

Gangsta In Designer (No Concept)

ScHoolboy Q

Bad bitch long hair skin pretty curvy ass
Flat stomch double ds please be the berkin bag
Designer heels, her man's pants how you fit in that

Look at me ray bans I ain't tryna see you fags
Jean jacket different coloured pants I ain't tryna match
Smooth watch pop the dirty tag

Okay I'm energized, say my tunes turn her on
This ain't enterprise but keep it boo lets bring it on
I'm hella high back to back I smoke alone
Unless my nigga soul around fuck it cuz lets blow a zone
Now carry on assume you niggas need a loan
Quit it with the textin cuz and go and make a song
My foreign ho bitch call me a maricon
Always rockin' shit I never seen or I never known
(Name grown overseas fitted) sergio tacchini shirt shirt slippers
YSL see the logo on my zipper broad
Servin me she goin down yeah I had to tip her

A-ten-hut

High power bitch let em know the players here
I said high power bitch gimme gangster of the year
This for my [?]homes on fig and homies on the [?]tier
Always keep this shit groovy nigga (n'a sheds a tear)
Black gat black whip no tags on it
Face tats cuz for sure gon throw the mask on it
Burner on my lap nigga muthafuck the cops
DEA and all the feds gon be my murder plot
Money cash hoes by the dozen
Never started crackin bitches started cookin onions
Now my weed habit always funded
And these college bros be fuckin do whatever have em flunkin

A-ten-hut

Bitch say she like my songs so I do her
She love a street nigga that done jumped up out the cooler
Young ass entrepreneur in the 40/40 club trippin like I ain't from ho
over
No bottles no tables I just wanna fuck you you you and you
Yeah they know whats up only one at a time baby slow it down
Just wait up in the front and listen to the sounds
She doin all the things you say she say do
Swallow evidence her boyfriend never had a clue
Stickin to the script like muthafuckin glue
Got your birdie on my wood like the bitches from the Lou
A-ten-hut