

Progressive 2

Vince Staples

Uh

Time is money motherfucker, and money matters
Automatics make em' panic like it's East Atlantic
Jordan High summer school with my nigga Savage
Back when I was tryna' plot on fucking skinny Jasmine
Had a couple tablets we was pitching like Santana
Times was hard we ain't have no God, but we had hammers
Don't ever put me in a box with you rap bastards
Came from a different struggle, niggas had a different hustle
Never been suburban, piled in a Suburban nickel-plated Gervin
Hope they ready for that thunder cuz' my K.P. never on safety
Fortified with that .45 so who wanna' die
Just another product of my mothers pride
Smothered in my mothers lies Christ never died foe' me
But I know some niggas that'll give they life foe' me
You niggas can stick to praisin' and my niggas will stick to ba
ngin'
If I die today remember me like Curt Henning
Perfect in every way
Now let the devils pray