

# Étouffée

Vince Staples

Every minute!

That's how it be happenin'  
This for all my niggas trappin' out abandoneds (This for my niggas)  
For my ladies on stage ass-clappin'  
Transactions, 'cause your momma need a mansion  
Get crackin', put them niggas in a casket (R.I.P., man down)  
Can't forget the shit they did to your lil' brother'nem (Dead homies)  
Shed so many tears, lost a hundred friends  
Every time I see them niggas, I'ma need that (On the hood)  
Believe that (I'm not lying)  
Label tryna give me feedback, told me "Bring the streets back"  
Fans said they want 2015 Vince  
Dropped Big Fish, cuh been weak since (Cuh be trippin')  
Damn, tell me how you really feel (That's how you feel?)  
And, all I wanted was a couple mill' (Okay)  
Make the city proud (Hood)  
Put it on 'fore them crackers come and tear it down  
What are you about?

In the ghetto, I'm a martian  
Crash-landed in them dirty ass apartments  
Stay shinnin', I'll forever be the hardest  
Big timin', like them niggas in New Orleans  
Grill shinin', like them niggas from Magnolia  
Chopper City in the ghetto, I'm a soldier now  
Where they at? Get the gat, ha  
Where they at? Get the gat

Money growin' on trees, niggas hangin' on palm, smoker spillin' OE  
Code 3-0-4, she don't want a sixteen  
Renegade on the blade, makin' tricks, buy her treats  
No love, I'ma sleep with my weapon  
Porsche 911, slide through the section  
Gotta show my homies I'm on now  
Both soles on the ground, never sold out  
What you know 'bout this? No glitz and glamour  
Pole hangin' out of my Polo pajamas  
Fades gettin' ran, gotta watch for the cameras  
Before you get freaky, can't fuck with no random  
These bitches is sneaky  
If police come ask you, then you never seen me  
The ghetto will trap you, but I love it  
Yeah, I love this shit, on crip (65th Street)

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Oh, we need nobody else but God  
That's all we need, you understand what I'm sayin'?  
Everybody else, everybody else is sour, you know what I'm sayin'?

Everybody, family turn your back on you, everything  
You know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
Do you know one thing, you gotta soldier like him imma stay solid, baby, to  
the bone gristle  
You know me, you understand what I'm sayin'  
Off the top, yo

I don't need your flowers, I'm livin'  
First time I seen a millions dollar, I squinted  
Bro gave me a pack to help me hustle, some midget  
Came a long way from them project buildings  
That's where granny went when she left Louisiana  
Tryna dodge Jim Crow, but you can't escape the Massa  
Stained glass windows kept my vision from the pastor  
I'm probably finna go to Hell, but it don't matter  
Seen Heaven on Earth (Earth), nah, I could've been up on a shirt  
If I ain't get my shit together, go to work  
I been hittin' licks since F.L.I.P. vs. F.L.I.R.T.S  
Ridin' with the stick like witchcraft  
Findin' beauty in the darkness like Rembrandt  
Everybody gang, gang, gang, 'til it get bad  
Do you hearin' me? The ghetto is a mismatch  
You ain't never finna win that, nah

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