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
The joke's on you, mothafucka
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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