

What They Want

ScHoolboy Q

This the shit that they need, tell me where are you from
Drop your pants to your knees, girl I'm capital G Might pull up in my bucket

This nine holds a good dozen

Might slide up in your cousin

Just made a mill and still thuggin'

Niggas banged on me, but they should of shot me

See, I hit the corner then spot him, got him

Court date, but I skipped the bail

Rather wig myself before I sit in jail

Need a gang of weed and a pint of lean

Got a hat say Figg on my gangsta tip

Don't trust no ho, I might sock the bitch

I'm apocalypse to your politics

Might cop the Phantom, get ghost

I can pay your bills with this coke

Need an extra band for this smoke

I can see for miles with this scope nigga

Got an oxy-scribed to this dope dealer

Misses Piggy want her Biggie back

Rock cremation then called it crack

I'mma keep on eating till my ankles fat

Sell that fix, throw it cross the map

Push my penis in between her lap

Put my semen all down her throat

'Till Tito kilos come off that boat This the shit that they want

This the shit that they need

Tell me where are you from?

Drop your pants to your knees

Girl I'm capital G

This the shit they gon' buy

This the shit why I'm fly

This the shit why I'm high

This the shit they gon' want

This the shit that they want

This the shit that they want

Tell 'em, tell 'em

If you see my watch I might hit it

If you see my check I might hit it

If you see my house I might hit it

This the shit that they want
 This the shit that they need
 This the shit that's from me
 This the shit they gon' want
 This the shit that they want
 This the shit that they want Yeah, this that four niggas in a Regal flow
 Speeding through the yellow lights
 She want Versace belt like it's a mistletoe
 I put everything gold for yellow rice, graduated from hella ice
 If I stand on my bank roll (Stand on your bank roll)
 Nigga, I'd be scared of heights
 And I'd be dodging the po'lice
 When I was poor with no lights, when I was poor with potential
 Watch my flow in four inches, oh lord she in Christians
 All gold but my vintage, pull it out and she kiss it
 All gold on my wrists's, God can judge no convincing
 Just because I got dreads don't get it twisted
 Moving my whip down the boulevard
 Word round town I was selling hard
 Hard and I'm talking bout the yayo
 Hit her on the floor and then I lay low
 I may say "que pasa" with the pesos
 Promethazine, codeine, caseloads (Tru!)
 And when I pull up to the valet
 You know I got the strippers on payroll, uh! This the shit that they want
 This the shit that they need
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 This the shit they gon' want
 This the shit that they want
 This the shit that they want 100K in my trunk, keep that bitch with that dunk

She gon' pop in them heels, she must heard of my deal
She gon' roll on them pills, just don't grab on my hat
This that shit that's Iraq, this that make you climax
This that shit you just bought, this that Q go damn hard
This that car that won't park, pedal to the floor, it won't stop
And just when you thought it won't drop, Oxymoron in stores
Come in kids, lock the door, knock-knock-knock, hit the floor
Need my bread off the top, could buy anything off the lot
This that steel, not the grill, get them slugs off for real
This that crow with the jail, we go in, smoke the L's
She love my mic, rock the bell, leave that punani killed
All them hoes want the Q, spit that truth, make the loot
Expensive whips we hotbox, spent 2 bills on my socks
This that make you cockblock, this that make me pop shot
This that filthy convo, this that must be Figueroa This the shit that they want
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