

# Tookie Knows II

ScHoolboy Q

Oh, we might die for this shit nigga  
Uh, might go down for this shit nigga  
Gang, gang bangin' that Crip shit

Niggas said cause in the first grade  
In the shade where the cops can't see us  
Eighteen, tryna dodge the cage  
It was cool 'til that gang sweep  
Now I'm in the back of a van  
And my wrists got a band  
Got a number for a name  
No name on the Visa, no card get accepted  
Now I'm forced to a man  
Murder raps, where you from?  
Put the nigga on his pockets  
Watch the COs, they be watchin'  
County news for the hustle  
County spread for the muscle  
Couple marks on my knuckles  
Put niggas on bum status  
Shoulda been with the bitch ass  
Now he on a mattress, double bench press  
PC, get the Fruit Loops  
Keep tellin' on niggas  
Why I fuck with that nigga?  
Nigga made bail but I'm still at rage  
Should I thank God for the hell I raised?  
Cause the nigga that snitch is gonna feel that grave  
Ain't nothin' to a locc, huh?  
Went missin' to his folks, I ain't in, I ain't know, huh?  
They ain't show up to the court, huh?  
But then charges gotta go, huh?  
A young nigga back on Fig  
H-crown on wig  
Shoe strings say where I'm from  
On probation and got my gun  
Other side goin' for that thumb  
Motherfucker I'm gangbangin'

Nigga I'm blue'd up, blue Chucks  
Blue tee, nigga I keep it G  
Nigga, in the streets is where I be  
I'm up like breakfast while niggas sleep  
Me and Floyd posted on Fig  
Getting it in and movin' it out  
Getting it in and movin' it out  
I'm holdin' the heat, he's watchin' the block  
I'm watchin' for cops, I'm holdin' these rocks  
Fiends keep comin', this shit don't stop  
When it's war time, niggas get popped  
We might die for this shit off tops  
My nigga gonna ride for this Crip, no lie  
But I ain't dead, yeah, nigga, thank God  
Money got niggas lookin' at me all odd  
Punk ass niggas better go get a job  
Run up on me, wrong bitch, nigga get popped  
I'm gon' ride for this shit, on Crip

A nigga gon' die for this shit then trip  
4/5th extendo, with fifty in the clip  
TF by my side, he stupid with this shit  
Q in the ride grippin' on the fifth  
Run up on me wrong  
My nigga, my nigga, my nigga, I'm gang banging

Uh, might go down for this check nigga  
I might die for this set nigga  
I ain't trippin nigga, I ain't slippin'  
Niggas lyin' sayin' I ain't Crippin'  
Back to back, me and Tiny smack  
I said back to back, straight cups of 'gnac  
Niggas ask, what he sign for?  
I got an eight ball, I got a Rondo  
I got an AK when that bitch spray  
It's like pullin' strings on a lawnmower  
Last time I seen jail nigga  
I was cell livin', getting mail in it  
I ain't even talkin' mail nigga  
Pay-pals for the cell nigga  
Hit the streets and cause hell huh  
School of hard knocks, fuck See me in traffic like an orca nigga  
And the black and whites love whale watch  
Front line like mailboxes  
5-12, that's the numbers on it  
May first, May deuce, May twelfth, members only  
.45, no numbers on it  
Scatched down, I'm strapped down  
Might go down for this shit  
If I don't then I'm racked down  
Rank up there with Shaq crown  
I got a Benji button like Brad Pitt  
I press that, I'm gettin' rich  
I might go down for this shit

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