

# Hoover Street

## ScHoolboy Q

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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