

# Screen Door

## Vince Staples

[Intro: A\$ton Matthews]

What's the word, what's the word, what's the word?  
You are now about to witness the strength of narcotics

[Hook: Vince Staples]

Who's that peekin' in my screen door?  
I got what you need, what you fiend for?  
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[Verse 1: Vince Staples]

Bobby Johnson ain't my OG, this ain't no movie role  
Pop's was off that O.E., trippin', gettin' his Tookie on  
Thunderbird with Gold Ds, a felon and parolee  
McDonald's for the Double Cheese, pockets fit a couple C-Notes  
Up on the screen door sayin' pack it up and leave but we don't read those  
Cause the money comin' faster than your bitch, nigga  
All my life I wanted to be a rich nigga  
But homie let me proceed  
Pop's was moving slow poke, that's way before the codeine  
Just methadone and powdered H to junkies with the sour faces  
Knocking on the screen door asking for their homie Nate  
Ten to twenty each, 4p.m. he leave so don't be late  
Mom up off of work asking me if anybody came  
To kick it with my dad or was he chilling in the alleyway  
He was in the alleyway, that's what he always had me say  
Slangin' for them bills he had to pay somebody at the door

[Hook: Vince Staples]

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[Verse 2: Vince Staples]

Pots on top of the furnace, Glock on top of the kitchen

Table-tables is turning, now my father is trippin'  
He shootin', sniffin', and sippin', pigs recruitin' them snitches  
Cause testimonies from homies can lead to longer convictions  
Police knockin' at my door, pretendin' nobody hear him  
Police knockin' down my door with judicial system permission  
Contraband in where we livin', hope I don't get thrown away  
In the prison dogs are sniffin' backyard full of canes  
Catch a case and knock it out, niggas fighting every day  
Choppers circle cause a nigga chop hard on the blade  
Got broads on the base, slangin' rude, we bangin' too  
Where you from?  
If they got that back, we clapping coming through  
Going dumb, 40's selling water profit from the slums  
Since we was young money been the motive  
Nigga, get you some guns and dough  
Bruh, I love them guns and dough, find me slangin' for the low  
Come around, you getting domed, somebody at the door

[Hook: Vince Staples]

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[Outro: A\$ton Matthews]

Hanh? Hello? (What's the word?)  
Fuck is you doing, mayne? (Brrp-brrp!)  
Qué pasa, Gotti? What's brackin'? Hanh?  
Got five muhfuckers down with that all-dizzy  
You know? 'Cause we really out here trippin', my nigga  
You know what I'm sayin'? (What's the word?)  
Right here wildin', my G (Brrp-brrp!)  
Whatever you need, I got it  
Just come with demands (ayy!)  
Or get socked on! Hanh? Ayy! Ch-ch-ch!