

Screen Door

Vince Staples

What's the word, what's the word, what's the word?
You are now about to witness the strength of narcotics

Who's that peekin' in my screen door?
I got what you need, what you fiend for?

Bobby Johnson ain't my OG, this ain't no movie, bro
Pop's was off that O.E trippin' gettin' his Tookie on
Thunderbird with Gold D's, a felon and parolee
McDonald's for the Double Cheese, pockets fit a couple C-Notes
Up on the screen, Dolce in the pack it up and leave
But we don't read those
Cause the money comin' faster than your bitch, nigga
All my life I wanted to be a rich nigga
But homie let me proceed
Pop's was moving slow poke, that's way before the codeine
Just methadone and powdered H to junkies with the sour faces
Knocking on the screen door asking for their homie Nate
Ten to twenty each, 4p.m. he leave so don't be late
Mom up off of work asking me if anybody came
To kick it with my dad or was he chilling in the alleyway
He was in the alleyway, that's what he always had me say
Slangin' for them bills he had to pay somebody at the door

Pots on top of the furnace, Glocks on top of the kitchen
Table-tables is turning, now my father is trippin'
He shootin', sniffin', and sippin', pigs recruitin' them snitch
es
Cause testimonies from homies can lead to longer convictions
Police knockin' at my door, pretendin' nobody hear him
Police knockin' down my door with judicial system permission
Contraband in where we livin', hope I don't get thrown away
In the prison dogs are sniffin' backyard full of canes
Catch a case and not get out, niggas fighting every day
Choppers circle cause a nigga chop hard on the blade
Got broads on the base, slangin' rude, we bangin' too
Where you from?
If they got that back, we clapping coming through
Going dumb, 40's selling water profit from the slums
Since we was young money been the motive
Nigga get you some guns and dough
Bruh I love them guns and dough
Find me slangin' for the low
Come around, you getting domed, somebody at the door