

Los Awesome (feat. Jay Rock)

ScHoolboy Q

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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
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 you Don'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
 The sound of the drum, that crips and bloods know
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 The sound of the drum seen I'm a groovy type nigga, rather two-step with you
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 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 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

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