

Kingdom (feat. Vince Staples)

Common

I do dirt, in search of a clear mind
Money talk, somebody's gonna hear mine
Grind early before 9: 30Annotate
Got the nine and the thirty
Kiss of death, you heard me?
My world ain't worldly, any time could be my time
I get high, but still ain't seen Chicago skyline
In my prime, stakes is high cause it's beef
Out here in these streets
Everybody tryna eat off the same plate
Dead presidents, we want the same face
And to think, me and the president, we from the same place
Four-hundred and twenty-one murders, ain't tryna be of the same fate
If I die and go to heaven, will I make it through the main gate?
Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom
Ooh
Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom
Ooh
Ah yes, my Lord, Ah, Oh
Ah yes, my Lord, Ah, OhSecond row of the church with my hood on
My homie used to rap, he was about to get put on
At his funeral, listening to this church song
His family yelling and screaming, I hurt for 'em
A cold world that's why we pack heaters
Listening to this preacher as he tryna reach us
I'mma need to go back, I gots to get 'em
Back and forth in these streets, that's the rhythm
Revenge is supposed to be the Lord's but I use my own accord
When I seen him on the porch, cost my man his life, I can't afford not to hit him
Shots ripping through his True Religion denim
These streets was my religion
I stood over him, his life is over then
Now these keys got me locked up with older men
Thought these was the keys for me to roll a Benz
They ended up being the keys for my life to end
Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah)
Ooh (sing)
Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah)
Ooh
Ah yes, my Lord, Ah, Oh
(And the streets say)
(And the people say)

(And we all say)
Ah yes, my Lord, Ah, Oh
(And the streets say)
(And the people say)
(And we all say)My money ain't straight, my fam ain't straight
Ain't wanna push kis, heaven couldn't wait
I was hurtin', couldn't get no work
You created me from dust, that's why I did dirt
You said that the last shall be first
Now I'm in a hearse, what's this cash really worth?
My whole life I had to worry about eatin'
I ain't have time to think about what I believe in
When the days of the kingdom for Chicago gon' come?
I'm coming back like the Prodigal Son, and I got a son
And I don't want my waves following him, the streets swallowing him
And I don't want no hollows in him, his momma said she see his father in him
Hope it's the good things, 'til life was over is when I understood things
Standing at the gates 'cause I know you've forgiven what I've done
I'm your son, do I have the keys to get in?Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah)
Ooh (sing)
Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah)
Ooh
Ah yes, my Lord, Ah, Oh
(And the streets say)
(And the people say)
(And we all say)
Ah yes, my Lord, Ah, Oh
(And the streets say)
(And the people say)
(And we all say)Sweet Lord Jesus, tell the polices to let a nigga breathe
My sinning father see, got a shipment by the seas
See my niggas tryna eat, eat whatever's on your plate
Save some for me, the worst things in life come sitting six feet
Tryna hop the gate to heaven 'cause I couldn't get a key
But these niggas play for keeps and I gotta hold my own
Tryna watch my back 'cause these stripes ain't free
We still wading in the water, cocaine, blunts, marinating in the water
Lean and took a puff and then she gave it to my father
Used to take the bullets out so I could play with the revolver
Satan serenading ever since I was a toddler
Tell 'em talk is cheap, niggas living for the dollar
So in God we trust, leave the praying to my momma though
Another motherfucker out of control, just walking my soles low
Lit up with the abuse, they wasn't for show, I promise every pistol was used
See I was waking up afraid to see my name on the news
Broad day, bare faced, giving niggas the blues
Nigga who you? They know me on the streets where I grew
If you ain't from around here you get gunned down here
Make the best from the least on the quest for them keys

To the kingdom Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah)
Ooh (sing)
Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah)
Ooh
Ah yes, my Lord, Ah, Oh
(And the streets say)
(And the people say)
(And we all say)
Ah yes, my Lord, Ah, Oh
(And the streets say)
(And the people say)
(And we all say) Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah)
Ooh (sing)
Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah)
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(And the streets say)
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