

Collard Greens (www.hiphopcafeexclusive.com)

ScHoolboy Q

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Uh uh, yo yaOh (oh) luxury
Chidi-ching-ching could buy anything, cop that
Oh (oh) collard greens
Three degrees low, make it hot for me, drop that
Oh (oh) down with the shit
King shit, smoke this, get down with the shit, aye
Oh (oh) down with the shit
This, that, pop this down with the shitSmoke this, drink this
Straight to my liver
Watch this, no tick
Yeah, I'm the nigga
Gang rap, X-mas
Smoke, shots out the liver
Faded, Vegas
Might sponsor the killer, shit
Shake it, break it
Hot hot for the winter
Drop it, cop it
Eyes locked on your inner object
Rock it, blast-blast, new beginnings
Lovely, pinky how not I remember fiending,
Gimme, gimme, gimme some
Freak the freckles off your face
Frenchy, freaking, swapping tongue
Click my link and spread your buns
Loose your denim, make it numb
Blow it baby, no Saddam
Icky, icky, icky uh
Fucking in the car service
Thank me for the car pool
Chromosome, part full
Prolly off a Norco
And gas, not the Arco
Popping since the intro
You shopping from the window
Play my favorite tempoOh (oh) luxury
Chidi-ching-ching could buy anything, cop that
Oh (oh) collard greens

Three degrees low, make it hot for me, drop that
Oh (oh) down with the shit
King shit, smoke this, get down with the shit, aye
Oh (oh) down with the shit
This, that, pop this down with the shit Hold up, biatch!
This your favorite song
Translation, Ven aqui
Mami, asi culo
Tu quiero coger mi huevos
Y papi molestes pero
Chuparse puto pendejo
El pinche cabron, let's get it
Nights like this I'mma knight like this
Sword in my hand, I fight like this
I am more than a man, I'm a God
Bitch, touche, en garde
ToupÃ©e drop and her two tits pop
Out of that tank top and bra
And when I say "Doo doo doo doo!"
Bitch, that be K. Dot
She want some more of this
I give her more of this, I owe her this
In fact, I know she miss the way I floored this, I'm forgis
I know my Houston partners drop a four on this, and focus
And slow it down (down)
Alright let me blow this bitch I'm famous, I blame this, on you
Cash in the mirror
Hang in my penthouse roof
Skyline the clearest
Watch it, your optics
Popping out, you look the weirdest
Pop my top on the 1-0-5
Head with no power steering, ah! Oh (oh) luxury
Chidi-ching-ching could buy anything, cop that
Oh (oh) collard greens
Three degrees low, make it hot for me, drop that
Oh (oh) down with the shit
King shit, smoke this, get down with the shit, aye
Oh (oh) down with the shit
This, that, pop this down with the shit Bummy nigga famous, straight from the bottom
Broke niggas hate it, still never robbed 'em
Guns in the basement, out they have a problem
Kush be my fragrance, we love marijuana
Function on fire, burn the roof off this motherfucker
Psych ward is ballin', dope craze like no other

Weed steady blowing, pass the blunt to my Mama
Runs in the family, puff-puff keep a nigga fiendin' uh
Faded faded faded right
Shot glass super size, she gon' get some dick tonight
Meet me at the W, and no its not the westside
Stick it up ya south side (Icky icky icky ooh)
Baller futuristic, groovy gangsta with an attitude
What these niggas make a year, I spend that on my daughter shoes
Smoking weed and drinking, all the college students loving Q
We gon' turn it out until the neighbors wanna party too Oh (oh) luxury
Chidi-ching-ching could buy anything, cop that
Oh (oh) collard greens
Three degrees low, make it hot for me, drop that
Oh (oh) down with the shit
King shit, smoke this, get down with the shit, aye
Oh (oh) down with the shit
This, that, pop this down with the shit aye (oh)

Songwriters

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