

# Sleep

Vince Staples

Catch me on a trunk night, throwin' up a dirt bike  
English dikes on the back and they screamin', ☐Fuck life!☐  
To be honest, only fuck twice  
My drug jacket got the thug stripes  
I'm glad they hate me, they ain't love Christ or Mike Jordan either  
Dip my blunts in ether, chase the last name of Aretha  
When they hear me through the speakers man these niggas know I mean it  
The mannerisms of a genius, models down to seen it  
The flow is scenic  
The ho is black, the car is European  
Cream soda when we put the lean in  
Fuck your team, your clique, whatever you bangin'  
I come through blunt lit, bucket low, nuts hangin'  
Like nigga what? Nigga yawk! Niggas know me  
The fuckin' dollar, crossed to the dark side so it's fuck Obi Kenobi  
You active, motherfucker then show me  
I tell your fuckin' wife to blow me  
Nigga, it's still fuck you (Still fuck you)

Yo, still searchin' for Easter pink on Easter Sunday  
Black lip pastor Herb done lit the herb and passed it your way  
Master with the nouns and verbs, you haven't heard the wordplay?  
I'm the most def here, shouts to black Dante  
The stakes is high, who'd like to climb on my gate  
Live from the last name of Kanye  
I heard your whoop de whoop and blase blases  
So when I cut you off consider Kendrick Lamar  
You know it's all in the family tree  
The helix of my DNA should read T-D-E, what can I say?  
I left a acid tab for Da\$h on his dashboard  
I hope he don't crash tryin' to dash for it  
Your bitch fuckin' like, like I paid cash for it  
Motherfucker, Soul!

It's Young Fisherman sinkin' in Lake Michigan  
Innocence, voice of an angel, so Minnie Riperton  
Gettin' lit exquisite bitch, live from the Wimbledon  
Still sinnin' as Bill Clinton, that's ill pimpin'  
She butt-naked swimmin', I'm payin' her no attention  
Workaholic, got a TV show, I know you seen the crib  
Nasty since a youngin' in some sanitary birth  
Watch this beat get buried in a hearse, yeah I kill myself  
Mac hippy analog, rap midi turn the cameras off  
I made you snap, I'll slap your bandana off  
Your bitch greet me like I'm Santa Clause  
Mouth wide, I'm high as a satellite see  
I'm in ancient Greece gettin' head from Aphrodite  
Mac is mighty, got a bunch of whities actin' like me  
I set the bar high  
This a bizarre ride, word to Pharcyde  
In plaid pants, hit a hole in one on the par 5  
Eyes closed drinkin' whiskey, let the car drive  
These hoes thirsty, see the dick and they large-eyed

Never gave a dollar to the pastor  
Hoes can't get inside my home without the password  
My past worth was measured by those who got less than now

Safe to say you motherfuckers know you like my style  
Paved the way for they new found vision  
Now they mad at a nigga, call me dad when you preachin' boy  
Never one for trippin', find me full-speed sprintin'  
While they yellin' Please tell me what it is and what it ain't  
Niggas sniffelin', catchin' feelings while I'm laughin' to the bank  
Chasin' bitches that they'll probably never get, what a shame  
Meanwhile I'll be sittin' in this critical acclaim  
Walkin' drowsy off a plane, drinkin' water in the rain  
With your daughter tryin' to garnish her brain for future reference  
I'm some shit you'll never see in the game  
And if I could I'd explain, but this right here's the end