

## Fuck LA

ScHoolboy Q

Pussy lips, Contraband's for chips, sold all kinds of shit  
Hoover Crip, guns on fingertips, switched all kinda clips  
50 raised, since my county days, brought all kind of fades  
Renegade, fuck what rappers say, bitch I am LA!

Gimme bucks, might show up in tux  
Got my millions up, nigga what?  
Spanish ho in cut, she supreme deluxe  
Asian broads eat Caucasian broads, guess I'm dipped in sauce  
Link up fool, gunplay pika-boo, guess who tagging you?  
Bring showers through, grab ya bathing suit  
We-we-wet em all, cannonball  
Swipe my debit card, fly from here to Mars  
Nigga what? Got my millions up  
F-f-f-f fuck you mean? We stacking green  
Stacking stacks of green, flip them, trampoline

Groovy Q, murk the judges crew, fuck the jury too  
Bang the set, rep my 52, young hog down to shoot  
I keep a Glock or get razor sharp, bitch, get left with Pac  
My Biggie knock, he won't know who shot, fearing down the block  
Or serve this work? Lay back close the curt, pop my collar first  
And blew my trees, put my nerves at ease, 'til my trigger squeeze  
My heater heat, still I'm high off weed, bitch that's high degrees!  
I money make, AM out of state, call that wake and bake  
Bring cookie sheets, dope boys on the beat, well known in the streets  
I'm crip for real, way before the deal, had them Oxy pills  
In act we sell, straight from Murderville, yeah we served a lot  
Left days on blocks, got them tens in socks, nah nah not talking shoes  
I'm talking rocks, had the dopest spots, look out for the cops  
My mini-me, snatch the dope and flee, guess that's how it be when you OG  
He said he lived through me, but (sss) I'm stacking mills  
I'm speaking real, shock the world for real  
Pull up in that ill!