

Collard Greens

ScHoolboy Q

[Hook]

Oh, oh, luxury

Chidi-ching-ching could buy anything, cop that

Oh, oh, collard greens

Three degrees low, make it hot for me, drop that

Oh, oh, down with that shit

King shit, smoke this, get down with the shit, aye

Oh, oh, down with the shit

This, that, pop this down with the shit[Verse 1: ScHoolboy Q]

Smoke this, drink this

Straight to my liver

Watch this, no tick

Yeah, I'm the nigga

Gang rap, X-mas

Smoke, shots I deliver

Faded, Vegas

Might sponsor the killer, shit

Shake it, break it

Hot hot for the winter

Drop it, cop it

Eyes locked on your inner object

Rock it, blast-blast, new beginnings

Lovely, pinky how not I remember

Fiending

Gimme, gimme, gimme some

Freak the freckles off your face

Frenchy, freaking, swapping tongue

Click my link and spread your buns

Loose your denim, make it numb

Blow it baby, no Saddam

Icky, icky, icky

Fucking in the car service

Thank me for the car pool

Chromosome, part full

Prolly off a Norco

And gas, not the Arco

Popping since the intro

You shopping from the window

Play my favorite tempo[Hook][Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar]

Hold up, biatch
This your favorite song
Translation: Ven aqui
Mami, ese culo
Tu quiero coger mi huevos
Y papi molestes pero
Chuparse puto pendejo
El pinche cabron; let's get it
Nights like this I'mma knight like this
Sword in my hand, I fight like this
I am more than a man, I'm a God
Bitch, touche, en garde
Toupe drop and her two tits pop
Out of that tank top and bra
And when I say "Doo Doo Doo Doo!"
Bitch, that be K. Dot
She want some more of this
I give her more of this, I owe her this
In fact, I know she miss
The way I floored this, I'm forgis
I know my Houston partners
Drop a four on this, and focus
And slow it down down
Alright, let me blow this bitch
I'm famous, I blame this on you
Cash in the mirror
Hang in my penthouse roof
Skyline the clearest
Watch it, your optics
Popping out, you look the weirdest
Pop my top on the 105

Head with no power steering, ah! [Hook] [Verse 3: ScHoolboy Q]

Bummy nigga famous, straight from the bottom
Broke niggas hate it, still never robbed 'em
Guns in the basement, out they have a problem
Kush be my fragrance, we love marijuana
Function on fire, burn the roof off this motherfucker
Psych ward is ballin', dope craze like no other
Weed steady blowing, pass the blunt to my Mama
Runs in the family, puff-puff keep a nigga fiending uh
Faded faded faded right
those glass super size, she gon' get some dick tonight
Meet me at the W, and no its not the westside
Stick it up ya southside (Icky icky icky)
Baller futuristic, groovy gangsta with an attitude

What these niggas make a year, I spend that on my daughter shoes
Smoking weed and drinking, all the college students loving Q
We gon' turn it out until the neighbors wanna party too[Hook]

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>