

Vince Staples, Ramona Park Broke My Heart (feat

Mustard on the beat, ho

Feeling like I'm floating to the ceiling, is it magic?
Baby, tell me why you disappearin', this is magic
I won't ever tell 'em how I did it, it was magic
Can you imagine?
Money in the mattress, love the way I stack it
I can make it rain blue hundreds, can you catch it?
If somebody come through bluffin', I'ma blast 'em
And tell the police I don't know what happened

If I gave a fuck about a citch, I'd always be broke
I'd never get to pull up in a Benz with my locs
Growin' up, we was poor, so we hopped off that porch
With a gun, tryna blow, tryna kick down your door
But that's old news, spreading love now
Sick of police lights, sick of gun sounds
Niggas' bread ain't up, so they come foul
But it's handshakes, hugs when I come 'round, wow
Funny style, hate to see a nigga smilin'
Hundred miles and runnin' through the public housin'
Movin' mountains, fuck who I was stumpin' down with
Gunnin' down shit, sittin' in the back of Crown Vics
So janky, know them niggas down the street still hate me
Hope lil' baby know that she can't play me
Dumb ho, love cost but the game free, dumb ho

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Crip and blood shit
That's the only thing I ever been in love with
So I hope he know we never goin' public
Hands full so I can't hold grudges, nah
I be thuggin', jumpin' out the backseat bustin'
Everybody we be beefin' with be sayin' that they bleedin' shit
But see us and they don't do nothin'
Aw, put it on the dead locs
They know I been 'bout it-'bout it since the get-go
If I hit the corner clickin', better get low
You ain't with it nigga, what you from the set for? Huh?
I just wanna be successful
You won't never ever see me with my head low
Momma met my daddy, then they had me in the ghetto
Handed me a thirty-eight and told me I was special, norf

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See when you come from nothing, make it into something, I call that luck
But when you come from where we come from, I call that magic
And when you get two niggas from different sides of the city, to do something like this, I guess you
Getting off of Section 8, welfare
Now it's Rolls Royces, private jets, that's magic
Let me know what's magic to you, yeah