

Cycle

ScHoolboy Q

Hold and shoot till he drop
We'll be waiting for you around the corner, nigga

Only twelve and a half, and already ducking them jabs
Fighting back, just hoping that he last, he on his ass
Huffing and puffing, getting tagged
See what this nigga feel would only make them niggas laugh
He felt the discomfort, didn't trust him right away
Saw the Devil in they eyes, his homie looking straight
But something was different in him, not the same from yesterday
Shit, his whole demeanor changed, even his smile was strange, his childhood
never came
But dude was always gutter, he got it from his brother
From his brother, from his brother, brought pain onto his mother
Once was elementary homies, but now we attack each other
Shit, set love aside, tuck his pride, shit, he had to ride
Threw on his hood and then he fired, fired and fired
Fired and fired, the tires screech
Spirit up out of reach
A young nigga swallowing yeast, trapped in the belly of the beast, sheesh

I know niggas that kill niggas, that kill niggas
that kill niggas, that kill niggas
The cycle continues
The cycle continues (kill nigga, kill nigga)

He only seventeen, his homies was his motive
He only seventeen, his mama never noticed
Too busy paying bills, tryna provide a meal
Pay the rent and steal, her child live for a thrill
Fulfill his niggas' wishes, no more hugs or kisses
No more 'how you been?', no more tucking in
He with them other men, poppa never came
So his cousin then would pretend, imitating if they was him
Got the pistol on him loaded, loaded off of gin
Feels like niggas on him, so he look for them
First nigga wrong, hack! Blam blam to him
Paranoia kills, kill or be killed
Let alone all them thugs, let alone all them drugs
Treat is kinda like a bud, let's see how karma does
Let's see how much he loves shoot 'em up, shoot 'em up, bam, bam

This nigga twenty-one, he feel like he the man
This nigga twenty-one, his mom said be a man
Love to sag his pants, pistol in his hand
Feel he too advanced, him slipping out his chance
Think he at his best, he hit the set, he making orders
Got them lil' niggas busting shots and flipping quarters
An ounce a half, double up, shit, what you order?
Even dimes think with a corrupted mind
Adapted to the crime, living with regrets
In order to survive gotta get high
Cautious with time, paranoia all through his body
Trying love for a hobby, you know gangsters come with kids
Teaching them wasn't his
EBT, the corner store, he go to fill up the fridge
Approached by a little nigga, hoodie over his lid

Looked down the barrel of a burner tucked, aimed at his wig
Let him fire, then he fired, fired