

Traffic

Vince Staples

Nigga I don't got no homies
Forty on me like I'm Kemp
Oxycontin smothered the 'partment
And I'm trappin' like a bitch
Movin' molly monthly
My momma asked how I make the rent
I make the rent by making flips
Livin' like it's '86
I'm tryin' to sign for eighty bricks
Been listenin' to Gucci a lot
But I ain't goin' out like Dunkin
And so I'm thumpin'
Niggas hardly down for dumpin'
Let it bang like Chief Keef
Aim at the police
Paint up your whole street
Twelve gauge, big as a flamethrower
I'm feelin' like Kane in Wrestlemania
Shells inside that chamber duck
Honey hit your famouser
Hoes be in that Fetal stance
Firearms big as Digimon now watch my diddy dance
Flip a gram to get a grand
Real niggas stay masked up like Rick Hamilton
Tryin' to get my dough stacked up and buy the Vatican
Ninth grade Mayfair High, I snuck the hammer in
Glock's nine the match was ten

Ay, bitch I'm really on it, on it
Y'all silly, me funny
I traffic willy still I'm pumpin'
My pockets gettin' swollen
It's my grams rollin'
Bitch clips loaded, yeah

This a game you gotta shoot to play
My burner givin' boosie fades
Long Beach pb killa, I'll take it to my grave
Fuck the first forty eight and any nigga sayin' shit
We got the same guns as police and quick to spray a bitch
ARs and shit, get your whole department lit
Forty fours like Maravich
No droppin' dimes or shot attempts
Fuck the swine, I'm in the streets
Seven days out of the week
Still ain't reach my peak
So just take your seat and enjoy the show