

# Norf Norf

## Vince Staples

Bitch you thirsty, please grab a Sprite  
My Crips lurkin', don't die tonight  
I just want to dance wit' you, baby  
Just don't move too fast, I'm too crazy  
Man down, down the ave and get shaded  
Take a nigga mind off that  
We can dip, fuck in the whip, slide right back  
In the function, one wrong word, start bustin'  
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 shootin' in the kitchen  
Real Norfside nigga, never went to Poly, Wilson or Cabrillo  
Cocaine color of a creole  
T-scrap movin' for the d-lo, what he know?  
I ain't never ran from nothin' but the police  
I ain't never ran from nothin' but the police  
I ain't never ran from nothin' but the police  
From the city where the skinny carry strong heat  
Norfside, Long Beach, Norfside, Long Beach Hit the corner, make a dollar flip  
And split the dollars wit' my mama children  
Folks need Porsches, hoes need abortions  
I just need y'all out of my business  
Never no problem, playin' no pitches  
Never no problem, sprayin' no witnesses  
No face, no case, been wit' 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 when change gon' come like Obama would say  
But they shootin' everyday 'round my mama and them way  
So we put a AK where Kiana and them stay  
And that's for any nigga say he got a problem wit' me  
How I'm Crippin' where I'm livin', come and follow me  
Pistol poppin', Poppy Street  
I ain't never ran from nothin' but the police  
I ain't never ran from nothin' but the police  
I ain't never ran from nothin' but the police  
From the city where the skinny carry strong heat  
Northside, Long Beach, Northside, Long Beach 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 wit' the business, nigga  
Who you murdered? You ain't heard of Coldchain  
Best thang, smokin' out the city  
Ridin' 'round wit' the same shotgun that shot Ricky  
Lil' nigga should've zig-zagged, didn't get your back wet  
Now these runnin'-Norfside niggas better factcheck  
Frontin' wit' the gun talk, I ain't heard a clap yet  
All my niggas from street, they a nigga best yes  
'Cept for Little Halftime, Brody bangin' five blocks  
Sorry, I hit your homie five times, better grab chalk  
Did it, got away with it out the Civic  
We Crippin', Long Beach City, pay a visit  
Park Ramona, pop blocked a corner  
Givin' hell 'til it's frozen over, I ain't never ran from nothin' I ain't never ran from nothin' but the  
police  
I ain't never ran from nothin' but the police  
I ain't never ran from nothin' but the police  
From the city where the skinny carry strong heat  
Northside, Long Beach, Northside, Long Beach

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>