

# Opps

Vince Staples

Fuck y'all want from me  
Y'all don't own money  
Y'all don't want from me  
Y'all wanna die in the chase of things  
We all gon' die and break the thing  
Trapped inside a burning church  
Made it out alive  
God know my worth  
Raw face, scarface, your face  
More defeat, I know it hurts  
20 of 'em  
20 on call  
Got 20 in my hand  
Got 20 on judge  
Gave 20 to my dog  
Got 20 on girls  
That'll fuck you to- (zoom zoom)  
That'll fuck you to fuck you over  
Take your safe, take your keys, take your Rover  
Take the heart you thought you had  
Speed off, rollin' up life in a taxi cab

Opps on the radar (you're dead to me)  
How you wanna play ball? (you're dead to me)  
[\*censored\*] takes all (you're dead to me)  
(You're dead to me, you're dead to me)  
You know what zone I'm in... (you're dead to me)  
Don't care who you with (you're dead to me)  
Watch me do my shit (you're dead to me)  
(You're dead to me)

Hey hey  
Ready, set, go crazy  
Here to finesse, you see I'm getting mines  
Life hit a nigga with a lemon's lime  
Like what at night we still committing crimes, spitting rhymes  
Bought a coupe with the spinning rims, get inside  
Bring a friend, bleeding hands from the genocide  
Clean me up, beam me up to the other side  
Brothers die, 'cause coons turn to butterflies  
They don't wanna see me sittin' in the Benz  
They don't wanna see me livin' on the end  
Of the city in a city wide bend  
Show no pity in the city for the sin  
They don't wanna see me gettin' to the check  
They just wanna see me swimming in the debt  
Don't drown on ground wait until you hear  
911, freeze (zoom zoom) dead

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I move like a millipede  
When I flex them tendons like rubber trees  
Young Millie Jackson back to the shit  
Mouth piece drawn, got a verbal armory  
Stack bodies not figurines  
Move beneath the surface, submarine  
I'm half machine, obscene with a light sword  
Look inside the brain, it's a ride in the psych ward  
What you standing on the side for?  
Roar like a lioness, punch like a cyborg  
Spit slick, attack is subliminal  
Flowers on my mind, but the rhyme style sinister  
Stand behind my own bars, like a seasoned criminal  
Gotham city streets I'll blame the [\*censored\*]  
Crushing any system, that belittles us  
Antidote to every poison they administer  
Switch it like time signatures  
Colours in my aura tend cover the perimeter  
Brown bodies that the blues wanna shoot through  
Hi-rez lasers wanna (zoom, zoom, zoom)  
Roll over your eyes  
My strength ain't nothing like my size  
Blades on the top, Kathleen Cleaver  
Tangle my chords like a weaver

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