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