

Humble

Vince Staples

Homie, I ain't humble, I deserve this shit
I'm from the side of the curb where the birds get flipped
So fuck you, fuck you, fuck you and fuck you
Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you and fuck you

White high school, wasn't laughing at the black jokes
Daddy had us contact high off of crack smoke
Had to get it cracking with the 7 cause the Mac broke
Wrist fucked up, couldn't make it to practice
Had the money in the couch and the K's by the mattress
Chasing senior bitches down cause we was hanging with Pac then
Sidekick thefts if he pressed him we packed him
Ski masking, but niggas wasn't going to Aspen
Mayfair freshman class, but I skipped them all
But Miss Brown cause that was my nigga
Ask me what mattered more, school or the set?
She can tell by the truancy I'm true to the shit
Couple months I was up out of there
Mama kicked me out of the house, but shit I didn't care
Hitting licks came to a drought so we was killing kids all for
the buck
15 sitting shotgun, ready to duck?

I swear I'm busy every time my mama call my phone
No time for stressing, she can leave a message at the tone
I apologize for breaking up your happy home
And looking like my daddy, all them arguments was overblown
Girl, I just want you happy, that's the reason why I write these
songs
Cause I can give a fuck 'bout where I end up when it's said and
done
Riding down 7 Street looking for your second son
Found him on Artesia with a Yannc he had a loaded gun
But you ain't know the difference, coming home late
Seen Tyson in the kitchen trying to make his own plate
But you love my homies like you love your only son that walk and
talk
Think that was the reason why you afraid to see me risk it all
But your father told me no reward if no risk involved
And your father raised me, made me crazy, don't take shit at all
I know you miss him cause I miss him more and I can't quite recall
Knew he would be happy as the day my mama had me, see