

# Papercuts

Vince Staples

Bang, cookin' up love, always on the run  
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They wanna know if I'm in the street  
Or if I still feel a way about the enemies  
Just keep it real with me, I don't need no sympathy  
I hate this industry, missin' sleep, been some weeks  
Countin' money up while they countin' sheep  
Used to picture me rollin', vividly  
Now everything I dream is everything you see  
Ridin' with the blick, thirty shots at least  
Keep it in my reach right up on the seat  
I try to teach but then these niggas think he tryna preach  
And I ain't got no time for nobody out here tryin' me

Ri-ridin' 'round the city, say what's up  
Don't be playin' with my money (Don't be playin'), don't be playin' with the hood  
Papercuts, papercuts, out here tryna run it up  
If it ain't 'bout bread (Yeah), I don't give a fuck (Ayy)  
See me 'round the city, say what's up  
Don't be playin' with my money (Don't be playin'), don't be playin' with the hood  
Papercuts, papercuts, out here tryna run it up (Yeah)  
If it ain't 'bout bread, I don't give a fuck, no

We don't wanna hear that bullshit Shareef  
Ain't no love, ain't no peace when you broke in these streets  
And they never love you back but you don't know until you leave  
Always lookin' for a bag, never had the time to grieve  
Hit my line, but make it brief if you ain't talkin' dollars  
Wild calls from my dawgs, hope the free my partners  
Still thinkin' everyday about the one that got away, ayy  
You know I'm crazy 'bout you, right?  
I want a wife, don't want no baby mama, nah  
These crazy bitches try to tap your pockets, yeah  
Now I ain't trippin', I'm just bein' honest, yeah  
I love my direct deposit

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If it ain't 'bout bread, I don't give a fuck, no

I'm what you're waitin' for (Yeah, what you waitin' for?)  
I'm what you're waitin' for (What you waitin' for? Yeah, what you waitin' for?)  
I'm what you're waitin' for (Yeah, what you waitin' for?)  
I'm what you're waitin' for (What you waitin' for? Yeah)  
Bang, cookin' up love, always on the run  
(See me ridin' 'round the city, say what's up

Don't be playin' with my money, don't be playin' with the hood)  
Bang, cookin' up love, always on the run  
(Papercuts, papercuts, out here tryna run it up  
If it ain't 'bout bread)