

Outro

Vince Staples

I'm here to tell the world I'm from Ramona park
Diving in the deep water like I know the sharks
Climbing in the king daughter I deserved the crown
They weren't fucking with ya boy, but they heard me now
Me and white boy Mac came to take them back
Way back, back when people used to learn from rap
I'm here to show you motherfuckers what I learn from Pac, Slim
Couple rounds in the clip down for burning that
Beats i murder that, beef i murder that
Heard the shooter yell NNeer before he heard the mac
And even if that nigga didn't
Bet he know it's them
Black with a little bit of brown like a doberman
That 1911 hold 11
Go and call the 9-11
He just send his soul to heaven
Bitches say the shows is heaven sitting in the front row
Turned a couple Poly High games to the gun show
Turned a couple Wilson High gangs to the track meet
You be in to rap beef cause you ain't never have beef
Joey thats my brother so I'm part of all of Fatts beef
And you know my strap
Keep talking thats my black bitch

2-2-3 make a fat nigga black flip
One 16 wipe niggas off the map quick
Never had to show a lot of effort with the rap shit
Going for the kill cause I never really had shit
Same old stereo type, got the stereo hype
Hope when I die that I'm buried like Mike
Guys on that prize that ain't even my sight
If you want that fire then he leaving tonight to show
Two claps when I see my yaNNcs
Two straps been moved that across the interstate
Arizona homies call me Flagstaff shortie
Chrome Kel Tec nine and a big black 40
We be shooting up the parties like we got no sense
Ride around city trippin, we ain't got no tints
Hood been my home, I ain't got no rent
We be chillin' on the pop like we livin' on the pop
Never slipping, not trying to see the prison like my pops
Never giving you a pass if I consider you a Op
Don't consider you a threat if you ain't sending niggas shots
Got some killas with me down to put a nigga in the dirt
Light the candles on the curb, send a message to the cops
Snitch niggas in the feds sending letters to the cops
So I never trust a soul, when they ask I'm never speaking
My Baretta Scott King strong and black and she could be
Team trying to gangrene like that old Max B
Old French Montana, macaroni with the cheese
Young Joe Montana throwing bullets through your defense
They need Vince, you should put him on your team
If I die on these streets then consider me a martyr
Enemies ghost 5 deep in the charger
Down to shoot though cause I got that jumper
Been on that block this my 19th summer
Momma playing Stevie Wonder in the kitchen while she cooking

Pigs knocking at the door to take my dad to central booking
Reading books up in my room cause she won't let me go and play
Scared her youngest son will run around and go pick up a K

Fuck that shit you represent I'm here to get these presidents
Wouldn't be the only king to come up where the peasants live
Pray to god I never do the shit that both my parents did
History repeats itself, it's up to me to change it
Watch me burn the book of life and write the pages in my favor
On some King James shit
Call me Mr. on some Rosewood Ving Rhames shit
Keep a pistol in the Gap fleece
We aim quick, leave a nigga on the backstreets
Same old shit, you heard Stuck In My Ways
No the show don't stop, I could do it for days
If you disrespect my family we all gon' fight
Swinging like T Woods, trying to earn my stripes
Yeah that uppercut will fuck him up so say goodnight