Gangsta In Designer (No Concept)

ScHoolboy Q

Bad bitch long hair skin pretty curvy ass Flat stomch double ds please be the berkin bag Designer heels, her man's pants how you fit in that

Look at me ray bans I ain't tryna see you fags Jean jacket different coloured pants I ain't tryna match Smooth watch pop the dirty tag

Okay I'm energized, say my tunes turn her on This ain't enterprise but keep it boo lets bring it on I'm hella high back to back I smoke alone Unless my nigga soul around fuck it cuz lets blow a zone Now carry on assume you niggas need a loan Quit it with the textin cuz and go and make a song My foreign ho bitch call me a maricon Always rockin' shit I never seen or I never known (Name grown overseas fitted) sergio tacchini shirt shirt slippers YSL see the logo on my zipper broad Servin me she goin down yeah I had to tip her

A-ten-hut

High power bitch let em know the players here I said high power bitch gimme gangster of the year This for my [?]homes on fig and homies on the [?]tier Always keep this shit groovy nigga (n'a sheds a tear) Black gat black whip no tags on it Face tats cuz for sure gon throw the mask on it Burner on my lap nigga muthafuck the cops DEA and all the feds gon be my murder plot Money cash hoes by the dozen Never started crackin bitches started cookin onions Now my weed habit always funded And these college bros be fuckin do whatever have em flunkin

A-ten-hut

Bitch say she like my songs so I do her She love a street nigga that done jumped up out the cooler Young ass entrepreneur in the 40/40 club trippin like I ain't from ho over No bottles no tables I just wanna fuck you you you and you Yeah they know whats up only one at a time baby slow it down Just wait up in the front and listen to the sounds She doin all the things you say she say do Swallow evidence her boyfriend never had a clue Stickin to the script like muthafuckin glue Got your birdie on my wood like the bitches from the Lou A-ten-hut