Señorita

Vince Staples

9 millimeter, my brothers my keeper Was serving that ether before I did features My mamacita, she know how to greet me She know how to keep me She better not get

Fuck ya dead homies, run ya bread homie Got some lead for me, I'm on Artesia Parked in my Beamer bumping my own shit I'm focused, they stuck on that dull shit Livin' for that True Religion is broke shit I can spend that on a Mac with a long clip Fly in that Benz but you hide in that Focus My nigga just focus, I'm tryin' to paint you a picture We stuck in the moment My burner gets stuck if I shoot it too much So a nigga resorted to domin' That's somebody's son but a war to be won Baby either go hunt or be hunted We crabs in a bucket, he called me a crab So I shot at him in front of the Douglas I cannot be fucked with, we thuggin' in public

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What means the world to you? Is it a fast life, money and clothes? Probably fuckin' these hoes And what would you murder for? Will your name hold weight when the curtains close? Nigga caught one case and I heard he told Snitch get a full clip and closed casket Won't hug your bitch, when the ho ratchet Cold jumper, been shootin', no practice Been tourin', whip foreign, coupe crashin' Still bangin' 2 Naughty 2 Nasty Still "fuck the police" they won't catch me My feature too pricey, don't ask me Go hard 'til Goyard on my baggage He mad we won't fight, I'm gon' tag him Mask up at midnight and start clappin' Kids crying, still snipin', no lackin'

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I don't have a reason, oh but I Ill get in your mind I keep you loaded and ready right here beside of me I'll pull up on you I'll pull up on your mind
I'll pull up on you
I'll pull up on you