

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]