

# 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 aight  
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  
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