

## Groovy Tony / Eddie Kane

ScHoolboy Q

Blank Face, tre 8, kill everybody, fuck an AK  
Sell narcotics and step my dollars up to Bill Gates  
Push all limits, you lookin' timid, need to back off  
Punk-ass cops, them crackers want us with our black off  
THug life nigga since '96 I wanted to gang bang  
Few years later I'm really from it, we were still kids  
Crack off nigga, I'm squeezing empty 'til the shell break  
Fuck my image I need to drop, I need to, Blank Face  
Cause brain damage from my mechanics, keeping two ways  
Sell narcotics, I'm slanging diamonds with your pack then  
Stack large commas, you with your riders with your backbone  
Can't fold figures, I make deposits with the gold grin  
Jeans look dirty, I lift the Chevy with the rims on  
All bad bitches, they wanna fuck me with the cap gone  
Real life nigga, I'm in the stu' 'til all the weed blown  
Wait long, long, I hid the dope behind the cellphone  
Y'all don't hear me, I want the money right  
Ugh, Groovy Tony, no face killer  
I see the money right, ugh  
YeaH, I'm (Blank Face)

Clear everything out the safe  
Crack the pig bank, robbin' your kids too  
My heart an igloo, the devil in all blue, HuH  
Die now go to Heaven or bring 'em through  
Lot of brown 'round here, got that white girl for you  
And she swimming in fire water, could be double digits  
Pistol through your Civic  
Most die before they hear it, turn a nigga to a spirit  
Drive slow, oH, Hey  
Hit the curb with shattered mirrors  
Look around now you're Hellbound, boogie down  
Bullshit I won't allow, slang a bird every Hou'  
Smack a nigga with the heat  
Contradicting, now you peace  
Leave you triple six laying in defeat  
Can you dig it?  
Struck a match, they won't finish  
Drop a nigga off, get a nigga whipped  
Squeezing fingertips, aye

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Y'all don't Hear me, I want tHe money rigHt  
UgH, Groovy Tony, no face killer  
I see tHe money rigHt, ugH  
YeaH, I'm (Blank Face)

Exactly what I'mma have when the cops come  
Body languages, the same as when the shots rung  
Hole in a thirty-eight and a shotgun  
Real nigga, we all know you are not one, nah  
Running with the rebels, it's a three-man weave  
With the Lord and the devil  
Really all I need is a pitchfork and a shovel  
If I can't proceed then I resort to the metal (Blank face)  
Getting high watching NBA League Pass (Who with?)  
With your family at the re-pass (My condolences)  
My heart's getting colder  
When I hug your mom and look over her shoulder  
You notice I got the, (blank face)  
I heard nothing, I ain't seen nothing  
I ain't in the middle with nothin', no in between nothin'  
F y'all for ever hating me  
As I sit there while they interrogate me  
I'm staring at 'em with the (blank face)

Top rack nigga and the money came with it huh  
New bitch with me, hope the booty came with it, came with it  
Uh, rims flying down the road huh  
Five in the morning, feds knockin' on my door huh  
Toilet full of dope, while my burner knee high  
Tell me put the gun down, I'm probably gonna die  
I know, I know, big guns sell dope  
Eddie Kane's little bro, hundred k, one whip, hah

Open Eddie Kane for hire  
Been tryna get rich for hours  
Nights like this I wish  
Cocaine drops would fall, woo, woo, woo, woo...

Yo, uh, yo, uh  
Need the car with no mileage  
Kristoff on my pallet  
My cigar full of cabbage  
Came from the dirt to the carrots  
Getting dirty dollars  
Fuck different baby mommas  
Dope between the speakers  
So fuck you mister teacher  
Cause the paper, I ace it  
Lead, they tried to erase it  
But I'm still standing  
They mad at everything  
Nothing given, I'mma take it first  
On the trees like a hammock  
Flip the work behind the campus  
Young Ruby, turn your hood into a movie (into a movie...)  
Gang bang it, don't slang it  
GTA-ing, shoot the whole club up  
Fuck tryna sneak the K in  
On the road to riches  
Thank you Mister Reagan  
You helped them dollars rake in  
And to my uncle that hooked up the family  
That shit that you was smokin'

I was pushin' residue like on the cushion  
I'mma blame it on your ass cause I ain't gettin' whoopings  
And your proof is in the pudding  
I'm his grandma's baby, Eddie Kane  
(Eddie Kane, Eddie Kane)

Standing in the white light and we on  
And we on  
And is there any other smokers in here?  
And we on  
And is there any other smokers in here?  
And we on  
Is there any other smokers in here?  
Keys open doors on the road to my heart  
Dreams on the floor, bet a nigga stay high  
And I know....  
We're next to go, around, around, around  
We're next to go, around, around, around

Walk right into the light  
Getting a feeling in the night  
spice  
You're my only Christ  
I have only eyes for you  
I have only eyes for you  
Your soul is mine  
Your soul is mine  
Mine, mine, mine, mine