

Like It Is

Vince Staples

I tell it like it is, then how it could be Heaven or hell boy, freedom or jail boy
A Jansport bag full of shit I could sell for
The higher, the low boy, just me and my homeboys
The police kill us so we made up our own laws
Been fighting this long war, there's shells in this shores sand
Still young but a grown man, could tell by my stash
Been stackin' money and problems as I wait for the rapture
Death never been no threat, I be chillin', relaxin'
Everybody bleed

I gotta be, I gotta be, I gotta be the one
To make it up to heaven, despite the things I've done
I gotta be, I gotta be, I gotta be the one
To make my momma proud, feel like her only son
I gotta be, I gotta be, I gotta be the one
With everything I need, with everything I want
I gotta be, I gotta be, I gotta be the one

To do it like nobody has ever done When I was in seventh grade my grandfather told me don't
get caught lovin' the streets cause they never gonna love you back. But I feel like it's all we got
so it's all we really do love. At the end of the day I feel like the problem is the people that
control it don't really come from here, so they can't do nothing but look down on us. We look at
them, we see somebody that could help but they look at us and all they see is a nigga. It don't
really matter anyway, we all gon' die one day man. One day Do doves cry when the black man
dies, or do we croak with crows

The young catch gun shots, the old catch the holy ghost
Ho I love not, I never seen no pot of gold
Just ball windows and six fours with no switches
Was broke with no bitches, she love me though

You'll kill me if it make you richer, what you screaming, you my brother for
Heart is where the hatred is, the brain that stained the love below
And life is what you make it so I'm makin' money for my folks

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To do it like nobody has ever done When most people look at a person who does what I do they
look at us with these preconceived notions as if, it's a set way for us all to be. But we all people
at the end of the day so I wonder why we don't treat each other like it. You're looking at a
person telling them that they story don't matter when they're no better than me, walkin' down
the streets tryna shoot at somebody. Cause all we got is these dreams man and y'all ain't never

had to not have nothing, and that's the last thing you want from anybody. Is to not really have
nothing I been through hell and back, I seen my momma cry
Seen my father hit the crack then hit the set to flip a sack
I done seen my homies die then went on rides to kill 'em back
So how you say you feel me when you never had to get through that?
We live for they amusement like they view us from behind the glass
No matter what we grow into, we never gonna escape our past
So in this cage they made for me, exactly where you find me at
Whether it's my time to leave or not, I never turn my back I gotta be, I gotta be, I gotta be the
one

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