

Dope Dealer (feat. E-40)

ScHoolboy Q

I got a sack of blue faces but my AR black
I got two bitches in my whip and they got hold my strap
I put the knife to the coca leaf and turn that crack
I put the nine to your coconut and pull that back
I see that motherfucker shinin' snatch your whole damn throat
I got a strike in every pocket of my old ass coat
I use to fly around your city nigga no ID
I get a half and I'mma flip it gotta go OT
I think somebody getting bodied on the weekday, get out the way
I'm in my new clothes, now drop it for me for a bankroll
I'm lookin' like a motherfuckin' dope dealer nigga
Where the hoes where the blow I'm just a dope dealer nigga
Paper in the paper bag I'm a dope dealer nigga
Bitch to beat his ass I'm a dope dealer nigga
Fuck your homies and the police I'mma dope dealer nigga
Couple diamonds in my rollie I'm a dope dealer nigga
Got the plug on the dodie I'm a dope dealer nigga
Better buck, your auntie know me I'm a dope dealer nigga
Cali niggas is managin' we havin', Greedy
We got F 57s and we savages, beastly
My little niggas be ampin', they some P's, hustlers
Some of them sell candy some sell trees, customers
But personally I'm a rapper, and I'm spectacular, remarkable
Got a way with my words my lingo and vernacular, marketable
I beat a bitch down I promise you I ain't playin' (beat his ass)
Stomp his ass out throw him in the garbage can, the trash
The harder the trap you might find me snapping' bones
The sink on the soil eatin' dominos
Where the gumbo pots boil the taskforce radar homes, Vamonos
Heavy surveillance, hella copters and drones
I think somebody getting bodied on the weekday
Get out the way
I'm in my new clothes, now drop it for me for a bankroll
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Got the plug on the dodie I'm a dope dealer nigga
Better buck, your auntie know me I'm a dope dealer nigga
I got them egg whites and them oxtails for the low

Got them hot wheels gotta push start and it go
Got them 16's of the Act right and its seal'
We on the frontline when its crunch time to get chilled
You us lil' niggas love gold chains and them whips
Make me rearrange your whole thang for my hip
I get this motherfucker jumpin' bitch you know why I came
They told me Thou Shalt not kill when I jumped in the flame
I'm cocoo for the cocoa leaves and I turned it to dope
The money never grew on trees but I'm watching it grow
We talking' cold watching' hoes tellin' em that I keep
I get to swinging' on this chopper nigga, R.I.P
You heard what I mean, its your boy yeah its Smacc mane
Its better livin' with mines man you heard what I mean
We got break your bitch man we got send her back to you broke man
You funky cock biatch
White stones, panties gone, boom
2 phones, man he on, boom
Bank roll, hella hoes, boom
Big dope, blow your nose, boom
White stones, panties gone, boom
2 phones, man he on, boom
Bank roll, hella hoes, boom
Big dope, blow your nose, boom

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

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