

Black THougHts

ScHoolboy Q

Our experience to where we have parents in our lives that were showing us everything, like didn't nobody walk us, our hand and show love like you do this and don't do that. It wasn't like that coming up in our mothafuckin' community. We grew up off of cigarillos... we grew up off of second row, acting like them. A worldwide blade, a real strength.... Yeah that's on the regular

Smokin' the gas on the regular, man

Word

Sippin' on Hen, that's the regularPissy sofas, sharin' food with roaches

I'm gangsta, Crip, my poppa was a bitch

Left me where hopeless don't exist

And every neighbor got a fence

With bars and windows, my mom slavin' for the rent

Throwin' dices, GT dyno pool

Where you hang we shootin'

You slip, we stiffin'

Creative Crippin'

Bitches stoppin' traffic

This the type of shit that make the MAC a classic

Reason I'm a pussy magnet

She learned to carry package

Been the best at rappin', uh

Am I this Vegas?

Your favorite rapper broke, he don't get this paper

But claim he got a kilo, he born in '93 though

He tryna fool the people

Maaaaaan

The joke's on you, mothafucka

The loc is on you, mothafucka

I warned you, it's karma

Black thoughts and marijuana, it's karma

Black thoughts and marijuana, it's karma

Black thoughts and marijuana, it's karmaAin't nothin' changed but the change

Let's put our brains away from gangs

Crips and Bloods the old and new slaves

Shit we even changed our names

Trying something, new shame while we bang

But yo, y'all ain't hearin' me

My homie facin' life, told me that my pride my biggest enemy

But... you keep your eyes in that dark

Your mind, it greys your heart

I wrote these rhymes days apart

Most of us caught before we can expand our thoughts

How your grandmother see your corpse?

How your big homie make your life a book?
Left you for dead cause he ain't need you, right
But I'm gon' fade him, right
Let's put the rags down and raise our kids
Let's put the guns down and blaze a spliff
Let's do it now, ain't no buts or ifs
It took a Blood to get me Pringle chips
You can learn to fly or take the ladder
Real nigga shit, all lives matter, both sides
Man

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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