The Purge (Feat. Tyler The Creator, Kurupt)

ScHoolboy Q

My daddy said, draw nigga(Bow, bow!) Coming in for yours
Niggas got them choppers and they knocking at your door
Sirens gettin' loud when the bodies hit the floor
Why you look confused motherfucker? This is war
Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga
Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga, uh
Yeah, niggaAs this G shit begin, put this product placement on your chin
The realest nigga breathing, y'all pretend
Real crippy since I hopped off the swing
With my strap, that's my peace offering (Yo, yo, yo, yeah uh yeah ooh)
Five shots get rung out, five bodies falling
Come put your lights out, I spark your apartment
Deadline my clothing, don't fuck with Pink Dolphin
Strap on his hairline, his forehead gets softened
Send extras through his chest bones, shit, he don't need that coffin
Most niggas would've run away, but me I'm out here walking
Bucket hat with my shades on, my wardrobe look awesome
Now nah, I ain't no dolphin, fuck rhyming, I'm cripping
Niggas rap about what I'm living, all this false claiming, I'm marring
Doing drive-by's I ain't steering, white Peter Rose, I ain't tearin'
Fuck your bitch, in front of your chil'ren
See your whip side of my building, yeah
Put my dick and nuts in her mouth, bust in her hair
I'm very rare, got my trigger on top of my underwear
Bitch, I'm everywhere and over there
You die here, let of a pair (Yak yak!)(Bow, bow!) Coming in for yours
Niggas got them choppers and they knocking at your door
Sirens gettin' loud when the bodies hit the floor
Why you look confused motherfucker? This is war
Yeah nigga, uh, yeah nigga
Yeah nigga, uh, yeah nigga, uh
Yeah niggaHouse full of kilo's, sold pound to zero's
Cocaine my hero, you ain't you ain't Figg Side gettin' Deebo'd
Always asking for the burner like, young niggas still free load
Heart big as my ego, don't fly 'round my signal
I'll rearrange your dino, crippy my house shoes
Blue rag disciples, murder, I'm liable, you get the Eiffel
Aim out the eyeball, I'm getting violent, I got the stripe once
Won't get the stripe twice, you niggas half price

Which means you half off, I'm going Adolf
I'm smoking bath salt through sherm sticks, burn this, ooh
Knock knock through the condo's, Schoolboy from the fa' do's
But who was spanked to you unranked, you can fuck around and get that chin bank'd
Grew lining, Crip walk the whole mile
Do belts, still my pants down, Chuck Taylors, Cortez's, Hush Puppies
My glock ya fuck buddy, make money, take money
Earn crack money, drug money, bail money
Heard they got life for me, but how they got life for me?
When they took that from me, since I had my nose runny
I was out past sunny, had the strap by my tummy
You can go and ask mommy, grab a body bag, haumie, yeah(Bow, bow!) Coming in for yours
Niggas got them choppers and they knocking at your door
Sirens gettin' loud when the bodies hit the floor
Why you look confused motherfucker? This is war
Yeah nigga, uh, yeah nigga
Yeah nigga, uh, yeah nigga, uh
Yeah niggaBust my gun all by myself
Rock cocaine all by myself
Poured propane all on myself
Go so hard might harm myself
Yeah nigga, uh, yeah nigga
Yeah nigga, yeah niggaYeah, it's Kurupt young motherfuckin' Gotti
Still rollin' in the six dont fuck with the Bugatti
Come up in this motherfucker looking for a bitch
Probably sucked on my dick then you kissed her on the lips
The intrical, South Central Sentinel
Get roped and choked, poetical tentacles stretch (Haha)
Get roped and choked and rope-a-dope'd
Extra overdose of the okie doke
Get a nigga smoked, I ain't no joke
Tired of this bullshit and everything y'all talk about, they walked 'em in
I walked 'em out, they talked 'em in, I chalked 'em out
And I cock back that ox and pow, pow, pow, pow
Walk inside, pussy popping, top is popping off
Papadopulos neighborhood, roll with 60 bars
Ghettotropolis, squeezing pussy like octopuses
Show me where the money at, show me where the kush is
Next time you see me I'll probably be in the bushes
This is the reasons why I won't be fucking with pussies like you
Me, Tyler and Schoolboy Q, we tote 'em(Bow, bow!) Coming in for yours
Niggas got them choppers and they knocking at your door
Sirens gettin' loud when the bodies hit the floor
Why you look confused motherfucker? This is war
Yeah nigga, uh, yeah nigga

Yeah nigga, uh, yeah nigga, uh
Yeah nigga

Songwriters
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