

Black THoughTs

ScHoolboy Q

Our experience to where we have parents in our lives that were showing us ev
erything, like didn't nobody walk us, our hand and show love like you do thi
s and don't do that. It wasn't like that coming up in our mothafuckin' commu
nity. We grew up off of cigarillos... we grew up off of second row, acting l
ike them. A worldwide blade, a real strength....

Yeah that's on the regular
Smokin' the gas on the regular, man
Word
Sippin' on Hen, that's the regular

Pissy sofas, sharin' food with roaches, uh
I'm gangsta, Crip, my poppa was a bitch
Left me where hopeless don't exist
And every neighbor got a fence
With bars and windows, my mom's slavin' for the rent
Throwin' dices, GT dyno pool
Where you hang, we shootin'
You slip, we stiffin'
Creative Crippin', uh
Bitches stoppin' traffic
This the type of shit that make the MAC a classic
Reason I'm a pussy magnet
She learned to carry package
Been the best at rappin', uh
Am I this Vegas?
Your favorite rapper broke, he don't get this paper
But claim he got a kilo, been born in '93 though
He tryna fool the people
Maaaaaan

The joke's on you, mothafucka
The loc is on you, mothafucka
I warned you, it's karma
Black thoughts and marijuana, it's karma
Black thoughts and marijuana, it's karma
Black thoughts and marijuana, it's karma

Ain't nothin' changed but the change
Let's put our brains away from gangs
Crips and Bloods the old and new slaves
Shit we even changed our names
Trying something, new shame while we bang
But yo, y'all ain't hearin' me
My homie facin' life, told me that my pride my biggest enemy
But... you keep your eyes in that dark
Your mind, it greys your heart
I wrote these rhymes days apart
Most of us caught before we can expand our thoughts
How your grandmother see your corpse?
How your big homie make your life a book?
Left you for dead cause he ain't need you, right
But I'm gon' fade him, right
Let's put the rags down and raise our kids
Let's put the guns down and blaze a spliff
Let's do it now, ain't no buts or ifs
It took a Blood to get me Pringle chips

You can learn to fly or take the ladder
Real nigga shit, all lives matter, both sides
Man

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