

Torch

ScHoolboy Q

Blank face, blank face, blank face, blank face
Blank face, blank face, blank face, blank face
Blank face, blank face
I'll trade the noise for a piece of divine
Uh! This that "Fuck the blogs"
The afterbell, we hang in halls
Underage, smokin' weed and alcohol
Grandma swept shells out the driveway
One of the homies got slayed so we bang at the King parade
I can take you spots where gangsters walk
Where real damus and locs, Boyz N the Hood wasn't even close
Where the girls' kitten show, hit the dope and the pussy soaked
Now she get you for your change, Captain Save-A-Hoe, mane
I ain't been right since out the cervix
I know a M can make it perfect
It came through more than the one I worship
You I never lie, the truth be told, the dope, it gettin' sold
He got the runny nose
Summertime, we don't trust niggas in winter clothes
I swear the hood low, as the burner get rolls I follow the city codes
My money short
Missin' them days of honey oats
Dollar bills in mama's coat
Cartoons and bubble soap
This be the realest shit I wrote
This be that ride that hunnid spoke
Red and blue from head to toe Who needs a mothafuckin' friend?
You see them mothafuckin' rims
Met the devil in disguise
Look through my mothafuckin' eyes Look at my eyes, look at my block
Look at my shit, cold
All of these lies, true to my life
Word to my pen so
Take what you want, get what you like
Open that window
Ain't that shit raw
Ain't it? That shit raw
Look through my mothafuckin' eyes
Vision impaired by the high

No cares on my mind
Couple dares, that is fine This shit from 'round the back house
More baggies bagged and that roach
In granny's plastic suede couch
Best play cat and that mouse
A minor pitchin' in major
Stay servin' dope but we cater
Take you back to my Sega
Slammin' bones on that table
Runnin' errands for grams, the paramedics at Tam's
Forced to grow to a man
Before L.A. had them Rams
Went to school for the bitches, where scorin' drugs was the goal
Lungs black as a crow, got banned from every hood store
My haters came for the better and money came for the loads
Concrete where we rose, you wasn't built from this mold
Fucked up the game with many flow
I've been a loc since Henry O
I'm ten toes, you movie role
I do this shit for lifers way before
Jehri curls, cut Dickies and sherm smoke
Got so many bodies the world knows, shit
Don't worry 'bout no witness, your homies go under oath
But our dreams were big, homie
The world done flipped on me, took my soul then clicked on me Who needs a mothafuckin' friend?
You see my mothafuckin' rims
Met the devil in disguise
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All of these lies, true to my life
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Ain't that shit raw
Ain't it? That shit raw
Look through my mothafuckin' eyes
Vision impaired by the high
No cares on my mind
Couple dares, that is fine My picture was in full frame
But my vision had distort
My memory is okay
But my feelings on point
I could be here all day if you let me go, go, go, go
Oh Lord!
You don't know the half of what I had to hold, hold, hold, hold

No Lord!
I see faces at my window
My patience growin' short
I had no one to lend on
That's why that chip is so cold
Kinda like the cool king on my fallen bros, bros, bros, bros
Oh Lord!
Guess that's my curtain call, my last go
Said isn't this shit what you wanted to see?
Ain't this shit what you wanted to see?

Songwriters

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Published by
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