

# Black THougHts

## ScHoolboy Q

Pissy sofas, sharin' food with roaches, uh  
I'm gangsta, Crip, my poppa was a bitch  
Left me where hopeless don't exist  
And every neighbor got a fence  
With bars and windows, my mom's slavin' for the rent  
Throwin' dices, GT dyno pool  
Where you hang, we shootin'  
You slip, we stiffin'  
Creative Crippin', uh  
Bitches stoppin' traffic  
This the type of shit that make the MAC a classic  
Reason I'm a pussy magnet  
She learned to carry package  
Been the best at rappin', uh  
Am I this Vegas?  
Your favorite rapper broke, he don't get this paper  
But claim he got a kilo, been born in '93 though  
He tryna fool the people  
ManThe joke's on you, mothafucka  
The loc is on you, mothafucka  
I warned you, it's karma  
Black thoughts and marijuana, it's karmaAin't nothin' changed but the change  
Let's put our brains away from gangs  
Crips and Bloods the old and new slaves  
Shit we even changed our names  
Trying something, new shame while we bang  
But yo, y'all ain't hearin' me  
My homie facin' life, told me that my pride my biggest enemy  
But you keep your eyes in that dark  
Your mind, it greys your heart  
I wrote these rhymes days apart  
Most of us caught before we can expand our thoughts  
How your grandmother see your corpse?  
How your big homie make your life a book?  
Left you for dead cause he ain't need you, right  
But I'm gon' fade him, right  
Let's put the rags down and raise our kids  
Let's put the guns down and blaze a spliff  
Let's do it now, ain't no buts or ifs

It took a Blood to get me Pringle chips  
You can learn to fly or take the ladder  
Real nigga shit, all lives matter, both sides  
ManThe joke's on you, mothafucka  
The loc is on you, mothafucka  
I warned you, it's karma  
Black thoughts and marijuana, it's karma

Songwriters

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