

Druggys Wit Hoes Again (Feat. Ab Soul)

ScHoolboy Q

Tell a bitch like this this
Kill 'em
Got 'em got 'em hoes again (drugs drugs)
Got 'em hoes again Comin' down, comin' down, comin' down, comin' down
Comin' down off a pill, see what next we on
Bad little bitch in the driver's seat
Fuck them rappers, should be bumpin' me
Puff on your own, shit, I puff alone
Won't pass the weed, but I'll pass a bitch
Mastermind, the bitch stole my dick
Stuck me up, and didn't hit a lick
Retaliated, had to bust off quick
Uh, let me see
Here's some orange juice, you like taking E?
Hennessy, yeah, on the rocks
You take a shot and I'll take a bop, uhhh
Little sarcasm,
Swag O.D. Got 'em all laughing
G Hippy, he gon' orgasm
Leanin' out the 4, now I'm really spazzin' hmm
Backwoods, that good, high as hell
Ysl, nigga, rack me out
Rack me out, I say rack me out!
Just sold it out, then stack me out
Fuck all that shit you be talkin' bout
On the come up and the world can vouch
Been around the world, now my mommy house (bitch)
Uh, pulled her panties south
And I stuck it north, yeah I fucked, of course
Having intercourse, I can fuck for life
Guess I fucked her right, she keep talking like You nasty (you nasty)
You nasty (you nasty)
You nasty (see Q you know you nasty) Bet I got some weed
Bet I got yo bitch
Bet she on her knees
Bet she swallow dick
Bet she love my swag
Bet she leave yo ass
Comin' down, comin' down, comin' down, comin' down Solo ho (solo ho)

Solo ho (solo ho)
 Leanin' like a motherfuckin' cholo, ho
 Blue chucks on, El Pollo Loc'
 Black lip bastard, O.G. Master
 Off of E she climax faster
 Spread her legs like mayonnaise
 Been had game since Sega Saturn (Soul)
 I won't pass the weed, but I'll pass your bitch
 Would you relax a bit? I'm on activist
 Them niggas thought I had a laxative
 Now, ain't that some shit?
 Hmm, ain't that some shit?
 She suck dick, but she don't give me no lip
 I run shit, but I don't be on no field
 Bust on hoes, don't need no clip
 Now, that's gangsta, bitch
 Rollin' through the city with my gangsta bitch
 I'm a gangsta, bitch! (Hiiipower)
 We on y'all heels like anklets
 Q, tell these niggas what we on
 [?] Hallway, blowed all day, carry on
 She unzipped these 501 jeans, after that she told me
 She told me You nasty (you nasty)
 You nasty (you nasty) soul!
 You nasty (see Q you know you nasty) Bet I got some weed
 Bet I got yo bitch
 Bet she on her knees
 Bet she swallow dick
 Bet she love my swag
 Bet she leave yo ass
 Comin' down, comin' down, comin' down, comin' down Marijuana, hydro, pussy ho, ass, titties
 Marijuana, hydro, pussy ho, ass, titties
 Ass, titties, pussy ho, ass, titties
 Marijuana, hydro, pussy ho, ass, titties Ok! Extra pills, extra pills, I got extra pills
 Two for the ten, nigga, extra pills
 Give your bitch some sex appeal
 Hey Soul! (Extra pills)
 Nigga, what'chu want? (Extra pills)
 Two for the ten? (Extra pills)
 Well, fuck it then, nigga, give 'em extra pills!
 Extra pills! Extra pills!
 Fuck that, nigga! Two for the ten, OD on a nigga! Extra pills!
 (Extra pills, extra pills) Uh, uh, I said extra pills! (Extra pills, extra pills) That nigga double stacks
 Triple stacks
 I got a quad too Still got the baddest hoes

Still burn the finest weed
Everywhere we go,
They still know who we be
Now, take a picture
Now, let me be, TDE
Got them hoes again
Q, ay, ay, Q, got the weed again
Solo

Comin' down, comin' down, comin' down, comin' down Oh oh So you with the business

Songwriters

Quincey Hanley Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>