

Intro

Vince Staples

Live from Delusion
Die on the street or reside in the ruins
Running high from police, throw the nine in the sewer
25 is the least of the time that you're doing
Do or die, staying true to the lies on the stand
Right hand on the word of a god and forgive
All the wrongs that you did trying to live by your means
Breaking news 10 P.M. see your friends on the screen
And these bitches wanna talk about some mother fucking rap
Bullet holes in the home where my lil' brother at
Pigs parked on the streets so we can't shoot back
Spend a week where I sleep most can't do that
Might look half neat till the nightfall comes
First the good years screech then you hear that drum
Fuck 911 police don't come
Had Jabari on the streets till the sun came up
Momma son raised up in the midst of a feud
I'm from genocide where you die for your residence
Die for the presidents I chase
We reach the same fate so I never get to thrive in the relishment
Might seem jaded but even Satan was heaven sent
Coulda been a bum, broke sleeping by the 710
17, dropped out knew I had to make a way
Couldn't have my granny broke before she seen the pearly gates
Hope she ain't judge for me
Only person living never showed love to me
Dad did time cause he sold drugs for me
I could never judge a man trying to better off his fam
Shoot a fucker waist in
Gotta take you to your maker
Till I'm buried in the grass and the candle light the pavement
I'm gonna do it to the best of my abilities
The fear in me is gone, you can hear it in the song while you listening