

# Hell Of A Night

ScHoolboy Q

Get up out your seat  
You can have my drink  
Let me see you dance  
Get up off your feet  
You can be my freak  
Let me see you jam  
When the sun falls  
Then the moon lights  
Might be a hell of a night  
Go, go, go, go...  
Get up out your seat  
You can have my drink  
Let me see you dance  
Get up off your feet  
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Let me see you jam  
When the sun falls  
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Might be a hell of a night  
Go, go, go, go...

Shit's real and I just begun  
So many ladies wanna share my tongue  
Uh, man this life of mine  
Me in the lead being pressed for time  
See the bottom, gon' pop  
Then my record gon' spin  
Then them hoes gon' jock  
Ain't no telling how my night might end  
Night life in the bright lights  
Uh, swagging hard in my Concords  
You at the bottom, we the Top Dawgs  
We get high as them elevators  
Take a sip with me  
Now move your hips with me  
Now make it dip for me  
Now will you ride for me?  
Will you die for me?  
Will you jump off a cliff and hit the sky with me?  
Uh, ménage à trois, four titties, no bras and no flaws  
You, me, and her ball with no drawers  
Get high with a God I am no star  
Feeling good, all this money on my bank card  
10 grand in my pocket, nigga, all ours  
Porsche Panorama, uh, yeah, four doors  
Pedal to the floor, ain't that what it's made for?

I ain't running if the world stops  
Said I ain't minding if the world stops  
We been living up in Hell's shop  
We been living up in Hell's shop  
So I'm a live it to the top notch  
I'm a live to the top notch  
I ain't running if the world stops  
Said I ain't minding if the world stops  
We been living up in Hell's shop  
We been living up in Hell's shop

So I'm a live it to the top notch  
Fuck with me

Uh, got the whole world tryna figure out Q  
You can never find a nigga do what I do  
TDE, I'm the nigga from the crew  
Hit it one time, now she wants round two  
Ghetto chick, but I love them bamboos  
No lean, but I chopped and screwed  
She ain't the groupie type but I had to  
Champagne pop, I'm about that life  
Molly gon' pop, I'm about that life  
Backwood toke, I'm about that life  
Living good, might not remember this night  
World might end, so I'm living my life  
Fuck hanging out, I ain't tryna fly kites  
Tryna go to Paris? Nigga hit me on the Skype  
Tryna do a show? Nigga twenty for the hype  
Uh, don't touch me, bitch, I'm famous  
Tryna ball, then bang your fingers...  
Living large, I'm an entertainer  
So cold but I come with flamers  
First sex, she up in my closet  
Whips drawers while I top the paws...  
Girl let me see you stop and pause it  
Fuck around, might pay your mortgage