

# Ramona Park Legend, Pt. 1

Vince Staples

Hey, I'm just a nigga until I fill my pockets  
And then I'm Mr. Nigga, they follow me while shoppin'  
I feel like Mickey Richards, they feel like Muddy Waters  
So tell me what's the difference, so tell me what's the difference?  
My momma was a Christian, Crip walkin' on blue-waters  
Was fadin' up in Davis, then walkin' back to Palmer  
A fro like Huey partner, Auntie Angie had them choppers  
So tell me what's the difference, so tell me what's the difference?  
I feel like "Fuck Versace", they rapin' nigga's pockets  
And we don't get acknowledged, just thank me for the profit  
A prophet just like Moses, if Moses look like Shaka  
Zulu, my .44 loaded, I'm aimin' at Nirvana  
My bitch look like Madonna, they starin' at katana  
Waiter still ain't brought the chopsticks, should have brought the chopper  
Uber driver in the cockpit look like Jeffrey Dahmer  
But he lookin' at me crazy when we pull up to the projects  
See, this weight is on my shoulders, pray Jehovah lift me up  
And my pain is never over, pills and potions fix me up  
I just want to live it up, can a motherfucker breathe?  
Life ain't always what it seems, so please just lift me up  
Lift me up, lift me up, lift me up, lift me up, lift me up  
Lift me up, lift me up, lift me up, lift me up, lift me up  
Lift me up, lift me up, lift me up, lift me up, lift me up We love our neighborhood, so all my  
brothers bang the hood  
I never vote for presidents, the presidents that changed the hood  
Is dead and green, was standin' on this mezzanine in Paris, France  
Feel despairs cause most my homies never finna get this chance  
All these white folks chanting when I asked 'em where my niggas at?  
Goin' crazy, got me goin' crazy, I can't get wit' that  
Wonder if they know, I know they won't go where we kick it at  
Ho, this shit ain't Gryffindor, we really killin', kickin' doors  
Fight between my conscious, and the skin that's on my body  
Man, I need to fight the power, but I need that new Ferrari  
Man, I breathe in, bleed this, Poppy Street  
I shot them guns cause talk is cheap  
Bow your head and pray, okay, now walk wit' me  
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