

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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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)