

## Shots

Vince Staples

Niggas die off of Poppy street  
Bet my mama vouch, they drive by  
We don't run inside, bitch, we shoot it out  
On my grind, Benz color of the crimes I've been committing  
I've been fighting all my life and I ain't stopping 'til it's finished  
Rapid fire power sound just like a helicopter engine  
Hell ain't threatening to niggas who ain't never had religion  
In this field you Phillis Wheatleys ain't gon' never catch me s lippin'  
Serve that brick piece, now we sneaky, sell 'til the man come and get 'em

Yeah, my niggas built for war, my niggas built for war  
They sending threats, we sending shots  
They sending threats, we sending shots

Fuck the pigs alive and dead 'cuz they ain't never had my back  
See you black, 'fore you a man, and you a nigga 'fore you that  
And that you'll never understand if you done seen it second hand  
You ain't ready for that war then please don't step across them tracks  
Rent money low and pressure high, no sellin O's just selling dimes  
These California sunny skies done looked down on me all of my life  
Is you really bout' what you write? Know they waitin' on my demise  
And I been waiting too, my patience through, blue paisley noose in the sky

Martin Luther had a dream, I thought Tookie dream was better  
Bunchy Carter had a plan, but they shot him 'fore he led us  
To that Ghetto Promise Land, it ain't no hope for the darker man  
Just the folks who you bump for the Arm & Hammer, the nigga probably gone die when his mama had em'  
That fleecy mattress fit 3 or 4, taking shit when we leave the store  
Ain't a shoulder to lean up on, chauffeur in the back, the police been called  
Same ol' gauge, same ol' trigger, same ol' cage, brand new nigg a  
Front page when you kill em', mothafucka pay attention