

Étouffée

Vince Staples

Every minute!

That's how it be happen'
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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