

## Like It Is

Vince Staples

I tell it like it is, and how it could be  
Heaven or hell boy, freedom or jail boy  
A Jansport bag full of shit I could sell for  
The higher, the low boy, just me and my homeboys  
The police kill us so we made up our own laws  
Been fighting this long war, there's shells in this shores sand  
Still young but a grown man, could tell by my stash  
Been stackin' money and problems as I wait for the rapture  
Death never been no threat, I be chillin', relaxin'  
Everybody bleed

I gotta be, I gotta be, I gotta be the one  
To make it up to heaven, despite the things I've done  
I gotta be, I gotta be, I gotta be the one  
To make my momma proud, feel like her only son  
I gotta be, I gotta be, I gotta be the one  
With everything I need, with everything I want  
I gotta be, I gotta be, I gotta be the one  
To do it like nobody has ever done

When I was in seventh grade my grandfather told me don't get caught lovin' t  
he streets cause they never gonna love you back. But I feel like it's all we  
got so it's all we really do love. At the end of the day I feel like the pr  
oblem is the people that control it don't really come from here, so they can  
't do nothing but look down on us. We look at them, we see somebody that cou  
ld help but they look at us and all they see is a nigga. It don't really mat  
ter anyway, we all gon' die one day man. One day

Do doves cry when the black man dies, or do we croak with crows  
The young catch gun shots, the old catch the holy ghost  
Ho I love not, I never seen no pot of gold  
Just ball windows and six fours with no switches  
Was broke with no bitches, she love me though  
You'll kill me if it make you richer, what you screaming, you my brother for  
Heart is where the hatred is, the brain that stained the love below  
And life is what you make it so I'm makin' money for my folks

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When most people look at a person who does what I do they look at us with th  
ese preconceived notions as if, it's a set way for us all to be. But we all  
people at the end of the day so I wonder why we don't treat each other like  
it. You're looking at a person telling them that they story don't matter whe  
n they're no better than me, walkin' down the streets tryna to shoot at some  
body. Cause all we got is these dreams man and y'all ain't never had to have  
nothing, and that's the last thing you want from anybody. Is to not really  
have nothing

I been through hell and back, I seen my momma cry  
Seen my father hit the crack then hit the set to flip a sack

I done seen my homies die then went on rides to kill 'em back  
So how you say you feel me when you never had to get through that?  
We live for they amusement like they view us from behind the glass  
No matter what we grow into, we never gonna escape our past  
So in this cage they made for me, exactly where you find me at  
Whether it's my time to leave or not, I never turn my back

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I gotta be, I gotta be, I gotta be the one  
To do it like nobody has ever done