

# Matlock

Vince Staples

Turnt down niggas get they bitch shot at  
Catch ya baby momma slipping at the laundrymat  
Got the whole crowd cheering like Fonzie back  
My army strapped, blazed where Bonzi at?  
Got em wishing at the well that they see a nigga fail  
Rather see me in jail then doing well like the white folk  
They ain't even want Mike Jones, still tippin  
Leave the tip on the table as I serve you niggas  
I still ride around the city like I murder niggas  
Bad hoes get Roethlisberger'd  
No lies, preserve  
Curb That, Enthusiasm just a lil bit  
We ain't' fucking round with them rounds, cuh they still equipped  
Warfare, Guerrilla clips, hold that, throwback, Darko Milicic  
Sons got lojack, find ya babysitter crib, run up in that ho and  
blow that lil' muhfucka away  
Is it wrong if I say, I'm feeling better than anybody's ever been  
Herring Bone chain and some skeletons, pelicans  
Rap niggas telling fibs, you ain't really selling shit  
If you is, lead yo crib up like cheap paint  
I tell my niggas C-safe cause the beach ain't  
Most the niggas telling you to practice what you preach fake  
You never talk about the dirt that you do  
Cause in interrogation pigs can say that heard that from, you  
  
And real niggas don't play by the rules, we just go hard  
In yo front yard with the tools, let em dump off  
Called Matlock, got the case dropped  
Riding all around yo city with the safe off [x2]  
Nigga...