

Hostile

Vince Staples

When shit get's hostile, Hoes get blasted
Bodies in the morgue getting shelved like Pac Div
Tell my girl I'm running late
Stuck in drug traffic by the ten
Two ten's in the Wagoneer
Nigga picture me rolling
All my bitches is stolen
So I mean it when I say that hoes hot as a stove top
Chrome Glock and the gold, D-Block Chain
That I won from J Hood in a pick-up game
Feeling like I'm Reggie Lewis
Shit I'll probably die a shooter vic
Run my mouth a lot
Run up in a niggas house to shop
Treating bitches like it's Camelot
Feed them out the trough
Asher Roth, Disappearing white's
Slanging half the price
Never that
You see my nigga's way ahead of that
Zordon, Big headed
Strong arm
Bench Press them
Been through hell and back, So my heart's been tested
Ain't willing to die, Your heart's in question
Nigga