

Druggys Wit Hoes

ScHoolboy Q

Got the baddest hoes
Got the finest weed
Everywhere I goes
They know who I be
Now take a picture
Now let me be
Let me do me, let me be a fiend
I'm shootin' up, everyday I'm tryna ball
With my little China doll, got my back like spinal cord
That pistol on me, yeah that .45
Nigga feelin' do or die, fuck tryna be unified
She over there
Wanna be over here
So I pull her hair, fuck her from the rear until she there
How are you?
Shit, I go by Q
Heyyy hoooo, now what it do?
Got a king size and it's built for 2
I been meaning, to be leaning up in that pussy like promethazine and she too
k the semen my willy beamin'
On any given Sunday that pussy a runway she did it the fun way
Smash it like, Ticante
She did me hombre no need for nombre
We screamin' olé and olé we scored no goalie, she's just a groupie
And group-a, gave top like toupée, bum rushed that coochie
Her pussy lukewarm like long lay, her head be Bombay
Like gin and OJ, took a shot, and I won like gameday
Yes I'm the sensei, comprende?
Got a ticket, one way
Oh you don't really see it that I'm gone?
Pass the baton, black
Real rap, spit to the break of the dawn, nigga we all that
We all that, see that's the shit that we be on
Nigga this Black Hippy, nothing else
Beat so bake I'm 'bout to melt
All my shit be prison felt, TDE we got the belt
Hold it down if nothing else
Swear to god, on my life
Where it's at? Shit on sight
Down to ride, fuck a bike
If I'm locked then fly a kite
Keep a strap on like a dyke
TDE we got the belt
Hold it down if nothing else

Quincy where the weed at? You know I really need that
You know we go back, memba when I had you smokin' Blacks?
In the back when Top was gone now Top is back
That mean we in Juice garage
You know you my brethren, we superstars
Still mobbin' the 7/11, fuck a car
Top Dawg, ya little fists ain't up to par
Got the baddest hoes, burn the finest kush
That means I'm a botanist slash gynecologist
Please hold your apologies for sleepin' it was prophecy
I just need some time to have these demons climb up out of me
You know the ones that got me sippin' these mickeys till I'm numb

Having your Mrs' tongue missing from her mouth, in around my nuts
Ring around the rosie, pocket full of dust bunnies
This hip hop ain't done none for me
Knew I was to be a star when I had a cubby, watching Ferngully
Now everything I puff fluffy and I'm so comfy
Watch the company I keep place they come for me
All these bitches in your dreams drinking cum from me
This blue dream steaming the lungs of me
Oh buddy
Soul!