

Vince Staples, Norf Norf

[Verse 1]

Bitch, you thirsty, please grab a Sprite
My Crips lurking, don't die tonight
I just want to dance with you, baby
Just don't move too fast, I'm too crazy
Man down, Downey Ave, it gets shady
Take a nigga mind off that
We can dip, fuck in the whip, slide right back in the function
One wrong word, start busting
Put that on my Yankee hat
I'm a gangsta Crip, fuck gangsta rap
Where the ladies at? Where the hoes? Where the bitches?
Every real nigga know the difference
Bandana brown like the dope daddy shooting in the kitchen
Real Norfside nigga, never went to Poly, Wilson, or Cabrillo
Cocaine color of a Creole
T-Skrap moving for the D-low, and he know

[Chorus]

I ain't never ran from nothing but the police
I ain't never ran from nothing but the police
I ain't never ran from nothing but the police
From the city where the skinny carry strong heat
Norfside, Long Beach (Norfside, Long Beach)

[Verse 2]

Hit the corner, make a dollar flipping
Split the dollars with my mama children
Folks need Porsches, hoes need abortions
I just need y'all out of my business
Never no problem playing no bitches
Never no problem spraying no witnesses
No face, no case, been with the shit
Hopped out broad day, then emptied clips
Cut class 'cause it wasn't 'bout cash
School wasn't no fun, couldn't bring my gun
Know a change gon' come like Obama 'nem say
But they shooting everyday 'round my mama 'nem way
So we put an AK where Kiana and them stay
And that's for any nigga say he got a problem with me
How I'm Crippling where I'm living, come and follow me
Pistol popping, Poppy Street

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

Nate Dogg still here 'cause of niggas like me
Police still scared 'cause of niggas like me
In the hood, like a dollar sweet tea or a Louis Burger
You ain't with the business, nigga, who you murdered?
You ain't heard of Coldchain? Best thang smokin' out the city
Riding 'round with the same shotgun that shot Ricky
Lil' nigga should've zig-zagged, then he got his back wet
Naughty running Norfside, niggas better fact-check
Fronting with the gun talk, I ain't heard a clap yet
All my niggas from the street, they the niggas best yet
'Cept for Lil' Halftime, brody bang the Five Blocks
Sorry, I hit your homie five times, better grab chalk
Did it, got away with it out the Civic
We Crippling, Long Beach City, pay a visit

Park Ramona, Pop-block the corner
Giving hell 'til it's frozen over
I ain't never ran from nothing
[Chorus]
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