

## Turn

Vince Staples

Woke up walking on water  
Ditching my alma mater  
Made a lot of mistakes from mimicking ways of my father  
Father can you forgive me? Sinning since I remember  
Back when granddaddy died, that was a cold December  
They closed his casket while my motherfuckin hope was in it  
Soon as you come out the womb they hanging rope for niggas  
Groomed for the stone and the tomb, going for broke and shit  
We've been that, push shit back, the Devil coaching niggas  
Telling 'em to shoot, like a title on the line  
When it's judgment time I doubt that God can look me in my eyes  
'Fore He send me down to Hell cause I'mma ask a Nigga Why?  
Never played it by the book because the Book was full of lies  
And the preacher full of shit, and the teacher full of shit  
Used to boo me from the bleachers that I'm never gon' forget  
Eating \$5 Little Caesar's pizzas on the WIC  
Cause my daddy left my momma for the motherfucking pen

But when it come down to it, know I'm out here shooting  
Cause it's all a nigga got  
Yeah that's all a nigga got  
When it come down to it know the basehead use it  
Cause it's all a nigga got  
Yeah that's all a nigga got  
Find me posted on the block, cause it's all a nigga got  
Couple hundred in the knot, cause it's all a nigga got  
Still running from the cops  
Cause it's all a nigga got Cause that's all a nigga got

Our Father who art in heaven  
Seen my momma dying every day since grade 11  
You see her age is catching up to all them years of stressing  
Tears is falling and her son too far away to catch 'em  
Hard to call and when she call she gotta leave a message  
Cause a nigga working  
And I'm working so she worry free, guess I defeat the purpose  
Medication cost a arm and leg, hardly even worth it  
Doctor tripping so it got a nigga feeling John Q, wild  
Round sitting in the gun, duck duck goose style  
Pressure building up, nigga, what you gonna do now?  
Brother kid too now, 12 years in the pen  
Seen life end 'fore this shit begin  
Sing it then

One for the fucking money  
Two for the fucking show  
.357 on me, loaded ready to go  
I know my bitches love me  
Know my enemies don't  
My momma know I'm shady  
I'm granny bastard baby  
Look in the mirror like this is what you made me  
I'm going crazy please somebody save me  
Jesus way too far gone for him to reach me  
To reach me