

Common, Kingdom (ft. Vince Staples)

I do dirt, in search of a clear mind
Money talk, somebodies gonna hear mine
Grind early before 9:30
Got the nine and the thirty
Kiss of death, you heard me?
My world ain't worldly, any time could be my time
I get high, but still ain't seen Chicago skyline
In my prime, stakes is high cause it's beef
Out here in these streets
Everybody tryna eat off the same plate
Dead presidents, we want the same face
And to think, me and the president, we from the same place
4 hundred and 21 murders, ain't tryna be of the same fate
If I die and go to heaven, will I make it through the main gate?

Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom
Ooh
Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom
Ooh
Ah yes, my Lord, Ah, Oh
Ah yes, my Lord, Ah, Oh

Second row of the church with my hood on
My homie used to rap, he was about to get put on
At his funeral, listening to this church song
His family yelling and screaming, I hurt for 'em
A cold world that's why we pack heaters
Listening to this preacher as he tryna reach us
I'mma need to go back, I gotta get 'em
Back and forth in these streets, that's the rhythm
Revenge is supposed to be the Lord's but I use my own accord
When I seen him on the porch, cost my man his life, I can't afford not to hit him
Shots ripping through his True Religion denim
These streets was my religion
I stood over him, his life is over then
Now these keys got me locked up with older men
Thought these was the keys for me to roll a Benz
They ended up being the keys for my life to end

Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah)
Ooh (sing)
Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah)
Ooh
Ah yes, my Lord, Ah, Oh
(And the streets say)
(And the people say)
(And we all say)
Ah yes, my Lord, Ah, Oh
(And the streets say)
(And the people say)
(And we all say)

My money ain't straight, my fam ain't straight
Ain't wanna push kis, heaven couldn't wait
I was hurtin', couldn't get no work
You created me from dust, that's why I did dirt
You said that the last shall be first
Now I'm in a hearse, what's this cash really worth?
My whole life I had to worry about eatin'
I ain't have time to think about what I believe in
When the days of the kingdom for Chicago gon' come?
I'm coming back like the Prodigal Son, and I got a son
And I don't want my waves following him, the streets swallowing him
And I don't want no hollows in him, his momma said she see his father in him

Hope it's the good things, 'til life was over is when I understood things
Standing at the gates 'cause I know you've forgiven what I've done
I'm your son, do I have the keys to get in?

Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah)

Ooh (sing)

Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah)

Ooh

Ah yes, my Lord, Ah, Oh

(And the streets say)

(And the people say)

(And we all say)

Ah yes, my Lord, Ah, Oh

(And the streets say)

(And the people say)

(And we all say)

[Vince Staples:]

Sweet Lord Jesus, tell the polices to let a nigga breathe

My sinning father see, got a shipment by the seas

See my niggas tryna eat, eat whatever's on your plate

Save some for me, the worst things in life come sitting six feet

Tryna hop the gate to heaven 'cause I couldn't get a key

But these niggas play for keeps and I gotta hold my own

Tryna watch my back 'cause these stripes ain't free

We still wading in the water, cocaine, blunts, marinating in the water

Lean and took a puff and then she gave it to my father

Used to take the bullets out so I could play with the revolver

Satan serenading ever since I was a toddler

Tell 'em talk is cheap, niggas living for the dollar

So in God we trust, leave the praying to my momma though

Another motherfucker out of control, just walking my soles low

Lit up with the abuse, they wasn't for show, I promise every pistol was used

See I was waking up afraid to see my name on the news

Broad day, bare faced, giving niggas the blues

Nigga who you? They know me on the streets where I grew

If you ain't from around here you get gunned down here

Make the best from the least on the quest for them keys

To the kingdom

Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah)

Ooh (sing)

Help me get, get the keys to the kingdom (yeah)

Ooh

Ah yes, my Lord, Ah, Oh

(And the streets say)

(And the people say)

(And we all say)

Ah yes, my Lord, Ah, Oh

(And the streets say)

(And the people say)

(And we all say)

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