

# Raymond 1969

## ScHoolboy Q

[Verse 1]

They say the gangsters back, kid got a heart attack  
Straight out insomniac, let's get this fucker live  
Loadin up pistols while gettin high  
45 nine, we smoking sitting in nickels and dimes  
My little nigga 12 said he with it, yeah  
Gave him a sherm stick and watched him while he hit it  
Soon as he lit it cause was finished, now cock back the gat  
Little mask and gloves, let's get to buisness  
But they worry about Osama  
Killed a bitch nigga and get his family manana  
Didn't get a coma nor a cent for the karma  
Just an imaginary stripe so he can hold his head in honor  
Zombie land a bunch of dead men walkin  
Livin abortion they oughta raise the price on coffins  
Fucking make a killing but I ain't dying up in prison  
Fully loaded clip my brain up to the ceiling  
Money-money, hoes, clothes, nigga that's all we know  
Murder-murder, kill get your fucking cap peeled  
Fear around here, I smell death around here  
Don't be snooping 'round here, get dogged around here  
They say 2012 the world gon end  
Shit it been over since Raymond recruited soldiers  
1969 evolution of devils time  
Ain't walking up in no shrine shit I'm living a life of crime  
Pops never gave a chance my mom crying  
She can see it in my eyes, I lost my mind  
Sneakin out the window with angel dust in my endo  
Keys to her ignition new mission ya betta limbo  
Fire pits let to eject I hardly miss  
Nigga ditch sleep on my dog ain't that a bitch?  
And I ain't on my Odd Future tip  
But snatch a nigga intestines from his nose and tell his ass to shit  
But they worry about Osama  
Blood and Crip niggas lifetime of Jeffery Dhamers  
Flashy for the moment I'm on it I pop your collar  
Suicidal ain't fucking with these young connivers, we rivals  
Didn't learn to much in school  
But out I learned some shit, 36 a kilo 28 grams a zip

Pot brownies and white cookies  
Cops'll pat me down but won't touch on my girls tooshi  
Fuck they sent the lady cop they tryna book me  
All else fails balloon packs tampon that pussy  
Back to the set to laugh about it and get it off  
Lobster tails and butter sauce same clothes still a boss  
On a mothafuckin' robbing spree  
Probably be televised, bitch I want the world to see  
Now you dumb fuckas heard of him  
Sickest nigga out I found out that blood's burgundy  
But they worry about Osama  
9/11 passengers ain't seen this type of drama  
Vietnam wars I'm sending copper galore  
Bodies hit the floor god knows I'm playing lord for sure  
Make money, make money-money-money  
Take money, take money-money-money  
Make money, steal money-money-money  
Kill money, my money-money-money

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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