

3 On

ScHoolboy Q

A nigga got a woozah
Comin' at me never work no matter who try
I got 'em all a check without the wooha
Flip Mo's on you quick got a few size (wooh)
Comin' from the 6 side
When niggas gon' shout posse just to get by
Stay true never switch sides, yea
The game turn me into this guy, yea
And now everytime Drake-out
Cameras always flashing tryna put me on the takeout
Crib in Calabasas man I call that shit the safe house
30 minutes from LA this shit is way up (wooh)
D Day that's where I'm stayin'
You can hear it in my voice I'm gon' win, yea
OB dat my brother like a Wayans
Ya know I only show up if you payin' nigga, yea
I always been on, I always been 2 on
For like the past 5 years all these niggas wanna shine
I got the flashlight here mayne
'Bout ta hit the gas right here mayne
Also livin' in the past life right here mayne
You, bring the cash right here mayne
Miracles, sit your ass right here mayne
Mayne, you know I hate to wait
That's why I get it first and you get it late
Yea, OVO sound man that's everyday
It's Young Money Records get the record straight

Now

I love to get on
I love to get 2 on
When the drink be too strong
When the tree be way too strong
G-g-get faded turn up bruh
Pour it on up 'till I can't even think no more
G-g-get ratchet go dumb then go more dumb then we can keep it lit let's roll
I love to get 2 on (let's let's, let's roll)
I love to get 2 on
I love to get (le-le-let's roll)
I love to get 2 on (let's let's, let's roll)
I love to get 2 on
I love to get (le-le-let's roll)

Yeah we can get active
And all - my bitches attractive
We go, you know who we are now
Get high, hotbox in my car now

If you a lame nigga you ain't making no noise
Get faded turn up with the big boys
Live fast die young that's my choice
Get money, get money like the invoice

We can mob all in the whip (make the money)
Make the money make the grip (I be stuntin')
I be stuntin' with my clique (gettin' faded)
Getting faded 'till we trip (oh)

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I love to get 2 on (I love it, let's let's, let's roll)
I love to get 2 on (I love it)
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Uh, pull your panties down from under you
Beat that pussy up, make you wanna holla Q
Drunk' than a bitch, high on that Mary Jane
Pussy in my mouth, pussy on my pinky ring
Nasty, make me do it in the backseat
Swear this marijuana keep it cracking
Lights, camera, action, I ain't doing nothing to the cash
Money, money, money, weed, fashion
Draped up and dripped out, keep the trees passing
Girl twerk that thing up, fuck me, fuck rapping
Days of our lives so clap, clap that cake
Spreading your thighs I pump, pump your brakes, aye

Just give me the trees
And we can smoke it ya
Just give me the drink
And we can pour it ya
And my enemies they see me living now
And if you're on with me then you'll be winning now

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