

# Hoover Street

## ScHoolboy Q

I got that work, fuck Labor Day, just bought a gun  
Fuck punching in, throwing rocks, no hopscotch  
Bet my 9 milli hit the right spot  
Bang, last night it was a dream  
This morning a fantasy  
Back when the only fan I had was a fiend  
Meet me by the Acura cause the cops like  
To get help from the store camera, they always in my cornea  
But it's cool I've been catching on to they formula  
See I'm a real loc, my street sign I'll kill fo'  
Then rewind my Indo, then unroll my rillo  
The bad guy never once been a hoes hero  
He get zero, I said nada  
Bitch pass the cama (Uh, yeah)

How'd it feel to be a real nigga? (I'm a product of a real nigga)  
La-la familia (Get confronted by a real nigga)  
Fuck with one of my real niggas  
(It's on like night fall, summertime gotta ball)  
How'd it feel to be a real nigga?  
(It's on like night fall, summertime gotta ball)

How'd it feel to be a real nigga (My whole life I've been a real nigga)  
La-la familia (Get confronted by a real nigga)  
Fuck with one of my real niggas  
(It's on like night fall, summertime gotta ball)

How'd it feel to be a real nigga? I done jumped off my ass  
Hit the lick and barely pass but I quickly got to balling  
2012 ain't really happen

So I guess it's back to trapping, eyes open night to morning  
Had roaches in my cereal

My uncle stole my stereo, my grandma can't control him But, every last one of us had a pistol in the room, nigga

But, click-clack, pow-pow-pow (Boom, nigga)

But, meet Glock clock familia (Boom) Find a nigga realer than me, my socks stink

Eat so much pussy that my mustache pink

Strapping, my pants seam, no need for a belt

Gangsta lean help, hoodie on backwards with the eyes cut out

My hate felt, my .45 elder, poetry's deep

I never fail ya, Schoolboy bust flame

Orange-yellow, higher than Margiela's

Since a young nigga I admired the crack sellers, seen my uncle steal

From his mother, now that's the money that I'm talking 'bout  
Think about it, the smoker ain't got shit and everyday he still get a hit  
Whether jacking radio's or sucking dick  
Sell his kids and chop his wrists and sealing his lips  
'Cause he don't want the feds arresting his fix, didn't take much  
To get me convinced, coincidence that I ain't fucking with work  
Unless we rewind and answer my church  
Times getting harder than my dick on a growth spurt  
Around the same time all you niggas was on purp  
My sober ass was snatching her purse, make the ice cream truck freeze  
Give me the keys, extra Frito's, chili and cheese  
Thew some Baby Lucas in his eyes before I leave  
The cops'll never get the leak, grandma taught me well  
And my uncle gun was the accessories, 211 sipping plus a robbery  
This little Piggy went to market, this little Piggy carry chrome I done jumped off my ass  
Hit the lick and barely pass but I quickly got to balling  
2012 ain't really happen  
So I guess it's back to trapping, eyes open night to morning  
Had roaches in my cereal  
My uncle stole my stereo, my grandma can't control him But, every last one of us had a pistol in the room, nigga  
But, click-clack, pow-pow-pow (Boom, nigga)  
But, meet Glock clock familia (Boom) Grandma said she loved me, I told her I loved her more  
She always got me things that we couldn't afford  
The new J's and Tommy Hill in my drawers  
Sega Genesis, Nintendo 64, see Golden Eye was away at war  
We wasn't thinking of getting money then  
Nor did I wonder why my uncle done sold his Benz  
'Cause he been tripping now, he sweats a lot and slimming down  
I also notice moms be locking doors when he around  
But anyways, his wife done left him and now he living with us  
My bike is missing, grandma light a hotter chick every month  
My uncle's nuts, he used to give me Whisky to piss in cups  
Knocking on the door telling me to hurry up, he in a rush  
I gave it to him then got my ass whipped for doing it  
Moms used to tell me like "Nigga, know who you dealing with"  
Them was the good days 'til I was raised the older ways  
Rat-Tone my niggas' brother showed me my first K  
I was amazed, me and Floyd was in the back, he called us over like "Hey"  
Yak, yak, yak, yak! We like "Damn, nigga"  
Then again, yak, yak! We like "Damn, nigga"  
Hearing him say 'cause turned us to a fan, nigga  
Later on he got locked so know we're taking his fades  
Continue the chapter from his life, we flipping that page  
Gangbanging was a ritual and grandma would help  
She should've never left her gun on the shelf

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