

Tookie Knows II

ScHoolboy Q

Oh, we might die for this shit, nigga
Uh, might go down for this shit, nigga
Gang, gang bangin' that crip shit Niggas said cuz in the first grade
In the shade where the cops can't see us
Eighteen, tryna dodge the cage
It was cool 'til that gang sweep
Now I'm in back of a van
And my wrists got a band
Got a number for a name
No name on the visa, no card get accepted
Now I'm forced to a man
Murder raps, where you from?
Put the nigga on his pockets
Watch the cos, they be watchin'
County news for the hustle
County spread for the muscle
Couple marks on my knuckles
Puttin' niggas on bunk status
Shoulda been with the bitch ass
Now he on a mattress that we bench press
Pc, get the fruit loops
Keep tellin' on niggas
Why I fuck with that nigga?
Nigga made bail but I'm still at rage
Should I thank god for the hell I raised?
Cause the nigga that snitch is gonna feel that grave
Like, ain't nothin' to a locc, huh?
Went missin' to his folks, I ain't in, I ain't know, huh?
They ain't show up to the court, huh?
But then charges gotta go, huh?
A young nigga back on fig
H-crown on wig
Shoe strings say where I'm from
On probation and got my gun
Other side goin' for that thumb
Motherfucker, I'm gangbangin' Nigga I'm blue'd up, blue chucks
Blue tee, nigga I keep it g
Nigga, in the streets is where I be
I'm up like breakfast while niggas sleep

Me and floyd posted on fig
Getting it in and movin' it out
Getting it in and movin' it out
I'm holdin' the heat, he's watchin' the block
I'm watchin' for cops, I'm holdin' these rocks
Fiends keep comin', this shit don't stop
When it's war time, niggas get popped
We might die for this shit off tops
My nigga gonna ride for this crip, no lie
But I ain't dead, yeah, nigga, thank god
Money got niggas lookin' at me all odd
Punk ass niggas better go get a job
Run up on me wrong, bitch, nigga get popped
I'm gon' ride for this shit, on crip
A nigga gon' die for this shit then trip
4/5th extendo, with fifty in the clip
Tf by my side, he stupid with this shit
Q in the ride grippin' on the fifth
Run up on me wrong
My nigga, my nigga, my nigga, I'm gang banging Uh, might go down for this check, nigga
Uh, I might die for this set, nigga
I ain't trippin nigga, I ain't slippin'
Niggas lyin' sayin' I ain't crippin'
Back to back, me and tiny smack
I said back to back, straight cups of 'gnac
Niggas ask, what he signed for?
I got an eight ball, I got a rondo
I got an ak when that bitch spray
It's like pullin' strings on a lawnmower
Last time I seen jail, nigga
I was cell livin', getting mail in it
I ain't even talkin' mail, nigga
Pay-pals for the cell, nigga
Hit the streets and cause hell, huh?
School of hard knocks, fuck yale, huh?
See me and traffic like a orca nigga
And the black and whites love whale watch
Front line like mailboxes
5-12, that's the numbers on it
May first, may deuce, may twelfth, members only
.45, no numbers on it
Scratched down, I'm strapped down
Might go down for this shit
If I don't then I'm racked down
Rank up there with shaq crown

I got a benji button like brad pitt
I press that, I'm gettin' rich
I might go down for this shit

Songwriters

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