

# 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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