

Trunk Rattle

Vince Staples

My momma cried the day I got put on the hood
Never wished for better days, only wished a nigga would
Never been a pump faker, that won't do your boy no good
Still shoot it like a free throw, hammers that the chicanos get
Daddy threw it off the glass like a bank shot, shit
I'm just trying to get the money that the bank got flip
Like a monster truck, banging never disturbed me
That's the only time I see niggas balling without a jersey
At apartments we used to loot, them poppy niggas'll shoot
Homies taught me 2N's ain't need no friends
I need a black panamera with the black 2-10's
Told my momma I would make it so the story begins
Begins

Trunk rattle like a body in that bitch
Catch a body in this bitch, check the body on my bitch
Mafuckas talkin' shit til' you show up where they live
Mafuckas talkin' shit til' you show up where they live, nigga
Got a whole lot of problems at the crib
Got a chopper at the crib since I hopped up out the crib, nigga

Tell me what's the deal, I'm trying to make a mil or somethin'
Tell me how you feel, these haters want a hundred
So it's cameras in the crib, cock hammers in the whip
Champagne for the pain, gram stacked up in the spliff
Blow the back out on the bitch who only want you for the dough
you got
We know they know you know, but still we got them hoes up in the spot
Getting hot and bothered sinning in this sign of smoke
I put that on my momma, not a nigga living that stop the show
Promise that we did it way before we ever heard of rap
Niggas say they shooters, where your jersey at?
We catch you where you lurking at
Been to hell and church and back, all in granny Cadillac
Matter fact she had that Eldorado parked on Colorado
Called us if she had a problem, cousin Jerry had a rocket
Back when Common had you tryna to read Qu'rans and go to college
But forget about it