

Prima Dona

Vince Staples

Kick cack ce cool, watch a nigga get it
I be all around the city with the semi naughty crippin'
All the homies say I'm different, police say I raise suspicion
Buy a million dollar home and blow my dome to paint the kitchen
Bitches like, "Is that Venetian?"
Niggas salty when they meet him
Cause they never finna beat him
And they'll never get a feature
I'm a star, tell Billy I'm a bill him for the sneakers
You conversin' with a nigga, better be about the green
I've been broke, I ain't goin' back
Rather go to Calipat, or murdered while I'm shootin' back
Call me King Latifah
If we talkin' bout your bitch and she a keeper
Better keep her in the house
Watch your mouth
Don't be screamin' from the bleachers, nigga

Is it real?
Is it? Is it real?
Is it real?
Real, real
Is it? Is it real?
Is it real, real? Is it it real?
Real, real, real
Real, real, real
Real, real, real
Real killer shit, real nigga shit, real militant
Once you get addicted to it
Is it real?

I just wanna be DaVinci baby
Why they wanna kill me baby?
Feelin' like a pop star, music drive a nigga crazy
Think I'm finna pull a Wavves on the Primavera stage
On some prima donna shit, finna throw it all away
I don't need no accolades, boy I'm here to act a fool
Ask about me, had the shotty, robbin' niggas at the school
Me and Pac Slimm, we been shootin' since the Vans song
Pullin' any trigger that a nigga got his hands on
Lookin' at my vida, all this money, all these visas
All these mothafuckin' mini mes I know they wanna be him
Either with it or against it nigga, ain't no in-betweenin'
If you say you wanna kill the man then dump it when you see him pussy

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Once you get addicted to it
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Little sunshine
Fed up with the gun violence
Fed up with the old rules
Fed up with the youth dyin'
I just wanna live forever
Fed up with the songs singin'
Fed up with the gang bangin'
Fed up with the same things
Fed up with my life changin'
I just wanna show you better
I just wanna show you better
I just wanna show you better
I just wanna show you better