

Funk Flex Freestyle #019

Vince Staples

I'm just a nigga with a black vendetta and a black owned business
And a black Raf with a back and back white privilege
In a big body Benz with the glass black tinted
Kiss my whole black ass if you can't get with it
I'm a whole asshole, nigga, ask Nicole, nigga
Ask Vinyan and my two big sisters
With my big black fist with them blisters in it
From that wood grain whip, but the wheel keep spinnin'
And the world keep turnin', and my Blacks keep burnin'
At the stake, but we still talkin' 'bout gettin' paid
Talkin' 'bout fuckin' hoes, talkin' 'bout what you bang
Talkin' 'bout Crips and Bloods, talkin' 'bout where you from
Talkin' 'bout what you did like somebody give a shit
Do some shit for your home, do some shit for the kids
'Stead of talkin' 'bout yourself, lil' nigga you's a bitch
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And I'm straight from 65th, Lil Fade was the name
'Til I grewed, only go by the name mama gave
Niggas sweet in the street like they're peach marmalades
See the fuzz, see the judge, then they start to [?]
Tell the police where he live, but won't show your brother love
Lil nigga, you's a bitch
If my black life matters, mothafucka stop the killin
If my black life matters, mothafucka stop snitchin'
If my black life matters, mothafucka start business
In your hood 'stead of lettin' fuckin' Starbucks in it
If my black life matters then respect our women
If my black life matters don't neglect our children
If my black life matters, if the police take my shit with a pistol
Don't march, go kill 'em
Lil nigga, you's a bitch
All these lights, all these drones, what you Star Wars, homes?
In your True Religion jeans and your Star Wars robe
You ain't runway ready, you ain't gunplay ready
God real and he comin', hope you Sunday ready
I never drove one Chevy, I went Bimmer to Mercedes
My mama had a beeper sellin' reefer in the 80s
Levis and A Wang, still from the A gang
Used to be at rallys back when Stormy was my main thing
Had a .22 in the TK Crew fleece
.22 in the TK flew
Had a .22 in the TK Crew fleece
Used to have depression, used to have a couple mood swings
Real shit, now I'm on the bottom of the deal shit
Not here now, a nigga not here now
But guarantee a nigga goin' on, write four rhymes
Every night, on my knees I pray
My next girl look like M.I.A
And my enemies die like Kennedys
We by any means tryna get paid
Niggas in the rap game tryna get slaved
Niggas in this rap game all bitch made
Do it for the fame, I do it for the fans
If rap don't work, I'ma do it with the blam
That trey 5 jam, I'ma do it with my hands
Tears, sweat, blood, I'ma get it out the mud

That's on everything, that's on everything a nigga love
Mothafucka catch a slug tryna buzz on the Norf side
Two guns, tell them niggas hang out
I got two drums like a nigga James Brown
Two guns, tell them niggas hang out
I got two drums like a nigga James Brown
Change the game, watch the game change now
Switched up the gameplan, watch 'em fall down
'Cause lil' nigga, you's a bitch