

## Hoover Street

ScHoolboy Q

I got that work, fuck Labor Day, just bought a gun  
Fuck punching in, throwing rocks, no hopscotch  
Bet my 9 milli hit the right spot  
Bang... Last night it was a dream  
This morning a fantasy back  
When the only fan I had was a fiend  
Meet me by the Acura cause the cops like  
To get help from the store camera, they always in my cornea  
But it's cool I've been catching on to they formula  
See I'm a real loc, my street sign I'll kill fo'  
Then rewind my Indo, then unroll my rillo  
The bad guy never once been a hoes hero  
He get zero, I said nada  
Bitch pass the cama (Uh, yeah)  
How'd it feel to be a real nigga?  
I'm a product of a real nigga  
La-la-la familia, real nigga  
Get confronted by a real nigga  
Fuck with one of my real niggas  
It's on like night fall, summertime gotta ball  
How'd it feel to be a real nigga?  
It's on like night fall, summertime gotta ball  
How'd it feel to be a real nigga  
My whole life I've been a real nigga  
La-la familia, real nigga  
Get confronted by a real nigga  
Fuck with one of my, real niggas  
It's on like night fall, summertime gotta ball  
How'd it feel to be a real nigga?

I done jumped off my ass, hit the lick and barely pass  
But I quickly got to to ballin  
2012 ain't really happen, so I guess it's back to trapping  
Eyes open night to morning  
Had roaches in my cereal, my uncle stole my stereo  
My grandma can't control him  
But... uh, uh  
Every last one of us had a pistol in the room, nigga  
But... uh, uh  
Click-clack, pow-pow-pow, boom, nigga  
But... uh, uh  
Meet Glock clock familia

Find a nigga realer than me, my socks stink  
Eat so much pussy that my mustache pink  
Strapping, my pants seam, no need for a belt  
Gangsta lean help, hoodie on backwards with the eyes cut out  
My hate felt, my .45 elder, poetry's deep  
I never fail ya, Schoolboy bust flame  
Orange-yellow, higher than Margiela's  
Since a young nigga I admired the crack sellers, seen my uncle steal  
From his mother, now that's the money that I'm talking 'bout  
Think about it, the smoker ain't got shit and everyday he still get a hit  
Whether jacking radio's or sucking dick  
Sell his kids and chop his wrists and sealing his lips  
Cause he don't want the feds arresting his fix, didn't take much  
To get me convinced, coincidence that I ain't fucking with work

Now let's re-rewind it, answer my church  
Times getting harder than my dick on a growth spurt  
Around the same time all you niggas was on purp  
My sober ass was snatching her purse, make the ice cream truck freeze  
Give me the keys, extra Frito's, chili and cheese  
Threw some Baby Lucas in his eyes before I leave  
The cops'll never get the leak, grandma taught me well  
And my uncle gun was the accessory, 211 sipping plus a robbery  
This little Piggy went to market, this little Piggy carry chrome

Grandma said she loved me, I told her I loved her more  
She always got me things that we couldn't afford  
The new J's and Tommy Hill in my drawers  
Sega Genesis, Nintendo 64, Golden Eye was away at war  
We wasn't thinking of getting money then  
Nor did I wonder why my uncle done sold his Benz  
Cause he been tripping now, he sweats a lot and slimming down  
I also notice moms be locking doors when he around  
But anyways, he wife done left him and now he living with us  
My bike is missing, grandma light a hotter chick every month  
My uncle's nuts, he used to give me Whisky to piss in cups  
Knocking on the door telling me to hurry up, he in a rush  
I gave it to him then got my ass whipped for doing it  
Moms used to tell me like "nigga, know who you dealing with"  
Them was the good days 'til I was raised the older ways  
Rat-Tone my niggas' brother showed me my first K  
I was amazed, me and Floyd was in the back, he called us over like "Hey"  
YAWK, YAWK, YAWK, YAWK! We like "Damn, nigga"  
Then again, YAWK, YAWK! We like "Damn, nigga"  
Hearing him say cause turned us to a fan, nigga  
Later on he got locked so know we're taking his fades  
Continue the chapter from his life, we flipping that page  
Gangbanging was a ritual and grandma would help  
She should've never left her gun on the shelf  
This little Piggy went to market, this little Piggy carry chrome