

Surf (feat. Kilo Kish)

Vince Staples

Broke and all I had was my homeboys
Either build or destroy, what you going for?
Just a pawn and a plan tryin' to hold on
When the smoke clear why was the war fought?
Bout time you abandon the folklore
How you rich but your bitch in an old Ford?
How you black sellin' crack for the white man?
How you real, wouldn't kill for your right hand?
On the stand sworn in with ya right hand
It was all goin' good 'til the rave end
Knife scars on ya neck from ya best friend
Now it's talk, leave a tec' on ya nightstand
Leave a nigga dead to the world 'til his life end
You got it, I armed it, you dreamt it, I start it
You're missin' the target, what more can you ask me for?
You want it, my dearly departed
I cocked back and shot it, what more can you ask me for? More black kids killed from a pill
than the FEDs in the projects
In the planned parenthood playin' God with ya mom's check, you ain't even been to prom yet
Sixteen, heard you wanna be a star girl
What he charge for the dream? Getcha ball girl
What's the price for a life in this dark world?
Couple hundred where I come from, how you sleep when the sun down?
I ain't really tryna judge, they be lookin' for somebody you can love
He was lookin' for somebody he could fuck
Took ya body, wouldn't bother with you none
Spoiled rotten in the bottom of the slums
Caught up in the fun
You got it, I armed it, you dreamt it, I start it
You're missin' the target, what more can you ask me for?
You want it, my dearly departed
I cocked back and shot it, what more can you ask me for?

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