

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