

## What's The Word

ScHoolboy Q

Uh, go hard for the squad like, bam!  
Spray with a stain on it (shit)  
Flamed out the nozzle, at it full throttle  
Acting hyena, black ninas  
Uh, it's young niggas heating up Phoenix  
Top Dawg familiar, crept with a Dillinger  
in my fifth pocket, chump niggas stop it  
Say you pressing who? Fuck around and get a tattoo  
Have me dumping out the sunroof  
Consequences you done ran through  
Caught his ass slipping looking pretty in them sandals  
Keep the gangster to the streets, you know the shit was handled  
Ten speed, handle bar shit, Astro fit  
Hopped off with a message in a clip  
Inbox read (third verse), hitting till the third  
I'll be back up on the curb, what's the word, word, word, word, word?

We continue to bring you  
nothing but that true gang-  
-ster shit you can move to, groove to, ooooh  
(What's the word? What's the word? What's the word?)  
We continue to bring you  
nothing but that true shit, G shit

Never had much, always had heart  
Always had guts, I don't give a fuck  
I ride like a bus, heavy with my flows  
while my niggas in the spot, heavy with the blow  
Plenty niggas broke, plenty homicides  
Plenty mommas cry, yeah we wonder why  
Stress on my thoughts, blowing weed out my jaws  
Four-five niggas riding five deep in the car  
Choppers in the trunk, choppers in the front  
Catch a nigga slipping, then we taking what we want  
Gang affiliated, a lot of niggas hating  
cause a nigga red, steady beaming like a laser  
Product of my environment, can't help where I came from  
Watts, California where a nigga got his game from  
Name from, what it do? Go ahead and blaze one  
Be patient my nigga, we gon' ball when the day come  
Disrespect the click, then I guess we gotta take one  
Haters throw salt, so I guess we gotta shake something  
I guess we gotta shake something  
Haters throw salt, so I guess we gotta shake something  
So what's the word?

Uh, young 50, raw central kid  
Macks near fucking lose your lip  
Probably see me on Figg, 81 bus stop  
Liquor stores and, hooker whores and, needle poison  
Uh, everybody crooked  
Lights out, shooting ranges, shit is dangerous  
Keep your shoes tied motherfucker  
Shit, it gets live motherfucker, shit's real  
Get your ass trampled in the field  
Youngin, should have let your muscle build  
Broken jaws, and them stars be the evidence

Just another nigga tatted up upon my abdomen  
Y'all squabbles, gang meetings, set functions  
Have my shit bumping  
Mid-central and Wayside stay jumping, we riding out  
Middle finger, fuck the law, shoot they momma's house, hahah  
That's the word

G shit

G shit

G shit

We continue to bring you