

# My Homie

ScHoolboy Q

Mmm mmm yo yo YO!!  
Yo yo, yo yo yo yo  
Wait my whole life, to do this motherfucker up  
Yo yo yo weed and Courvoisier and shit  
Yo yo, yo, uh-huh  
Nigga been waiting to get a Alchemist beat  
since I bought "1st Infantry" and shit, hehehe  
Yo yo yo yo

What's a real nigga addiction?  
Money weed and bitches  
Hangin with snitches  
Shit it wasn't my intention

I didn't know; I knew him for years  
Who would think his gums were soft  
To all my niggaz I would die for  
Load my pistol up go out and war for  
Spend my last you keep yo' half we all poor  
No way to go I'll walk you through my front door  
My ninjas do the same  
See when we was younger you was my mane, nigga  
I wouldn't figure you would be on that stand  
Puttin my life up in yo' hands  
Pointing your finger like daaaaaamn! For really though?  
We was just slingin oxy like a year ago  
You knew my sister though, auntie cousins, and my uncle Joe  
Cuz you hit my 'dro  
See my nigga youse a ho; remember them Cheerios? (Yeah)  
Ninja turtles on my grandmas floor  
I'm like fo' sho' (Donatello) catch you on the rebound  
You bound to drizzown, grave lounge where you sit down  
What goes around comes arizzound, the sky's up  
Inhale it slow, keep yo' mouth shut  
Bet he won't tell no mo'

Bitch-ass nigga (fuck yo' ass comin from?)  
Fo' sho'

Bitch-ass nigga (who the fuck you on the phone with?)  
Awwwwwww shit

Started around the bottom, ended up at the top  
Heard you was in some trouble, I unretired my Glock  
Did what I did, who woulda knew you was the cops?  
Talkin all on the phone to your homies about a plots  
Got me up in the box, thought that you was my nigga  
You got your sentence reduced cause you told 'em I pulled the trigger  
And I was lookin out for you! (YOU!)  
Tried to show him just how we do  
Put all my shit aside and now I'm through  
Figured that I would keep it Crippyy this what this real nigga get me  
Locked up for like a century while you get chances of a Bentley  
Fuck, my old bitches while I beat my dick plenty  
My shootin figure itchy, but I hope somebody get him  
but probably not' shit I ain't sweatin it  
Cuz got me hot, better get his ass popped

Can't get over how we was, tough as leather  
Man we did everything together  
Fucked our first bitches earned, our first cheddar  
Robbed the first nigga was down, for whatever  
And I'll blast 'til forever if we had too  
But it's all cool

Started around the bottom  
Started around the bottom, ended up at the top Don't let these niggaz know y  
our plots  
Wha-word, wha-word, word... Q!!