

Grooveline Pt 2 (Ft. Suga-Free)

ScHoolboy Q

Got a sack of marijuana, think I'm 'bout to bend a corner
Ain't no telling who my money for
Got my dope from cross the border
Got my home on Figueroa, ain't no telling where that pussy go
Will you sell that pussy for me?
Will you sell that pussy for me? (Will you sell that pussy for me?)
Will you sell that pussy for me?
Will you sell that pussy for me? (Will you sell that pussy for me?)
Check the forecast, it's Wavy Q, I should
make the news
My fortune said that I'll be pimping you and your pussy juice
Super sweet, sell a trick a treat, hope your lips in shape
Cause you worked your feet as you stroll them streets, beeper checking
Hope no cops arresting, girl, I told you them narcs be pressing
Better act you a pedestrian and don't mention my name
My pimping is game, cold limp with my cane, got gold on my chain
Come pinky my ring, it's so blickety bling
On 51st and Figg, grew up about ten minutes from the real Ricky
Where the shoelaces is orange with H hats like we from Houston
Condoms in hoes' purses with baby wipes for they coochie
You's a ho that's selling booty, no need to be acting bougie
Bitch, I give your ass a noogie and a chicken nugget
And make you watch me at the movies, I'm panoramic
My filming be rated pimping, my mink dragging
With two bitches that go and get it, my hoes get it
Will you sell that pussy for me?
Will you sell that pussy for me? (Will you sell that pussy for me?)
Will you sell that pussy for me?
Will you sell that pussy for me? (Will you sell that pussy for me?)
Hut one, hut two
Hut three, hut four (Sell that pussy for me)
Will you sell that pussy for me?
Will you sell that pussy for me? (Will you sell that pussy for me?)
Hut one, hut two
Hut three, hut four (Sell that pussy for me)
Will you sell that pussy for me?
Will you sell that pussy for me? (Will you sell that pussy for me?)
Uh-huh, yeah, watch me go Black Forest ham
A new school player laced with the old gift gab
And don't let your Shark Week mouth override your Green Goldfish ass
So for every ho you clown, I'mma crown two
And anything good hurts and I cried
Shit I just don't want to throw it up in my mothafuckin' face
Or I choose to not do this around you
See ho you like a brain aneurysm

Want two heads with the same dandruff in 'em
Only to scratch the itch with baby rattlesnake fangs
No Head and Shoulders or anti-venom
Yeah, P, this is gentlemanly leisure, the oldest game left to play
And the hard head that make a soft ass played out
Will forgive and forget yesterday
Now get 'em, Q, a pimp on foot, go to sleep, call us, wake up to a Cadillac
Remember Forrest Gump walked and he was pretty stupid
So you know what? Accept the fact that the bitch belongs to the world
P, cause that ho only yours as long as she hoeing
But Happy Pimping and Merry Ho Ho
Keep an eye on bottom bitch too
Cause that bitch'll run a ho or two off, mane
Pimps only fuck with pimps, homie, that's why we so solid
Red to blue, to debt, to due, it's easier
To put a watermelon through the eye of a needle
This is done by choice, not by force
I ain't asking, I'm telling you Will you sell that pussy for me?
Will you sell that pussy for me? (Will you sell that pussy for me?)
Will you sell that pussy for me?
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Songwriters

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