

Versace Rap

Vince Staples

I asked my mama what's the key to life, she told me she ain't know
She just try to take it day to day, and pray I make it home
Made me wonder for a second, til I felt my weapon
Falling out my pocket, then walked inside my room before she saw it
Never had a happy home, stability's a problem
Evictions from apartments, prison letters from my father
All a nigga ever knew, if it wasn't for Rashard or Ray
I probably would be shot today, they taught a loc survival
My teachers said I had a vibrant mind, but a tarnished shine
Doing violent crimes, put the money in my pockets
Gave it to my mom, but when a nigga had a chance
Never asked where it was from, happy that I lent a hand
The day my grandfather died, I grew into a man
Around the same time I first pulled a trigger
I prayed it didn't hit him, but after awhile I ain't care
As long as a nigga still here, right?

Never had belief in Christ, cus in the pictures he was white
Same color as the judge that gave my hood repeated life
Sentences for little shit, church I wasn't feeling it
Why the preacher charge tell us everything gon be alright
Knew what it was for, still I felt that it was wrong
Till I heard Chef call himself God in the song
And it all made sense, cus we can't do shit
But look inside the mirror once it all goes wrong
You fix your own problems, tame your own conscience
All that holy water shit is nothing short of nonsense
Not denying Christ, I'm just denying niggas options
Cus prayer never moved my Grandmama out of Compton
I prayed for my cousin, but them niggas still shot him
Invest in a gun, cause them niggas still got them
And won't shit stop em from popping you in broad day
Hope that choir pew bulletproof or you gon' pay

Money was the motive, Florence, California, cutting corners
Trying catch a nigga slipping just to blaze him that Sabonis (what?)
Chamber long as Tommy Chambers nigga meet your maker
As-Salamu leave em lakeside, bells can't save em
When them shells start raining, guess my mama didn't raise me right
Too busy paying Christ to wash away her sins
But I'm the only one that's fucked up in the end?
That's the shit that happens when you put a book before your kids
The only girl I ever loved turned into a bitch
If I ever see her and I got a gun, she getting hit
That's as honest as it gets, I've done a lot of shit
I ain't proud of, but I wouldn't trade it in for Heaven
11 Mac-11's, and a Tre 57, bet that shit will get to talking
If you ever got a question
Never met a person worth trying to impress
So consider this a murder when it's 5 inside your chest