

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!