

## Vicoden

Vince Staples

Illuminati watchin us, police poppin us  
Waitin' until Christ come back so he can walk with us  
Shells in the revolver, best hit somebodys mama up  
Kev-lars over the heart to match the scarring of  
Our pops not bein' here, took him for a couple years  
Now my niggas stuck in here, so what we love it here  
The drugs is here, the guns is here  
Our mothers here, we run it here  
The police lookin for me, they gotta come in here  
A vicious cycle controlled, the pigs runnin the show  
You think these guns just get dropped off at the door?  
But I'mma still shoot, cause these days if you ain't gonna spray then  
Somebody gonna kill you

Live for today cause tomorrow never comes  
Till I'm sittin' in the grave, I'll be sittin' in the slums  
Cause I'm livin' just to die, ain't a ribbon in the sky  
Just a nigga in the hood, buying time before it's gone

My grandmother said we outta asthma medication  
But get ready for school, still, cause hell is waitin  
If you don't learn shit, you won't be shit  
And that would probably mean shit  
If they tried and teach kids during the class  
Gotta a heart made of gold, knuckles smothered in brass  
The snakes lay where you play, so I stray from the grass  
Mind already troubled enough  
So don't confuse my cruel actions for givin' a fuck  
I show no love, parents didn't give me enough  
Its too late now, I barely even like bein' touched  
My girl stopped givin' me hugs, says I don't see her that much  
But I just prefer bein' alone, because...

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