

Floating (feat. 21 Savage)

ScHoolboy Q

[Intro: ScHoolboy Q]

Fall in this bitch, transfusion with the drip drop
Sauce everywhere and got broccoli in my Ziploc
Tatted on my face, no role model, that's for Kid Bops
Got it on my waist, let that shit rock, I'm floating [Chorus: ScHoolboy Q]
Floating, I'm floating, floating, floating, floating, floating
Floating, I'm floating, floating, floating, floating, floating
Swag on max, got no legs, bitch, I'm floating
Might turn into a ghost, punk bitch, yes, I'm floating
Floating, I'm floating, floating, floating, floating, floating, floating
Floating, I'm floating, floating, floating, floating, floating, floating
Swag on max, got no legs, bitch, I'm floating
Might turn into a ghost, punk bitch, yes, I'm floating (Woo)

[Verse 1: ScHoolboy Q]

Take it off, yeah, going off, yeah
Money been here, the body's in here
I'm bringing up hell, the chopper don't fail
The product get late, the pussy gon' wait
The money I chase, the 'Rari don't break
You killing my pace, the Carti' my face
A mil' in my safe, now hand me that tape
Ten toes in the mud, who the plug getting wrapped?
Ten-tone yellow pill, selling seals and it's facts, ayy
I ain't trying to wife you, too emotional ('Motional)
Now take this in and out like it's supposed to go
Made it out the hood, had to bounce right quick (Bounce right quick)
Wonder how I drop out, learn to count like this (Learn to count like this)
Got a new house and a condo where I keep my shit (Where I keep my shit)
Got a shoestring 'round the thing thing, they don't build like this okay, I'm floating, ayy

[Chorus: ScHoolboy Q]

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I'm a Percocet floating (Yeah)

AR toting (Straight up)
Big blunt smoking ass nigga (21, 21)
In the Maybach joking (Straight up)
Drive the 'Rari like it's stolen (Straight up)
He a broke Ford Focus ass nigga (Ha)
Pay me for a show, I got a chopper (21)
All this smelly, they gon' call the coppers (21)
Can't run the game 'round rappers (Straight up)
'Cause I hang around all robbers (On God)
Little nigga, do you got a problem? (What?)
Little nigga, we'll come and solve it (Straight up)
Cash coming in, can't stop it (21)
I'm running to the money, y'all jogging (Yeah)
Richard Milles represent victory (21)
Still the same, I'm just a richer me (On God)
A washed-up bitch don't mean shit to me (Nothing)
I'ma let your best friend nibble me (Yeah)
You can't do nothing for me
Unless you leaving hickeys where my dick be (21)
I'm Slaughter Gang Savage
Freak hoes get punched just for trying to kiss me (21, 21)[Chorus: ScHoolboy Q]
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