

## Swiss Army

Vince Staples

YMCMB, haha, alright  
My patience wears thin with lacks of violence  
Put the world on my shoulders I play it like violins  
And sense, I really make none in present tense, I  
Really write my lyrics in hieroglyphics, I  
Really fight my lyrics can not be condensed  
And the best will never feel the need to convince  
My Army's offence exceeds any resistance  
Be nice bitch, I just might let you meet Vince  
The lights switch, so brakes are something I don't need  
My reign roams, I'm Constantine with gold teeth  
I play ours, realer than the words that speak in same songs  
And I own every day of the week, I go hard  
There's no telling where time goes  
But my slow-mo flows put the world on hold  
I roll like snowball effects, just watch me grow  
I'm Jack Frost, I'm so cold my shadow glows