

# Loco

Vince Staples

I load the 44  
Then paint the Van Gogh  
She rang the front door  
She came commando  
She came and rambled  
I came and rolled over  
No time for conversations cold shoulders  
Outta my mind  
She outta red wine  
She woozy bitch bourgeois straight from Dubai  
She love the hip hop and love my slick talk  
Give head then begged the boy to crip walk  
I write the James Joyce  
Don't need the Rolls Royce  
I need a straight jacket finna go bat shit  
Sick of these rapper stealing my swagger  
Tryna run with the penmanship practiced  
Gangsta gone Gatsby  
Fades with no lotion  
Get this shit cracking  
Crack his jaw open  
Crack in my system  
Daddy loved smoking  
Like he loved smoking niggas no joking

Everybody get a little bit crazy  
Seems like you've been feeling that lately  
Everybody gets a little bit lonely  
Keep breathing slowly slowly  
Right place at the wrong time  
Wrong turn in my own mind  
Right place at the wrong time  
Got lost in my own mind

It's okay, hey Vince, it's me  
Things are going pretty great and this ain't what you need  
Don't need to waste your time on an ignorant fuck  
Send me some more money, we'll laugh it all up  
Hey, remember how we used to fight in Pre-K?  
Mama whooped that ass for 3 days  
Parties at McDonald's for our birthday  
It's okay, it's okay, guess I should say

Lemme tell ya 'bout, when a nigga went crazy  
At the Marriott, having Kurt Cobain dreams  
Lemme tell ya bout, when a nigga went loco  
Ace hotel shoulda stayed at the Soho  
Housekeeping keep knocking on my door though  
Don't she know I'm staring in the mirror with a 44  
Tryna get my head straight  
She tryna get the bed straight  
No room to think  
KABOOM on the sink

Uhh me tienes harta  
(Pinche baboso abre los ojos)  
Quien te cres eh? El muy chingon?

(Date cuenta de lo que tienes)  
Tu no eres nadie  
(Ya no eres niño)  
Todo lo que quieres hacer te sale mal, eres un estúpido no sabes nada  
(You're a grown ass motherfuckin' man)  
Nadie te toma en serio  
(I fuckin' hate you, just leave me the fuck alone)  
Sabes que, vete a la chingada me caes gordo  
(Pinche puto desgraciado)  
Pinche vato pendejo  
(I fuckin' hate you)

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In the black Benz speeding with my black skin gleaming  
Out the window  
Tints low baby come and see 'em where the rent low  
Been gone I don't need a shrink I need a hit song tryna show the world a nigga  
Tweaking  
Been a schizo crip though off of 65th though  
Anybody killer I ain't aiming when the shit blow  
Jumping through your window finna hit a lick mode  
Thugging since the flip phone don't be who I flip on

We all waste away, what are you looking for?  
We all waste away, what do you got in store?  
We all waste away, cause I can't take much more  
We all waste away, rather be lost and poor  
What my pastor say? Some shit that I don't believe  
What my master say? Nigga, you won't be free  
Until you pass away, razor on my sleeve  
Tryna compensate, this pain, it run so deep  
"But you a star," they say, "You mean so much to me  
Mean so much to me"