

# Grooveline Pt. 1

ScHoolboy Q

(Strolling in the park)  
Cause you never met or seen a nigga quite like me  
You need a gangsta baby, just tryna give it to ya  
(Walking in the dark)  
A groovy nigga that's way too G  
(Tryna tell you baby!)

He might say cuz but he ain't fucking with cuz  
Yea I'm Q, but you can call me Quincy  
If you want or whatever baby, it's all love  
Fuck all that rapping, let me talk to you  
Book you a ticket so we can kick it  
Make an escape somewhere we'll be safe  
Close your purse, I got my Visa on me  
Pick out whatever, it ain't shit but money, turn you to my honey  
Take off my saboteur, wipe your nose for ya  
Climb a mountain in the snow for ya  
You see these dummies always cut you lose  
But so much that a G can do, hit the weed, have a drink or two  
I pay attention, I can listen too  
You say he fucking who? Fresh out the shower, let me smell your hair  
Garnier Fructis got my knees weak, let's cuddle in these sheets  
Let me hold you for a moment, it feels right, don't it?  
From a lost child to a woman  
Eye contact and soft kisses, strong grip, she want a gangsta, on crip

(Strolling in the party)  
Cause you never met or seen a nigga quite like me  
Just tryna give it to ya  
(Walking in the dark)  
A groovy nigga that's way too G  
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A 5'3" stallion  
Daddy was from Harlem, her momma was Italian  
I don't see the challenge  
Of having two girls, you just gotta keep the balance  
I told her light that candle  
I heard you do yoga, I'm tryna see examples  
Yo ass is like a handle  
See us on the front page, that'll be a scandal  
Take off this red shirt, then my flannel  
I need some head first, then I'mma fuck you in them sandals  
Hit the coochie like a dime sack  
Ain't those Gucci, didn't I buy that?  
Close your eyes, go and try that  
You only live once and I know I got you soaking wet  
Is the liquor store open yet  
I need some moët to pour it on yo ass like a paint  
Back shots leave the pussy shaking, this my open invitation  
In the morning, make my toast with fresh orange juice and turkey bacon, bitch

Underground Royal  
Flow over they heads, air duct  
Upper crust, toast bread  
Talk of the town, thinking you know everything 'bout

A nigga cause them bitches talk loud in them beauty shop  
Gossip before your man came get ya  
YouTube clips can't show it all  
Come and get down if you really wan' get up, baby doll  
Ain't nobody 'round to judge, go on  
Get if off your chest, vent, come up out that dress, bitch  
She ain't take offense  
Proceeded to take hits of the pregame twist, smoke out, smash  
Grub a little bit, pass out, post-game events  
Too high to find the remote, fell asleep to a infomercial  
Woke up in her mouth, reruns of Full House, followed by some Urkel  
OG my strain, rarely do I blaze purple  
Some of them growers be in a rush fucking the game up  
You gon' learn about all that stuff long as you hang around us  
Go on roll up