

Groovy Tony/Eddie Kane (feat. Jadakiss)

ScHoolboy Q

Blank Face, tre 8, kill everybody, fuck an AK
Sell narcotics and step my dollars up to Bill Gates
PusH all limits, you lookin' timid, need to back off
Punk-ass cops, tHem crackers want us with our black off
THug life nigga since '96 I wanted to gang bang
Few years later I'm really from it, we were still kids
Crack off nigga, I'm squeezing empty 'til tHe sHell break
Fuck my image I need to drop, I need to, Blank Face
'Cause brain damage from my mecHanics, keeping two ways
Sell narcotics, I'm slanging diamonds with your pack tHen
Stack large commas, you with your riders with your backbone
Can't fold figures, I make deposits with tHe gold grin
Jeans look dirty, I lift tHe CHevy with tHe rims on
All bad bitcHes, tHey wanna fuck me with tHe cap gone
Real life nigga, I'm in tHe stu' 'til all tHe weed blown
Wait long, long, I Hid tHe dope beHind tHe cellpHone
Y'all don't Hear me, I want tHe money rigHt
UgH, Groovy Tony, no face killer
I see tHe money rigHt, ugHYeaH, Blank Face
Clear everytHing out tHe safe
Crack tHe pig bank, robbin' your kids too
My Heart an igloo, tHe devil in all blue, HuH
Die now go to Heaven or bring 'em tHrough
Lot of brown 'round Here, got tHat wHite girl for you
And sHe swimming in fire water, could be double digits
Pistol tHrough your Civic
Most die before tHey Hear it, turn a nigga to a spirit
Drive slow, oH, Hey
Hit tHe curb with sHattered mirrors
Look around now you're Hellbound, boogie down
BullsHit I won't allow, slang a bird every Hou'
Smack a nigga with tHe Heat
Contradicting, now you peace
Leave you triple six laying in defeat
Can you dig it?
Struck a match, tHey won't finisH
Drop a nigga off, get a nigga wHipped
Squeezing fingertips, ayeBlank Face, tre 8, kill everybody, fuck an AK
Sell narcotics and step my dollars up to Bill Gates

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THug life nigga since '96 I want tHe gang bang
Few years later I'm really from it, we were still kids
Crack off nigga, I'm squeezing empty 'til tHe sHell break
Fuck my image I need to drop, I need to, Blank Face Exactly what I'mma have when the cops come
Body languages, the same as when the shots rung
Hole in a thirty-eight and a shotgun
Real nigga, we all know you are not one, nah
Running with the rebels, it's a three-man weave
With the Lord and the devil
Really all I need is a pitchfork and a shovel
If I can't proceed then I resort to the metal (Blank face)
Getting high watching NBA League Pass (Who with?)
With your family at the re-pass (My condolences)
My heart's getting colder
When I hug your mom and look over her shoulder
You notice I got the, (Blank face)
I heard nothing, I ain't seen nothing
I ain't in the middle with nothin', no in between nothin'
F y'all for ever hating me
As I sit there while they interrogate me
I'm staring at 'em with the (Blank face) Top rack nigga and the money came with it huh
New bitch with me, hope the booty came with it, came with it
Uh, rims flying down the road huh
Five in the morning, feds knockin' at my door huh
Toilet full of dope, while my burner knee high
Tell me put the gun down, I'm probably gon' die
I know, I know, big guns sell dope
Eddie Kane's little bro, hundred k, one whip, hah Open Eddie Kane for hire
Been tryna get rich for hours
Nights like this I wish
Cocaine drops would fall, woo, woo, woo, woo Yo, uh, yo, uh
Need the car with no mileage
Kristoff on my pallet
My cigar full of cabbage
Came from the dirt to the carrots
Getting dirty dollars
Fuck different baby mommas
Dope between the speakers
So fuck you mister teacher
'Cause the paper, I ace it
Lead, they tried to erase it
But I'm still standing
They mad at everything

Nothing given, I'mma take it first
On the trees like a hammock
Flip the work behind the campus
Young Ruby, turn your hood into a movie (Into a movie)
Gang bang it, don't slang it
GTA-ing, shoot the whole club up
Fuck tryna sneak the K in
On the road to riches
Thank you Mister Reagan
You helped them dollars rake in
And to my uncle that fucked up the family
That shit that you was smokin'
I was pushin' residue lay on the cushion
I'mma blame it on your ass 'cause I ain't gettin' whoopings
And your proof is in the pudding
I'm his grandma's baby, Eddie Kane
(Eddie Kane, Eddie Kane) Standing in the white light and we on
Is there any other smokers in here?
And we on
And is there any other smokers in here?
And we on
Is there any other smokers in here?
Keys open doors on the road to my heart
Dreams on the floor, bet a nigga stay high
And I know
We're next to go, around, around, around
We're next to go, around, around, around

Songwriters

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