

Lord

Vince Staples

In '76 you know they stop fighting
Niggas start shooting
You know it was something new to me
You know we use to fight all the time
The next minute I'm runnin from gunshots
So, the only thing I said to myself
Say man are we gonna start doing what they're doing
You know the same thing they do to us
We do to them
[?] but you had to either do or die
Or stay in the house
You know fight or stay in the house
So I wasn't gon' stay in the house for nobody...

I ain't never really care about shit
Soon as my father abandoned his kids
I was down for the problems
I promised my momma
I wasn't gonna die, so I got this revolver
Hammers will heal what a fist can't fix
Won't get down I'mma sent 'bout six
Ain't no question I'm wit' that shit
On the highway to hell
But it still ain't jail
Gotta plug in the scale
Tryna make this money
Crooked ass police tryna take this from me
Either watch yo step, or you catch that weap(weapon)
Niggas take your life 'cuz you ain't worth shit
Tell my momma don't trust not a soul that she meet
9 times outta ten niggas just like me
Tryna some up off the next man
Hammer in my left hand

Voice from grandma yelling from the dead
She said just pray to sweet Lord Jesus
But he can't do shit, when you bleedin
Still ain't got no food in that freezer
You gon' do whatever you need cuz
God don't come when there's niggas at the door
Shimmy shimmy ya, I'mma give to him raw
Roaches in the hallway, sleeping on the floor
Welcome to the land of the lost and destroyed

My brother Smalls, told a nigga focus on the money
But why try when they tryna take a nigga under
Spend a thousand every-time a nigga make a hundred
And they wonder why I'm wild when I'm out in public
Demons form in the presences of nothing but struggle
It's easy to hustle when knowing nobody love you
Ain't nothing to lose
This money to gain
Fuck playin' by the rules, shoot him his brain
Life change when you take shit by the range
Sitting in the rain wit' a Glock nine
Waiting for the bus on Ximeno
I wish a bitch would roll by on some funny shit

Niggas know I got mines
Hard times make nigga face hard time in a cell
Never heard of hell, only heard of home
Hardly ever there
Shit I rather roam

If 1st and 2nd Corinthians
Could give a nigga spinnin rims or Christina Milian
I'll prolly give that shit a chance
Coulda went the college route
But I choose the nigga plan
Broken heart sitting on my path try and watch my step
God bless a child with a gift then he turned his back
Told him choose his own way
Guess I choose the wrong way
But it's only one way
Either wit'the gunplay
Or you getting dumped on, nigga ain't a soul safe
I live my life as if a nigga could get killed tonight
Niggas running at they mouth like they wanna die
I ain't the passive nigga most would probably wanna try
In the land of the lost only the strong survive
Ridin' round wit' 4s under the seat
In a four door jeep that's 400 hundred degrees
Looking for my enemies
They haunt me when I sleep
So any motherfucker that taunt me getting shot

My name is Vince Staples
I don't represent nothin..
It's gonna be for you niggas real soon
It's gonna be over for you real soon