

# The Purge (Feat. Tyler The Cre

## ScHoolboy Q

My daddy said, draw nigga(Bow, bow!) Coming in for yours  
Niggas got them choppers and they knocking at your door  
Sirens gettin' loud when the bodies hit the floor  
Why you look confused motherfucker? This is war  
Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga  
Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga, uh  
Yeah, niggaAs this G shit begin, put this product placement on your chin  
The realest nigga breathing, y'all pretend  
Real crippy since I hopped off the swing  
With my strap, that's my peace offering (Yo, yo, yo, yeah uh yeah ooh)  
Five shots get rung out, five bodies falling  
Come put your lights out, I spark your apartment  
Deadline my clothing, don't fuck with Pink Dolphin  
Strap on his hairline, his forehead gets softened  
Send extras through his chest bones, shit, he don't need that coffin  
Most niggas would've run away, but me I'm out here walking  
Bucket hat with my shades on, my wardrobe look awesome  
Now nah, I ain't no dolphin, fuck rhyming, I'm crippling  
Niggas rap about what I'm living, all this false claiming, I'm marring  
Doing drive-by's I ain't steering, white Peter Rose, I ain't tearin'  
Fuck your bitch, in front of your chil'ren  
See your whip side of my building, yeah  
Put my dick and nuts in her mouth, bust in her hair  
I'm very rare, got my trigger on top of my underwear  
Bitch, I'm everywhere and over there  
You die here, let of a pair (Yak yak!)(Bow, bow!) Coming in for yours  
Niggas got them choppers and they knocking at your door  
Sirens gettin' loud when the bodies hit the floor  
Why you look confused motherfucker? This is war  
Yeah nigga, uh, yeah nigga  
Yeah nigga, uh, yeah nigga, uh  
Yeah niggaHouse full of kilo's, sold pound to zero's  
Cocaine my hero, you ain't you ain't Figg Side gettin' Deebo'd  
Always asking for the burner like, young niggas still free load  
Heart big as my ego, don't fly 'round my signal  
I'll rearrange your dino, crippy my house shoes  
Blue rag disciples, murder, I'm liable, you get the Eiffel  
Aim out the eyeball, I'm getting violent, I got the stripe once  
Won't get the stripe twice, you niggas half price

Which means you half off, I'm going Adolf  
I'm smoking bath salt through sherm sticks, burn this, ooh  
Knock knock through the condo's, Schoolboy from the fa' do's  
But who was spanked to you unranked, you can fuck around and get that chin bank'd  
Grew lining, Crip walk the whole mile  
Do belts, still my pants down, Chuck Taylors, Cortez's, Hush Puppies  
My glock ya fuck buddy, make money, take money  
Earn crack money, drug money, bail money  
Heard they got life for me, but how they got life for me?  
When they took that from me, since I had my nose runny  
I was out past sunny, had the strap by my tummy  
You can go and ask mommy, grab a body bag, haumie, yeah(Bow, bow!) Coming in for yours  
Niggas got them choppers and they knocking at your door  
Sirens gettin' loud when the bodies hit the floor  
Why you look confused motherfucker? This is war  
Yeah nigga, uh, yeah nigga  
Yeah nigga, uh, yeah nigga, uh  
Yeah nigga Bust my gun all by myself  
Rock cocaine all by myself  
Poured propane all on myself  
Go so hard might harm myself  
Yeah nigga, uh, yeah nigga  
Yeah nigga, yeah nigga Yeah, it's Kurupt young motherfuckin' Gotti  
Still rollin' in the six dont fuck with the Bugatti  
Come up in this motherfucker looking for a bitch  
Probably sucked on my dick then you kissed her on the lips  
The intrical, South Central Sentinel  
Get roped and choked, poetical tentacles stretch (Haha)  
Get roped and choked and rope-a-dope'd  
Extra overdose of the okie doke  
Get a nigga smoked, I ain't no joke  
Tired of this bullshit and everything y'all talk about, they walked 'em in  
I walked 'em out, they talked 'em in, I chalked 'em out  
And I cock back that ox and pow, pow, pow, pow  
Walk inside, pussy popping, top is popping off  
Papadopoulos neighborhood, roll with 60 bars  
Ghettotropolis, squeezing pussy like octopuses  
Show me where the money at, show me where the kush is  
Next time you see me I'll probably be in the bushes  
This is the reasons why I won't be fucking with pussies like you  
Me, Tyler and Schoolboy Q, we tote 'em(Bow, bow!) Coming in for yours  
Niggas got them choppers and they knocking at your door  
Sirens gettin' loud when the bodies hit the floor  
Why you look confused motherfucker? This is war  
Yeah nigga, uh, yeah nigga

Yeah nigga, uh, yeah nigga, uh  
Yeah nigga

Songwriters

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