

Grooveline Pt. 1

ScHoolboy Q

(Strolling in the park)
Cause you never met or seen a nigga quite like me
You need a gangsta baby, just tryna give it to ya
(Walking in the dark)
A groovy nigga that's way too G
(Tryna tell you baby!)

He might say cuz but he ain't fucking with cuz
Yea I'm Q, but you can call me Quincy
If you want or whatever baby, it's all love
Fuck all that rapping, let me talk to you
Book you a ticket so we can kick it
Make an escape somewhere we'll be safe
Close your purse, I got my Visa on me
Pick out whatever, it ain't shit but money, turn you to my honey
Take off my saboteur, wipe your nose for ya
Climb a mountain in the snow for ya
You see these dummies always cut you lose
But so much that a G can do, hit the weed, have a drink or two
I pay attention, I can listen too
You say he fucking who? Fresh out the shower, let me smell your hair
Garnier Fructis got my knees weak, let's cuddle in these sheets
Let me hold you for a moment, it feels right, don't it?
From a lost child to a woman
Eye contact and soft kisses, strong grip, she want a gangsta, on crip

(Strolling in the party)
Cause you never met or seen a nigga quite like me
Just tryna give it to ya
(Walking in the dark)
A groovy nigga that's way too G
(Tryna tell you baby!)

A 5'3" stallion
Daddy was from Harlem, her momma was Italian
I don't see the challenge
Of having two girls, you just gotta keep the balance
I told her light that candle
I heard you do yoga, I'm tryna see examples
Yo ass is like a handle
See us on the front page, that'll be a scandal
Take off this red shirt, then my flannel
I need some head first, then I'mma fuck you in them sandals
Hit the coochie like a dime sack
Ain't those Gucci, didn't I buy that?
Close your eyes, go and try that
You only live once and I know I got you soaking wet
Is the liquor store open yet
I need some moët to pour it on yo ass like a paint
Back shots leave the pussy shaking, this my open invitation
In the morning, make my toast with fresh orange juice and turkey bacon, bitc
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Underground Royal
Flow over they heads, air duct
Upper crust, toast bread
Talk of the town, thinking you know everything 'bout

A nigga cause them bitches talk loud in them beauty shop
Gossip before your man came get ya
YouTube clips can't show it all
Come and get down if you really wan' get up, baby doll
Ain't nobody 'round to judge, go on
Get if off your chest, vent, come up out that dress, bitch
She ain't take offense
Proceeded to take hits of the pregame twist, smoke out, smash
Grub a little bit, pass out, post-game events
Too high to find the remote, fell asleep to a infomercial
Woke up in her mouth, reruns of Full House, followed by some Urkel
OG my strain, rarely do I blaze purple
Some of them growers be in a rush fucking the game up
You gon' learn about all that stuff long as you hang around us
Go on roll up