

Yay Yay

ScHoolboy Q

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Had pistols in my hands, had pockets full of Ox
Whole life I been a G, had bitches on the block
Had strippers on the pole, had cocaine in the pot
Got fiends at the do' so I turned that to a rock
That yay yay

That yay yay I'm a drug dealin' nigga, cause them grades ain't get me paid

My agenda for today is to make bread or get laid
See my daughter need some shoes and my mom work overtime
So I'm standin' by that stop sign with nickels and them dimes
Keep that work, got that Oxy, need that kilo, call that papi
Know my steelo, shrimp with sake, sold that hero'n, look like toffee
Keep my nina, just might off him, no them boys on Figg don't play
Most my life on 51st, went to school on 52nd

Used to fight on 49th, Grandma said be home by night
But her old ass sixty something, so three hours late aiiight
Still I love her, R.I.P., when she died, I took her place

And became a fucking G, moved my crack across the street Figg get it, get it yeah

Drug dealin' nigga

Yawk yawk yawk Had pistols in my hands, had pockets full of Ox
Whole life I been a G, had bitches on the block
Had strippers on the pole, had cocaine in the pot
Got fiends at the do' so I turned that to a rock
That yay yay

That yay yay I'm a drug dealin' nigga, roll my cyc' on Hoover's street

Just a year after Pac died we all bump Suga Free
Didn't know what he was sayin' til them years done jumped to three
Learned the game, slangin' hoes and every car door need a key
Charge them smokers day through night, sellin' pies who need a slice
Life is craps so shoot the dice, get the cheese but cut the mice
Enemies be left to right, we don't call our shit the trap
Bitch we call our shit the set, unless we OD with Reynold's Wrap
After crack it's Oxy next, but thank God the yay was yay

Off the yee like it's the bay, rock a chain I'm Kunta K
Out in Texas what's the word, keep them packs and that's for sure
Slang to him and slang to her, ask a fiend they will concur
Figg get it, get it yeah
Drug dealin' nigga
Yawk yawk yawk
Had pistols in my hands, had pockets full of Ox
Whole life I been a G, had bitches on the block
Had strippers on the pole, had cocaine in the pot
Got fiends at the do' so I turned that to a rock
That yay yay
That yay yay

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>