

# Figg Get Da Money

ScHoolboy Q

The flow-- is in the pocket like wallets  
I got the bounce like hydraulics  
I can't call it, I got the swerve like alco-fuck that  
Figg get da money, shootin dice what they hittin' for?  
Hookers out to sell the pussy  
Money trade for intercourse  
Every corner, liquor store  
Laundromat, liquor store, laundromat, liquor store  
EBT accept 'em more  
Churches 'cross from motels, Lord knows pussy sells  
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Domino's, Pizza Huts, Colt 45 cans, the old heads drunk enough  
Dollar after dollar on lottery, that shit be addin' up  
Schizos from Vietnam, better yet the drug era that used to be a ball player  
See how things evolve later  
4 Lokos for the young locos  
Niggas cashin' my check for white tees  
Don't fuck with Melrose, just Metros--PCS's  
You get the message  
Good investments in my direction

Figg get da money, yeah! Rain, sleet, snow, turn July into December, yeah!  
Figg get da money, yeah! Springtime fall turn summer to a winter, yeah!  
Figg get da money, yeah!  
Uh, it's midnight, where the bitches at (Schoolboy)  
See a ho, pimp a ho, put her on the track (Schoolboy)  
Put her in the gas station, hiding from the white and black (Schoolboy)  
They gotta make a living so they put us on our back (Schoolboy)  
But why they gotta judge us when we do it back? (Schoolboy)  
Mickey D's and Burger King still make sure that my daughter fat (Schoolboy)  
Close to Christmas on November, best believe I got a jack (Schoolboy)  
Been coming to this store for years, the cops come behind me 'bout a snack B  
ut thanks Ms. Han, Jackie Chan, Sake bomb (Schoolboy)  
Any Catholic differ-an, Wolverine like Michigan (Schoolboy)  
Wolver Street know what it be (Be)  
Hanging in front of the laundry mat til 2 or 3 (3)  
With like 2 or 3 (3)  
Uh, everyone asleep so shall we creep  
Money to gain up in them streets  
Shall I preach about this beat  
Puffy ain't got shit on me  
Better yet this L.A. heat  
Figueroa, figg sa money block

Uh, Jehovahiah coming let me close the blinds  
So I can get high, nigga free my mind  
Write my niggas doing hella years past time  
Ballers got it crackin', crackin' at the crack of dawn  
Ice cream truck stop for my mom but me, he won't respond  
Gotta read between the lines  
Best believe I'm off of crime  
This must be the longest line, where they cookin' worse than swine  
Lying on their letter signs, but hurry cause they close at 9  
But Pices got it jumpin' at the taco stand  
Rapping on them corners (Aye!), AM, PM like the Taliban  
Camping out, your daddy selling money he can understand  
Drizzle riding through the hood, Junkies love the avalanche

Homeless person gotta shuffle cans, take 'em up to the recycle bin  
Take his bread to the candyman, but still he eat  
Tell me if that ain't hustlin'  
Rain, sleet, snow, hell and shit uhhh, Hell!