chicken-checkin' Negro, you are not my homie How dare you thinks it's different Boy, you trippin'

Gas break, I dipped The cash came, I flipped I stack that, yeah I stack that past the ceiling So sacrilegious, don't ask to chat And don't ask for bitches, bagbak I'm trippin' Bag-bagbak, bagbak you don't know me better Bag-bagbak, bagbak you don't know me better Bag-bagbak, bagbak you don't know me homie

Boy oh boy and we are Floating on the Dions Go until they take my bro and em out them city CRs Prison system broken Racial war commercin' Until the president get that, shit Vincent won't be votin' We need Tomika's and Shaniqua's in that Oval Office Obama ain't enough for me, we only getting started The next Bill Gates can be on Section 8 up in the projects So today, love my dark skin Bitch I'm goin' all in

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They found it Death close to 3, 230 feet A deep dive, but within acceptable range

Clap your hands if the police ever profile You don't gotta worry, don't be scared because we own ya Ain't no gentrifying us, we finna buy the whole town Tell the one percent to suck a dick, because we on now We on now, we on now Tell the one percent to suck a dick, because we on now Tell the government to suck a dick, because we on now Tell the president to suck a dick, because we on now We on now We on now We on now We on now