

B.E.T. Cypher

ScHoolboy Q

Most of these niggas shouldn't be next to us
We keep our distance from those, those acting like hoes
Zany imposed, weed in my clothes, cubics is gold
Your wig'll get told, put the realest niggas
Niggas, product of cap pillers, gangbangangers, and dealers
Streets keep watching, aye, click boom the ghetto bird get shot down
Straight to the top now, they want a third strike on my background
But nah homie, put the mask on when I slide on 'em
Put the cash in the safe and here's a extra slug 'fore I shake
You smoke faster than me with a eighth
Or better yet a wet break on a plate
Burning your faith, all your senses covered in tape
Fuckin' with them boys in blue, chill out before I send them rags at you
You running to the cops saying, "How we do?"
Saying it's just rap and them lines ain't true
So I just do Q, fuck it, a ménage à two, or maybe trois
Baby girl need a papa, I be her dada
Coochie smacking, give praise to Allah
Get blazed in my car, with Oxymoron, Rock

Rock got it, Rock came from rock bottom
Sparked the flames, still remain as a top shotta
I ain't no backpack rapper, I ain't no lyricist
And if we ain't talking to you, mind your business then
Cold with it, Black Hippy, yeah, we cold niggas
All the girlies love us, get a whiff of us
They bones quiver, heard some clown throwing stones at us
Holding boulders champ once you hear that "YAWK," watching domes shatter
It's Top Dawg we runnin' rap, whack rappers, feline
Reason why we don't run with cats
Nine double O five nine, where my family at
Pull up in that family van holding tools like the handyman
And to be real not with all this rapping politickin'
Rapper competition, wrapped up my position
'Til I'm finished, 'til I make a couple tickets
Then I'm outtie on them islands with my crimmies chillin'
Hide your feelings, now can I live?
Look I gotta keep my feet on top of the dirt
Cause everywhere I go they like "When you dropping some work?"
Been a threat since birth
The rap game's pallbearer when I'm droppin' the hearse
I ain't new to this, I'm true to this
Industry's nightmare, red strings in my Nike Airs
Yeah, the white pair, I'm Jay Rock, America's most wanted
My charges? Killing MC's without warning
Rock!

It's Ab-Soul, gimme the loot, I'm the skinny Biggie
In New York City with Puffy, puffing a sticky
All odds against me, still even the score
Probably why I'm always OT on tour
TDE, believe me we want war
I don't even know what piece I like most no more
Two fingers, two triggers, what's the difference?
We all gon' die one day, until then I'm gettin' paid
My grandma watching so I ain't gon' curse
Still gifted like a Wale verse, backwood full of OG

Bobby Johnson medicine in my soul to tryna dodge the coffin
And these days are so bittersweet
I guess it's just a balance we battle naturally
And y'all still trippin' off of Jay-Z tweets
I still got laps to run when me and Jay-Z meet
Peep, Soul brother number two
The first one used to make beats for CL Smooth
Top got the S550 but the CL smooth
And rolling weed is the only time I see L's move
Soul!

I think I found my second home
Sunny California and it's your little nigga brother
You ain't meant for corners, it's what they told me
So I never looked back, I got a shell in the bag
Fat as elephant ass, so we flirt in the path
Passing propellers I tell her, tell her we flying just listen
See we diamond just shining and they gon' find us glistening
Brought sand to the beach and we left with your bitch
For the record in Guinness I'm a hecklin' menace
Where is Robin, I'm Given', fuckin' minding my business
He a regular victim, of some regular in women
Regular niggas, you always cater to sluts
You always wasting my time, you always faking the funk
I put your motherfuckin' dream in your face
You keep lookin' for some women to be all in your face
That deep dussy reach niggas, keep dussy
That Tennessee dussy make a nigga be dussy
You can never rap better than me, cause you ain't dedicated
You ain't underrated, you ain't underlooked
You ain't overbooked, you just undercooked
It's supposed to be me and my niggas in the record book
Now they got me out here by myself still fresh as fuck

I hate y'all, I'd do anything to replace y'all, shout out to Face Mob
A ghetto boy 'til I'm unemployed with a day job
And kicking boxes, I kick ass and then kick knowledge
I'm way more polished than 99% of the scholars you thought had graduated
I'm the master that masturbated on your favorite emcee
Until the industry had wanted me assassinated
You either corny or an opportunist
I let you eat, now go back to church and steal crackers at communion
What I been doing? I'm about to crack the Da Vinci Code
Yeah, and nothing's been the same since they dropped Control
And tucked a sensitive rapper back in his pajama clothes
Ha-ha, joke's on you, high-five
I'm bulletproof, your shots'll never penetrate
Pin a tail on a donkey, boy, you been a fake
I got my thumb on Hip Hop, and my foot in the back of your ass
Aftermath get the last laugh
I serve niggas like master Geoffrey
Jump on the curb, turn a shotty to a verb if you let me
You know I'm a killer, I'm on your head, you know I'm a killer
The West Coast Cosa Nostra under oath 'til it's over
You over owe us, so what the fuck?
I fuck you niggas up, I fuck you niggas up, she suck and fuck
I fuckin' duck you fuckin' niggas like when I want
You go at us, you going fuckin' nuts
Acting irrational, pop you then pop an Adderall
Know the drill like a lateral, nigga
I'm more Pappy Mason than Pastor Mason
Pacing back and forth, racing my thoughts on embracing Daytons
I spilled blood on my apron cooking this shit up

I feel like some of y'all is hating
Quite frankly your bitch booty should thank me for grabbing it
Turn these hoodrats to actresses, what a magic trick?
Accidents never happen when murder's involved
Emaculate tactics so follow me, if you need me just call on me
I say "Hold up, wait a minute
Your career ain't shit unless you got some Kendrick in it!"
Your pussy ain't shit, ain't no room is left on my dick
Unless you look like Jordin Sparks, make my mark on the clitoris, muah
Hollywood's been good to me, lil' hood nigga used to pawn mom's jewelry
Family jewels big as fuck and I got the balls to say it
Balls deep, ballin' out 'til Spalding need a replacement
I'm outchea, the West in your mouth, chea
Invest in the vests of Vietnam vets when you out near
The white court building spilling its Merlot
Fillin' women, a Virgo, pimp the industry
Remember these Stacy Adams and furcoats
Shook, you're scared to death, you're scared to look
In the mirror when Kendrick is near you
King, Kendrick