

Outside!

Vince Staples

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, shit
(Ayy, when they play shit, shoot the party up)
Yeah, yeah (Ayy, when they play this shit)
Yeah, yeah, shit

Broad day, I'm 'round your way
SK, come out, let's play
Draco, that's a young nigga gun
Pull a trey five seven watch young niggas run
I'm out there, on Johnny head, you lackin'
I'm on yo' ass, we packed in
He ran on line, we catch him, we gon' blam his mind
No cappin', Park gangstas backed in
At my Uncle Phil house with the MAC-10
Up at momma Trice house that's street doubt
Little young, now niggas better calm down

Left side, who 'bout that life?
Right side, who 'bout that life?
Nighttime, who 'bout to die?
Outside, you know my mind
Westside, who 'bout that life?
Eastside, who 'bout that life?
Norfside, who 'bout this life?
Outside, you know my mind

Young and livin' gorgeous, reinforce wish
Prolly can't afford this, we in orbit
We gotta space and my face with the court shit
Never love, never trust, never gone switch
Niggas wanna press lines, so it's vest time
Pressin' in my best life, I'm a mess, right
Step first, in a march, we don't mess, right
Make him recess when we see him in the set

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Niggas know the deal when I pull up in the pill
I'ma, I'ma, I'ma heat a nigga grill
I'ma, I'ma, I'ma go in for the kill
I'ma, I'ma, I'ma, I'ma
Niggas know the deal when I pull up me and Phil
I'ma, I'ma, I'ma really do a drill
I'ma, I'ma do 'em shitty, yes I will
I'ma, I'ma, I'ma