

Blind Threats (feat. Raekwon)

ScHoolboy Q

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Right, uh, uh same shit every day, homie
Lord please forgive me for all my sins
Yeah, nigga wake up to the same shit everyday, homie
Walk through the valley of the shadow of death
No rules, right Washing my sins off in hell's water
Feel like the Bible told me lies as I pray to 'em
Kneel down, put my faith in 'em, will you answer me?
But if God won't help me, this gun will, I swear I'm gon' find my way Uh, four corners, cat and mouse chase,
got cheese to catch
High on on some drug, I'm Space Cadet
Dreaming I don't live up on the block no more
Trapping trying to make it out this obstacle
Life on the edge, hell a block away
Pretty Snow White turned eight today
Selling that base, no Dr. Dre
Uh, guess who in the building?
Bucket hat with a strap like the pilgrim uh
Kneeling down with some questions to address like
Why the ones who commit the worst sins live the best?
The 10 commandments, I can mark five checks
But I sense flaws, the Bible preaching blind threats
Streets held me down, got faith in a Pyrex
Faith in a four-five, I call it the clarinet
Sewer full of drugs when the toilet digests from the cop raid
All can relate, from the streets to the wall from niggas to compadres
When the sun go down, I'm predictin' a heatwave, forecast your whole body
Heat on, room full of homi's, I just pray that the Lord got me Uh but if God don't help me, this gun will, I swear
I'm gon' find my way
Mic check, mic check, mic check, (La la, la la, la low, la la, la la low)
But if God won't help me, this gun will, I swear I'm gon' find my way Aim that, shoot that, pledge allegiance
Kill mine, kill yours, make it even
Soul need saving, Mr. Preacher

I know I only come around when it's Easter
Funerals, Thanksgiving, Christmas time
When I'm in jail or when my card declined
Uh, will you answer me?
Take me out of Hell and make plans for me?
Misery loves company, ain't a surprise
It was just me and my niggas, we was trying to survive
But we would never make it out alive
Shit we living to die, oxymoron
Hope to get to heaven 'til that day arrive
Running through the ally, hope the bullet don't collide
Car window shattered, glass on my right side
Dogs bark in the backyard, rootin' for me
Out of shape belly, courtesy of 40
Spoiled only child, baby boy Jody
Same jacket on from back in the day
Praying that the Lord come and take me away Uh but if God don't help me, this gun will, I swear I'm gon' find
my way
Mic check, mic check, mic check, (La la, la la, la low, la la, la la low)
But if God won't help me, this gun will, I swear I'm gon' find my way Ey yo tuna fish sandwiches bread, dry
snaking
Black Lincoln, burgundy Mac, I clap a king-pin
Caught me in the airport gust that I was thinkin'
On how to stay rich and get bills with my acquaintances
Yeah, money is the issue, I diss you
It's no problem at all, yo, the bunch on the pistol
'Cause I'm a suit case king
Cooling at the gambling spot with a screwed face grin
No wage bet, we stay winning, play it again, yo
Put the bone in your jaw, now say it again
Round knife, fork, under the tents, coming to rents
Get out the way or let the shotty dispense
Revenge killers who make the events iller
This is more realer, snatch you right up out of the Benz
The Wu wheelers who huddle up, coupes knows the truth
You know the wopty-woop, solo or group I kill niggas

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