

# Los Awesome

## ScHoolboy Q

I'm a groovy type nigga, rather two-step with you  
Pants sagging, rag dragging, rather gangbang with you  
Triggers squeeze, throw a palette, throw them thing-things with you  
Hot degrees anti-freeze, chilling cool-cool with you  
Chilling cool-cool with you  
Hot degrees anti-freeze, chilling cool-cool with you  
Chilling cool-cool with you  
Pants sagging, rag dragging, do my gangbang with youGroovy nigga, jumped off of the peg  
Forced by my third leg, plead the fifth  
No L's, no whips  
Backyard full of Crips  
Barbecues and county blues  
This Hoover gangster be the shit  
It ain't much up on our list  
But shoot the killer, hitting licks  
Get any T up out the bitch  
Gangbanging, fuck a clique  
Yup, I'm looking for a scrap  
See, my crippling done spread around the world  
Well, his top be low, his bottom is the reeferLooking like the reaper in your driveway  
Straight spoon your living room  
Liable to drive-by on a summer day  
July 4th'll be a June  
Block ten block ten block ten bla ba bum  
The sound of the drum, that crips and bloods know  
Block ten block ten block ten bla ba bum  
The sound of the drum seenI'm a groovy type nigga, rather two-step with you  
Pants sagging, rag dragging, rather gangbang with you  
Triggers squeeze, throw a palette, throw them thing-things with you  
Hot degrees anti-freeze, chilling cool-cool with you  
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Hot degrees anti-freeze, chilling cool-cool with you  
Chilling cool-cool with you  
Pants sagging, rag dragging, do my gangbang with youDon't make me put a lean to a nigga  
Spleen shells through a nigga (Bariiing-petey crack-riiing)  
Stop a dream in its tracks beam down  
Little boy now, dream little boy, dream  
Coke go in the pot, arm and hammer body  
A\$AP.Rocky, the one that I could get it

Onion in the pocket like a booty on a midget  
 Diamond on my rollie, teach a nigga how to fridge it  
 Looking at the time, been winning for a minute  
 See my neck co-defendant, what's the problem?  
 Seen the souls long gone before I got them  
 He was there before I shot him, it's the reaper Looking like the reaper in your driveway  
 Straight spoon your living room  
 Liable to drive-by on a summer day  
 July 4th'll be a June  
 Block ten block ten block ten bla ba bum  
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 Hot degrees anti-freeze, chilling cool-cool with you  
 Chilling cool-cool with you  
 Pants sagging, rag dragging, do my gangbang with you Tell me more about it in the gutter  
 Where it started with the crippling  
 Blue on campus know it happened  
 Tell me more about it in the gutter  
 Where it started with the crippling  
 Then the bloods done got it brackin' (Suwoo) I'm just an Eastside nigga  
 Where them niggas say "show you what it be like, nigga"  
 Roll 'em up, light 'em up like a street light, nigga  
 Follow me, I can show you what these streets like, nigga  
 Handle bars, ever swing, guns blow like dusty wings  
 Spend a band, push his wig back whenever revolvers spin  
 Toe tag 'em, floss flagging like it's all good  
 Tell niggas tee off like Tiger Woods  
 Where you from? We never heard of ya  
 Walking with the murderers, niggas that'll murder ya  
 Steal you like a burglar  
 Seen the souls long gone before I got them  
 He was dead before I shot him, it's the reaper

Songwriters

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