

Collard Greens

ScHoolboy Q

Yea, yea, yea
Uh, uh... yo, yo

Oh, oh, luxury
Chidi-ching-ching could buy anything, cop that
Oh, oh, collard greens
Three degrees low, make it hot for me, drop that
Oh, oh, down with that shit
King shit, smoke this, get down with the shit, aye
Oh, oh, down with the shit
This, that, pop this down with the shit

Smoke this, drink this, straight to my liver
Watch this, no tick, yeah, I'm the nigga
Gang rap, X-mas, smoke, shots out the liver
Faded, Vegas, might sponsor the killer, shit
Shake it, break it, hot-hot for the winter
Drop it, cop it, eyes locked on your inner object
Rock it, blast-blast, new beginnings
Lovely, pinky how not I remember
Fiendin'; gimme, gimme, gimme some
Freak the freckles off your face, frenchy, freaking, swapping tongue
Click my link and spread your buns, lose your denim, make it numb
Blow it baby, no Saddam (icky, icky, icky)
Fucking in the car service, thank me for the car pool
Chromosome, part full, prolly off a Norco
And gas, not the Arco, poppin' since the intro
You shoppin' from the window, play my favorite tempo

Hold up, BIATCH! This your favorite song
Translation: Ven aquí mami, ese culo
Tu quieres coger mi huevos y papi molesto espero
Chupa ese puto pendejo el pinche cabrón; let's get it
Nights like this I'm a knight like this, sword in my hand, I fight like this
I am more than a man, I'm a God bitch, touche, en garde
Toupée drop and her two tits pop, out of that tank top and bra
And when I say "Doo Doo Doo Doo!" Bitch, that be K. Dot
She want some more of this - I give her more of this, I owe her this
In fact, I know she miss the way I floored this, I'm forgis
I know my Houston partners, drop a four on this, and focus
And slow it down, alright, let me blow this bitch
I'm famous, I blame this on you, cash in the mirror
Hang in my penthouse roof, skyline the clearest
Watch it, your optics, poppin' out, you look the weirdest
Pop my top on the 105 head with no power steering, ah!

Bummy nigga famous, straight from the bottom
Broke niggas hate it, still never robbed 'em
Guns in the basement, out they have a problem
Kush be my fragrance, we love marijuana
Function on fire, burn the roof off this motherfucker
Psych ward is ballin', dope craze like no other
Weed steady blowing, pass the blunt to my Mama
Runs in the family, puff-puff keep a nigga fiendin'
Uh, faded faded faded right
Shot glass super size, she gon' get some dick tonight
Meet me at the W, and no it's not the westside

Stick it up your southside (icky icky icky)
Baller futuristic, groovy gangsta with an attitude
What these niggas make a year, I spend that on my daughter shoes
Smoking weed and drinking, all the college students loving Q
We gon' turn it out until the neighbors wanna party too

Oh, oh, oh