

The Purge

ScHoolboy Q

My daddy said you're a nigga

(Bow, bow!) Coming in for yours
Niggas got them choppers and they knocking at your door
The sirens getting louder when the bodies hit the floor
Why you look confused? Mothafucka, this is war

Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga
Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga

As this G shit begin, put this product placement on your chin
The realest nigga breathing, y'all pretend
Real crippy since I hopped off the swing
With my strap, that's my peace offering (Yo, yeah, uh, yeah)
Five shots get rung out, five bodies falling
Come put your lights out, I spark your apartment
Deadline my clothing, don't fuck with Pink Dolphin
Strap on his hairline, his forehead gets softened
Send extras through his chest bones, shit, he don't need that coffin
Most niggas would've run away, but me I'm out here walking
Bucket hat with my shades on, my wardrobe look awesome
Now nah, I ain't on no dolphin, fuck rhyming, I'm crippling
Niggas rap about what I'm living, all this false claiming, I'm marring
Doing drive-by's I ain't steering, white Peter Rose, I ain't tearin'
Fuck your bitch in front of your children
Steal your whip side of my building, yeah
Put my dick and nuts in her mouth, bust in her hair
I'm very rare, got my trigger on top of my underwear
Bitch, I'm everywhere and over there
You die here, let of a bag (YAWK, YAWK)

House full of kilo's, sold pound to zero's
Cocaine my hero, you in Figg Side, getting Deboed
Always asking for the burner light, young niggas still free load
Heart big as my ego, don't fly around my signal
I'll re-end your dental, crippy my house shoes
Blue rag deciphers, murder I'm liable, you get the Eiffel
Aim out the eyeball, I'm getting violent, I got the strike once
Won't get the strike twice, you niggas half price
Which means you half off, I'm going Adolf
I'm smoking bath salt, two sherm sticks, burn this, ooh
Knock-knock through the condo's, Schoolboy from the five dues
But Hoover respect to you unreg, don't fuck around, get that chin banged
Grooveling, Crip walk the whole mile
Belts, still my pants down, Chuck Taylors, Cortez's, hush puppies
My Glock, yeah, fuck buddy, make money, take money
Earn crack money, drug money, bail money
Heard they got life for me, but how they got life for me
When they took that from me, since I had my nose runny
I was out past sunny, had the strap by my tummy
You can go and ask mommy, grab a body bag, homie, yeah

Bust my gun all by myself
Rock cocaine all my myself
Poured propane all on myself
Go so hard might harm myself

Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga
Yeah, nigga, yeah, nigga

Yeah, it's Kurupt young mothafucking Gotti
Still rolling in a 6, I don't fuck with the Bugatti
Come up in this mothafucka looking for a bitch
Probably sucked on my dick then you kissed it on the lips
The [?], South Central setting them
Get roped and choked, poetical tentacles scratch
Get roped and choked and rope-a-dope'd
Extra overdose of the Oki-doke
Get a nigga smoked, I ain't no joke
Tired of this bullshit and everything y'all talk about
They walked 'em in, I walked 'em out
They talked 'em in, I chalked 'em out
Now cock back that Oxy (Pow-pow, pow-pow)
Walking in South, pistols popping, top is popping off
Pop a tab in this neighborhood, rode it 60 bars
Ghetto tribalist, squeezing pussy like octopussies
Show me where the money at, show me where the kush is
Next time you see me I'll probably be in the bushes
This is the reasons why I won't be fucking with pussies like you
Me, Tyler and Schoolboy Q, we told them