

THat Part (feat. Kanye West)

ScHoolboy Q

Me no conversate with the fake, that part
All my bitches independent bitches, that part
I just want the paper, that part
All my bitches flavored
That part, that part, that part, that partAyy! That part
Bang this shit in the hood one time
Lil bitch I'm back and poppin'
Tell that ugly bitch to move away, I need more options
Broke then fix your pockets, all I do is profitQuarter million, switchin' lanes, that part
Bet my bitch move the same old thing, that part
405 with the gun off safe, that part
Ayy I'm still tryna make that plate
Rich or poo nigga, pick your fate
Style on top of style, nigga
Five years I've been rich, nigga
Drove Bimmers down Fig, nigga
Pushed Porsches down Broadway
I've been divin' in different hoes, nigga
Got a chain that's worth the Rolls, nigga
Got an engine back with the top in it
Nigga drivin' it like it's a bomb in itMe no conversate with the fake, that part
All my bitches independent bitches, that part
I just want the paper, that part
All my bitches flavored
That part, that part, that part, that partOkay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay! (That part)
Beggars can't be choosers, bitch this ain't Chipotle
Nigga with an attitude, I feel like O'Shea
Walkin', livin' legend, man I feel like Kobe
I just left the strip club, got some glitter on me
Wifey gonna kill me, she the female OJ
Y'all don't feel me, man this ain't okay
Four Seasons, take a shower, new clothes, I'm reloaded
Rich nigga, still eatin' catfish
That bitch ain't really bad, that's a catfish
If I walk up out of Saks Fifth
Have the paparazzi doin' back-flips
If I lay you down on the mattress
Blow the back out 'til you backless

Thick, we already established
She just got 'em done, bra-strapless
Yeah! Okay
Okay, okay, okay! (That part)
Beggars can't be choosers, bitch this ain't Chipotle (That part)
Nigga with an attitude, I feel like O'Shea (That part)
Walkin', livin' legend, man I feel like Kobe (That part) Me no conversate with the fake, that part
All my bitches independent bitches, that part
I just want the paper, that part
All my bitches flavored
That part, that part, that part, that part Ayy! That part
Bang this shit in the hood one time
Lil bitch I'm back and poppin'
Tell that ugly bitch to move away, I need more options
Broke then fix your pockets, all I do is profit Few million made and still ain't changed, that part
Me, my girl got matchin' bling, that part
I'mma get so blowed, I'mma lose my brain, that part
Me and XO only thing go straight
Need me a bitch that'll go both ways
Style on top of style, nigga
Since a youngin' I wanted to ball, nigga
Had a pistol in my drawls, nigga
When I was broke, I had the sauce, nigga
Got a Chevy with side to side on it
Hundred spokes, the dang-d-dangs on it
Got a chopper to stand the fire too
I put your Uzi down beside you Me no conversate with the fake, that part
All my bitches independent bitches, that part
I just want the paper, that part
All my bitches flavored
That part, that part, that part, that part
Ayy! That part
That part
That part Walkin', livin' legend, man I feel like Kobe (That part)
I just dropped 60, man I feel like Kobe
Lamar was with me, man I feel like Kobe
Pimpin' at my weddin', man I feel like Jordan
Trippin' at my weddin', I be runnin' away
Ain't say shit, nigga
You was listenin' close though
You was listenin' to hoes though
You wouldn't listen to the flow though
Listen to the 'Go
Listen to a young nigga from the 'Go though
I'ma freestyle this mothafucka, who knew?

When I'm with my niggas, nigga, ScHoolboy Q
And uh, Top Dawg, call Top Dawg
Get that nigga on the phone
Top Dawg on the phone!
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy! Hah!

Songwriters

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