

# Tookie Knows II (feat. Traffic & TF)

## ScHoolboy Q

[Hook: Schoolboy Q]

Oh, we might die for this shit, nigga

Uh, might go down for this shit, nigga

Gang, gang bangin' that Crip shit[Verse 1: Schoolboy Q]

Niggas said cuz in the first grade

In the shade where the cops can't see us

Eighteen, tryna dodge the cage

It was cool 'til that gang sweep

Now I'm in back of a van

And my wrists got a band

Got a number for a name

No name on the Visa, no card get accepted

Now I'm forced to a man

Murder raps, where you from?

Put the nigga on his pockets

Watch the COs, they be watchin'

County news for the hustle

County spread for the muscle

Couple marks on my knuckles

Puttin' niggas on bunk status

Shoulda been with the bitch ass

Now he on a mattress that we bench press

PC, get the Fruit Loops

Keep tellin' on niggas

Why I fuck with that nigga?

Nigga made bail but I'm still at rage

Should I thank God for the hell I raised?

Cause the nigga that snitch is gonna feel that grave

Like, ain't nothin' to a locc, huh?

Went missin' to his folks, I ain't in, I ain't know, huh?

They ain't show up to the court, huh?

But then charges gotta go, huh?

A young nigga back on Fig

H-crown on wig

Shoe strings say where I'm from

On probation and got my gun

Other side goin' for that thumb

Motherfucker, I'm gangbangin'

[Verse 2: Traffic]

Nigga I'm blue'd up, blue Chucks  
Blue tee, nigga I keep it G  
Nigga, in the streets is where I be  
I'm up like breakfast while niggas sleep  
Me and Floyd posted on Fig  
Getting it in and movin' it out  
Getting it in and movin' it out  
I'm holdin' the heat, he's watchin' the block  
I'm watchin' for cops, I'm holdin' these rocks  
Fiends keep comin', this shit don't stop  
When it's war time, niggas get popped  
We might die for this shit off tops  
My nigga gonna ride for this Crip, no lie  
But I ain't dead, yeah, nigga, thank God  
Money got niggas lookin' at me all odd  
Punk ass niggas better go get a job  
Run up on me wrong, bitch, nigga get popped  
I'm gon' ride for this shit, on Crip  
A nigga gon' die for this shit then trip  
4/5th extendo, with fifty in the clip  
TF by my side, he stupid with this shit  
Q in the ride grippin' on the fifth  
Run up on me wrong  
My nigga, my nigga, my nigga, I'm gang banging[Verse 3: TF]  
Uh, might go down for this check, nigga  
Uh, I might die for this set, nigga  
I ain't trippin nigga, I ain't slippin'  
Niggas lyin' sayin' I ain't Crippin'  
Back to back, me and Tiny smack  
I said back to back, straight cups of 'gnac  
Niggas ask, what he signed for?  
I got an eight ball, I got a Rondo  
I got an AK when that bitch spray  
It's like pullin' strings on a lawnmower  
Last time I seen jail, nigga  
I was cell livin', getting mail in it  
I ain't even talkin' mail, nigga  
Pay-pals for the cell, nigga  
Hit the streets and cause hell, huh?  
School of hard knocks, fuck Yale, huh?  
See me and Traffic like a orca nigga  
And the black and whites love whale watch  
Front line like mailboxes  
5-12, that's the numbers on it  
May first, May deuce, May twelfth, members only

.45, no numbers on it  
Scratched down, I'm strapped down  
Might go down for this shit  
If I don't then I'm racked down  
Rank up there with Shaq crown  
I got a Benji button like Brad Pitt  
I press that, I'm gettin' rich  
I might go down for this shit[Hook: Schoolboy Q]  
We might die for this shit nigga  
Might go down for this shit nigga  
Gang, gang bangin' that Crip shit  
We might die for this shit nigga

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