

Yay Yay

ScHoolboy Q

Had pistols in my hands, had pockets full of Ox
Whole life I been a G, had bitches on the block
Had strippers on the pole, had cocaine in the pot
Got fiends at the do' so I turned that to a rock

That yay yay

That yay yay I'm a drug dealin' nigga, cause them grades ain't get me paid

My agenda for today is to make bread or get laid

See my daughter need some shoes and my mom work overtime

So I'm standin' by that stop sign with nickels and them dimes

Keep that work, got that Oxy, need that kilo, call that papi

Know my steelo, shrimp with sake, sold that hero'n, look like toffee

Keep my nina, just might off him, no them boys on Figg don't play

Most my life on 51st, went to school on 52nd

Used to fight on 49th, Grandma said be home by night

But her old ass sixty something, so three hours late aight

Still I love her, R.I.P., when she died, I took her place

And became a fucking G, moved my crack across the street Figg get it, get it yeah

Drug dealin' nigga

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That yay yay I'm a drug dealin' nigga, roll my cyc' on Hoover's street

Just a year after Pac died we all bump Suga Free

Didn't know what he was sayin' til them years done jumped to three

Learned the game, slangin' hoes and every car door need a key

Charge them smokers day through night, sellin' pies who need a slice

Life is craps so shoot the dice, get the cheese but cut the mice

Enemies be left to right, we don't call our shit the trap

Bitch we call our shit the set, unless we OD with Reynold's Wrap

After crack it's Oxy next, but thank God the yay was yay

Off the yee like it's the bay, rock a chain I'm Kunta K

Out in Texas what's the word, keep them packs and that's for sure

Slang to him and slang to her, ask a fiend they will concur Figg get it, get it yeah

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