

Blind Threats (feat. Raekwon)

ScHoolboy Q

Uh, yo, right, right, uh
Same shit every day, [?]
Lord please forgive me for all my sins
Yeah, wake up to the same shit everyday
No rules Washing my sins off in hell's water
Feel like the Bible told me lies as I pray to 'em
Kneel down, put my faith in 'em, will you answer me?
But if God won't help me this gun will, I swear I'm gon' find my way
Four corners, cat and mouse chase, got cheese to catch
High on on some drug, I'm Space Cadet
Dreamin' I don't live up on the block no more
Trappin' trying to make it out this obstacle
Life on the edge, hell a block away
Pretty Snow White turned eight today
Selling that base, no Dr. Dre
Uh, guess who in the buildin'
Bucket hat with a strap like a pilgrim
Kneelin' down with some questions to address like
Why the ones who commit the worst sins live the best?
The 10 commandments, I can mark five checks
But I sense flaws, the Bible preaching blind threats
Streets held me down, got faith in a Pyrex
Faith in a [?] I call it the clarinet
Sewer full of shit when the toilet digests from the cop raid
All can relate from the streets to the wall, from niggas to compadres
When the sun go down I'm predictin' a heatwave - forecast your whole body
Heat on, room full of homis, I just pray that the Lord got me
But if God don't help me this gun will, I swear I'm gon' find my way
(mic check, mic check)
La la la la la la laaaa
But if God won't help me this gun will, I swear I'm gon' find my way Aim that [?] that pledge
allegiance
[?] mine at yours lets make it even
Soul need saving, Mr. preacher
I know I only come around when it's Easter
Funerals, Thanksgiving, Christmas time
When I'm in jail or when my card declined
Will you answer me?
Take me out of Hell and make plans for me?
Misery loves company, ain't a surprise
It was just me and my niggas we was trying to survive
But we would never make it out alive

We livin' to die, oxymoron
Hope to get to heaven 'till that day arrive
Running through the ally, hope the bullet don't collide
Car window shattered, glass on my right side
Dogs bark in the backyard, root for me
Out of shape belly courtesy of 40
Spoiled only child, baby boy Jody
Same jacket on from back in the day
Prayin' that the Lord come and take me away
It go tuna fish sandwiches bread, dry snaking
Black Lincoln, burgundy Mac, I clap a king-pin
Caught me in the airport gust that I was thinkin'
On how to stay rich, get bills with my acquaintances
Yeah, money is the issue, I diss you, it's no problem at all
Yo, the bunch [?]
Cause I'm a suit case king
Cooling at the gamblin' spot with a screwed face grin
No wage bet, we stay winnin', play it again, yo
Put the bone in your jaw, now say it again
Round knife, fork, under the tents, coming to rents
Get out the way or let [?] spent
Revenge to make the events iller
This is more realer, snatch you right up out of the Benz
[?] rew knows the truth
You know the woopy woop solo or group I [?]

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