

Sleep

Vince Staples

Catch me on a trunk night, throwin' up a dirt bike
English dikes on the back and they screamin', "Fuck life!"
To be honest, only fuck twice
My drug jacket got the thug stripes
I'm glad they hate me, they ain't love Christ or Mike Jordan either
Dip my blunts in ether, chase the last name of Aretha
When they hear me through the speakers man these niggas know I mean it
The mannerisms of a genius, models down to seen it
The flow is scenic
The ho is black, the car is European
Cream soda when we put the lean in
Fuck your team, your clique, whatever you bangin'
I come through blunt lit, bucket low, nuts hangin'
Like nigga what? Nigga yawk! Niggas know me
The fuckin' dollar, crossed to the dark side so it's fuck Obi Kenobi
You active, motherfucker then show me
I tell your fuckin' wife to blow me
Nigga, it's still fuck you (Still fuck you)

Yo, still searchin' for Easter pink on Easter Sunday
Black lip pastor Herb done lit the herb and passed it your way
Master with the nouns and verbs, you haven't heard the wordplay?
I'm the most def here, shouts to black Dante
The stakes is high, who'd like to climb on my gate
Live from the last name of Kanye
I heard your whoop de whoop and blase blases
So when I cut you off consider Kendrick Lamar
You know it's all in the family tree
The helix of my DNA should read T-D-E, what can I say?
I left a acid tab for Da\$h on his dashboard
I hope he don't crash tryin' to dash for it
Your bitch fuckin' like, like I paid cash for it
Motherfucker, Soul!

It's Young Fisherman sinkin' in Lake Michigan
Innocence, voice of an angel, so Minnie Riperton
Gettin' lit exquisite bitch, live from the Wimbledon
Still sinnin' as Bill Clinton, that's ill pimpin'
She butt-naked swimmin', I'm payin' her no attention
Workaholic, got a TV show, I know you seen the crib
Nasty since a youngin' in some sanitary birth
Watch this beat get buried in a hearse, yeah I kill myself
Mac hippy analog, rap midi turn the cameras off
I made you snap, I'll slap your bandana off
Your bitch greet me like I'm Santa Clause
Mouth wide, I'm high as a satellite see
I'm in ancient Greece gettin' head from Aphrodite
Mac is mighty, got a bunch of whities actin' like me
I set the bar high
This a bizarre ride, word to Pharcyde
In plaid pants, hit a hole in one on the par 5
Eyes closed drinkin' whiskey, let the car drive
These hoes thirsty, see the dick and they large-eyed

Never gave a dollar to the pastor
Hoes can't get inside my home without the password
My past worth was measured by those who got less than now

Safe to say you motherfuckers know you like my style
Paved the way for they new found vision
Now they mad at a nigga, call me dad when you preachin' boy
Never one for trippin', find me full-speed sprintin'
While they yellin' Please tell me what it is and what it ain't
Niggas sniffelin', catchin' feelings while I'm laughin' to the bank
Chasin' bitches that they'll probably never get, what a shame
Meanwhile I'll be sittin' in this critical acclaim
Walkin' drowsy off a plane, drinkin' water in the rain
With your daughter tryin' to garnish her brain for future reference
I'm some shit you'll never see in the game
And if I could I'd explain, but this right here's the end