

# Killin'y All

Vince Staples

Black-lipped bastard □ destined to be a bastard Crip  
But I passed on it to make classic hits  
I pray I'm forgiven for not being down  
Or puttin' the work in that certain niggas did  
Reason behind their service in the pen  
Partially why I don't write, I just pull it out the wind  
Sometimes I can't sleep at night  
I be thinkin' 'bout my friends, know they up to no good  
It's all bad...  
I seen the yellow tape at Dale's and almost had a heart attack  
You never know with this shit, I don't understand  
Kids carry canons on Instagram  
But cryin' when the cuffs're on their hands  
It's out my hands...  
It's two sides to every story  
And I ain't a judge or signed up for jury duty  
My youth was stolen moving too quick, it's sick though  
'Cause Vince know what I know now, when I'm 26  
We still movin' further, hope my seeds grow to be trees  
And not just bushes...

Can I live without killin' y'all? Please...  
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Can I live without killin' y'all?  
Can I live without killin' y'all?  
Can I live without...

Call the gang unit □ they know the game, foolie  
I truly was built for this shit, I'm in the rain coolin'  
Right by where the enemies live...  
You know you can kill a giant with a lucky shot...  
Aim for the head when you fuck with God Jehova  
I'll hopefully be speakin' the code of the beat  
Snitch and we domin' your niece  
Homies be cold as police  
Mama had told us as kids never to shit where you eat  
And I got a clip for the heat □ 357, I think I'm itchy, dawg  
Niggas know I'm 6'5 'til I'm 6 feet  
Under, where they took us?  
Undercovers parked on Orizaba  
Dogs up in the yard of the abandoned where we hide the choppers  
I couldn't hide from the karma, you see it followed me  
Fuck it □ get it crackin' in public, these niggas rap for the fashion  
They want the mansions, they puppets  
A puppet master'll bust in that chamber talkin' 'bout muzzle...

[Hook]