

# Break The Bank

ScHoolboy Q

Fuck rap, I've been rich, crack by my stick shift  
Oxy like concerts, always my bread first  
GetMine my nickname, O-X and cocaine  
Nina my new thing, blew up before fame  
Heart filled with octane, fire in my soul  
Burn through my shoestring, came up from boosting  
Du-rags and flatlines, drive-by's at bedtime  
Get down, I earn mine, so one loss they can't sign  
Thank God that I'm straight, no wonder my mom prayed  
Lost one of my cuzzos, cursed from them devils  
Good weed and me time, goodbye to Nissan  
Cause one day this rappin' gon' pay

So now we 'bout to break the bank, money be on my mind  
Niggas talkin' 'bout, soundin' like la-da-di-do, la-di-da-di-da-di-do  
Now we 'bout to break the bank, money be on my mind  
Niggas talkin' 'bout, soundin' like la-da-di-do, la-di-da-di-da-di-do  
La-da-di-do, la-di-da-di-da-di-do  
La-da-di-do, la-di-da-di-da-di-do, niggas talkin' 'bout  
La-da-di-do, la-di-da-di-da-di-do  
La-da-di-do, la-di-da-di-da-di-do, now we 'bout to break the bank

My time to show out, finally the illest Crip  
And I guarantee, I spit harder than concrete  
Surprised I got teeth, my lungs inhale keef  
Peyote with THC, swingin' for the fence  
I hope I make it out the park, where the baseheads slide  
After dark, where the bangers get caught  
Hid the gun in the trees, arrest me by the court  
I just wanna smoke weed and sip lean by the quart, for real  
Good weed, I hit that, crack rock, I sold that  
Oxy, I hid that, right by my nutsack  
Fuck pigs, I bust back, learned that from Deuce rap  
Peanut and B-loon, had gats before racks  
Way 'fore I found rap, bitch I had them things wrapped  
Astro on my cap, this shot ain't no phone app  
Chucks on my young heel, make sure that my sag ill  
Learn my set trip grill, trade in my big wheel  
Good grades and skipped school, this life gon' catch up soon  
Sure 'nough that shit did, 20 year old kid  
Got off my behind, write me some sweet lines  
Cause one day my story gon' pay

Your bitch wanted cash, get her, know I'm around boy  
Tell Kendrick move from the throne, I came for it  
I hope this fuckin' hit arrange for it, cause Goddamn

What you talkin' 'bout if it ain't 'bout the money?  
Neck full of gold, I'm attracted to the honey  
Rain, sleet, snow, 'bout the money  
On Figueroa, close your eyes, might need ya mommy

Fuck rap, my shit real, came up off them pills  
Hustle for my meal, grindin' for my deal  
Love how I'm doing, long way from grooving  
Bitch call me 2 Chainz, units be moving  
Go hard for my Joy, so she don't need no boy

Smile stay on her face, big room with her own space  
Up all night, the hard way, don't care if it take all day  
I let y'all fucks parlay, you wonder why I'm straight  
New shoes and sick clothes, bitches be front row  
Bow down her tempo, I don't know her info  
Threw up my peace sign, go rare with mignon  
Cause one day this rappin' gon' pay