

Swiss Army

Vince Staples

YMCMB, haha, alright
My patience wears thin with lacks of violence
Put the world on my shoulders I play it like violins
And sense, I really make none in present tense, I
Really write my lyrics in hieroglyphics, I
Really fight my lyrics can not be condensed
And the best will never feel the need to convince
My Army's offence exceeds any resistance
Be nice bitch, I just might let you meet Vince
The lights switch, so brakes are something I don't need
My reign roams, I'm Constantine with gold teeth
I play ours, realer than the words that speak in same songs
And I own every day of the week, I go hard
There's no telling where time goes
But my slow-mo flows put the world on hold
I roll like snowball effects, just watch me grow
I'm Jack Frost, I'm so cold my shadow glows