

Str8 Ballin

ScHoolboy Q

Figured that I gotta sell dope, or the money won't grow
Figured I was Too Short, and I could never turn pro
You could tell I never had shit, but bet I get that 80 grand wrist
Told me we could never get rich
Now watch me ride the Chevy hit the switch
Straight ballin' like a bitch
Aye, riding through the city on chrome
Ghetto nigga out the sunroof, hey, four keys bitch please
Straight ballin' like a bitch
Flossin' in the mind, stuntin' like the first, shufflin' the work
Uh, I done came from the dirt
Now the engine make the tire go skrrt
Used to sleep with roaches cracky uncle and all
Now a hundred thousand just a hour involved
So easy how I make a mill' flip
Snoop ain't the only rich Crip nigga
From sleepin' on Tops couch to multiple bank accounts
To havin' me a mall for a house
Like, they tried to slim my chances as kid though
They always said I'd never make it big though
Straight ballin' like a bitchPicture me rollin'
Straight outta the ghetto to a deluxe apartment in the sky
Straight ballin' like a bitch
Picture me rollin'
I used to smoke bush, now all this kush got me so high
Yeah, so high
I used to smoke bush, now all this kush got me so high
Straight ballin' like a bitch
Straight ballin' like a bitch
So high
Straight ballin' like a bitch
Straight ballin' like a bitch
Straight ballin' like a bitchAye, wait, waitin' on my turn to get paid
Nigga trying to make a mill a day
Put that rental on the interstate
Since a youngin' I was gifted
Momma bought me something for the bitch
Bruh I go through some things you gotta witness
Stomach get to mumblin' at night

Watchin' every car that drive by, lookin' every driver in the eye
52nd enterprise, marchin' in these chucks like they boots
Money make a pussy get the juice
Money make the copper give a pass
Money make me cop a bigger roof
Money got me skippin' every class
Tryna kill 'em for the summer
The teachers ain't teachin' the judge taught us numbers
We was raised by single mothers
Pop won't tuck us under covers
Through the streets we learned colors
Hiding from the reaper tryna' dodge the cage
This shit I've done to rhyme on this stage
I went from king of the the corner
To breaking down weed on my diploma
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Songwriters

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