

# Dope Dealer

ScHoolboy Q

I got a sack of blue faces but my AR black  
I got two bitches in my whip and they got hold my strap  
I put the knife to the coca leaf and turn that crack  
I put the nine to your coconut and pull that back  
I see that motherfucker shinin' snatch your whole damn throat  
I got a strike in every pocket of my old ass coat  
I use to fly around your city nigga no ID  
I get a half and I'mma flip it gotta go OT

I think somebody getting bodied on the weekday, get out the way  
I'm in my new clothes, now drop it for me for a bankroll  
I'm lookin' like a motherfuckin' dope dealer nigga  
Where the hoes where the blow I'm just a dope dealer nigga  
Paper in the paper bag I'm a dope dealer nigga  
Bitch to beat his ass I'm a dope dealer nigga  
Fuck your homies and the police I'mma dope dealer nigga  
Couple diamonds in my rollie I'm a dope dealer nigga  
Got the plug on the dodie I'm a dope dealer nigga  
Better buck, your auntie know me I'm a dope dealer nigga

Cali niggas is managin' we havin, Greedy  
We got F 57s and we savages, beasty  
My little niggas be ampin', they some P's, hustlers  
Some of them sell candy some sell trees, customers  
But personally I'm a rapper, and I'm spectacular, remarkable  
Got a way with my words my lingo and vernacular, marketable  
I beat a bitch down I promise you I ain't playin' (beat his ass)  
Stomp his ass out throw him in the garbage can, the trash  
The harder the trap you might find me snapping' bones  
The sink on the soil eatin' dominos  
Where the gumbo pots boil the taskforce radar homes, Vamonos  
Heavy surveillance, hella copters and drones

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I got them egg whites and them oxtails for the low  
Got them hot wheels gotta push start and it go  
Got them 16's of the Act right and its sealt'  
We on the frontline when its crunch time to get chilled  
You us lil' niggas love gold chains and them whips  
Make me rearrange your whole thang for my hip  
I get this motherfucker jumpin' bitch you know why I came  
They told me Thou Shalt not kill when I jumped in the flame  
I'm cocoo for the cocoa leaves and I turned it to dope  
The money never grew on trees but I'm watching it grow  
We talkin' cold watchin' hoes tellin' em that I keep  
I get to swinging' on this chopper nigga, R.I.P

You heard what I mean, its your boy yeah its Smacc mane  
Its better livin' with mines man you heard what I mean  
We got break your bitch man we got send her back to you broke man  
You funky cock biatch

White stones, panties gone, boom  
2 phones, man he on, boom  
Bank roll, hella hoes, boom  
Big dope, blow your nose, boom  
White stones, panties gone, boom  
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