

Crabs in a Bucket

Vince Staples

Crabs in a bucket
Wanna see what the bottom, don'tcha love it?
When they're hatin' so you hit 'em with the encores
Sendin' shots but you at the top floor
Let 'em pop shit, give 'em some drugs to go pop with
Need white women at the shows unconscious
If not that then turned artist
Get with that or get in the moshpit
Where's your moxie, in truth from Poppy
Young man, you not actin' too cocky
Prolly 'cause I'm feelin' like the world gon' crash
Run a hundred somethin' on the E-class dash
Them feelin' funny, guarantee gon' flash
Cock back, blast, put him in the bag
Prolly gonna regret it in the retrospect
Got a lot of problems I ain't let go yet

Spend a lot of money on the CDG
Ain't I lookin' lovely on the TV screen?
Battle with the white man day by day
Feds takin' pictures doin' play by play
They don't never want to see the black man eat
Nails in a black man's hands and feet
Put 'em on a cross or you put 'em on a chain
Lines be the same, he don't look like me
Rollcage on the GT3
Had a show on stage like a DVD
Put me in the MoMA when it's over with
I used to look up to the sky, now I'm over shit

Remember that I still got you
I still got you here
I swear that they come and got you
Hidden in my head
Tryna vanish
I forgot to care
And you can try baby
Now it's under there
Never even crossed my mind to think
Maybe you'd have flashed a glance at me
I never really crossed your mind
I never really crossed your mind
I never really had no chance to breathe