

Shots

Vince Staples

Niggas die off of Poppy street
Bet my mama vouch, they drive by
We don't run inside, bitch, we shoot it out
On my grind, Benz color of the crimes I've been committing
I've been fighting all my life and I ain't stopping 'til it's finished
Rapid fire power sound just like a helicopter engine
Hell ain't threatening to niggas who ain't never had religion
In this field you Phillis Wheatleys ain't gon' never catch me slipping
Serve that brick piece, now we sneaky, sell 'til the man come and get 'em

Yeah, my niggas built for war, my niggas built for war
They sending threats, we sending shots
They sending threats, we sending shots

Fuck the pigs alive and dead 'cuz they ain't never had my back
See you black, 'fore you a man, and you a nigga 'fore you that
And that you'll never understand if you done seen it second hand
You ain't ready for that war then please don't step across them tracks
Rent money low and pressure high, no sellin O's just selling dimes
These California sunny skies done looked down on me all of my life
Is you really bout' what you write? Know they waitin' on my demise
And I been waiting too, my patience through, blue paisley noose in the sky

Martin Luther had a dream, I thought Tookie dream was better
Bunchy Carter had a plan, but they shot him 'fore he led us
To that Ghetto Promise Land, it ain't no hope for the darker man
Just the folks who you bump for the Arm & Hammer, the nigga prolly gone die when his mama had em'
That fleecy mattress fit 3 or 4, taking shit when we leave the store
Ain't a shoulder to lean up on, chauffeur in the back, the police been called
Same ol' gauge, same ol' trigger, same ol' cage, brand new nigga
Front page when you kill em', mothafucka pay attention