

## THat Part

ScHoolboy Q

Me no conversate with the fake, that part  
All my bitches independent bitches, that part  
I just want the paper, that part  
All my bitches flavored  
That part, that part, that part, that part

Ayy! That part  
Bang this shit in the hood one time  
Lil bitch I'm back and poppin'  
Tell that ugly bitch to move away, I need more options  
Broke then fix your pockets, all I do is profit

Quarter million, switchin' lanes... that part  
Bet my bitch move the same old thing... that part  
405 with the gun off safe... that part  
Ayy I'm still tryna make that plate  
Bitch up on the Q's your fate  
Style on top of style, nigga  
Five years I've been rich, nigga  
Drove Bimmers down Fig, nigga  
Pushed Porsches down Broadway  
I've been doggin' different hoes, nigga  
Got a chain that's worth the Rolls, nigga  
Got an engine back with the top in it  
Nigga drivin' it like it's a bomb in it

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Okay, okay, okay  
Okay, okay, okay! (That part)  
Beggars can't be choosers, bitch this ain't Chipotle  
Nigga with an attitude, I feel like O'Shea  
Walkin', livin' legend, man I feel like Kobe  
I just left the strip club, got some glitter on me  
Wifey gonna kill me, she the female OJ  
Y'all don't feel me, man this ain't okay  
Four Seasons, take a shower, new clothes, I'm reloaded  
Rich nigga, still eatin' catfish  
That bitch ain't really bad, that's a catfish  
If I walk up out of Saks Fifth  
Have the paparazzi doin' backflips  
If I lay you down on the mattress  
Blow the back out 'til you backless  
Thick, we already established  
She just got 'em done, bra-strapless  
Yeah! Okay, okay, okay  
Okay, okay, okay! (That part)  
Beggars can't be choosers, bitch this ain't Chipotle (That part)  
Nigga with an attitude, I feel like O'Shea (That part)  
Walkin', livin' legend, man I feel like Kobe (That part)

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Few million made and still ain't changed... that part  
Me, my girl got matchin' bling... that part  
I'ma get so blowed, I'ma lose my brain... that part  
Me and Ab-Soul only thing go straight  
Need me a bitch that'll go both ways  
Style on top of style, nigga  
Since a youngin' I wanted to ball, nigga  
Had a pistol in my drawls, nigga  
When I was broke, I had the sauce, nigga  
Got a Chevy with side to side on it  
Hundred spokes, the dang-d-dangs on it  
Got a chopper that stand the fire too  
I put your uzi down beside you

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That part, that part, that part, that part  
Ayy! That part  
That part  
That part

Walkin', livin' legend, man I feel like Kobe (That part)  
I just dropped 60, man I feel like Kobe  
Lamar was with me, man I feel like Kobe  
Pimpin' at my weddin', man I feel like Jordan  
Trippin' at my weddin', I be runnin' away  
Ain't say shit, nigga  
You was listenin' close though  
You was listenin' to hoes though  
You wouldn't listen to the flow though  
Listen to the 'Go  
Listen to a young nigga from the 'Go  
I'ma freestyle this mothafucka, who knew?  
When I'm with my niggas, nigga, ScHoolboy Q  
And uh, Top Dawg, call Top Dawg  
Get that nigga on the phone  
Top Dawg on the phone!  
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy! Hah!