

# Los Awesome (feat. Jay Rock)

## ScHoolboy Q

I'm a groovy type nigga, rather two-step with you  
Pants sagging, rag dragging, rather gangbang with you  
Triggers squeeze, throw a palette, throw them thing-things with you  
Hot degrees, anti-freeze, chilling cool-cool with you  
Chilling cool-cool with you  
Hot degrees, anti-freeze, chilling cool-cool with you  
Chilling cool-cool with you  
Pants sagging, rag dragging, do my gangbang with you Groovy nigga, jumped off of the peg  
Forced by my third leg  
Plead the fifth, no L's, no whips, backyard full of Crips  
Barbecues and county blues, this Hoover gangster be the shit  
It ain't much up on our list, shoot the killer and hit the licks  
Get NUT up out the bitch, gangbangin', fuck a clique  
Yup, I'm looking for a scrap  
See, my crippling done spread around the world  
Well, his top be low, his bottom is the reaper  
Looking like the reaper in your driveway  
Strays through your living room  
Liable to drive-by on a summer day  
July 4th will be in June  
Block ten block ten block ten bla ba bum  
The sound of the drum, the sound that crips and bloods know  
Block ten block ten block ten bla ba bum  
The sound that the drums seen I'm a groovy type nigga, rather two-step with you  
Pants sagging, rag dragging, rather gangbang with you  
Triggers squeeze, throw a palette, throw them thing-things with you  
Hot degrees, anti-freeze, chilling cool-cool with you  
Chilling cool-cool with you  
Hot degrees, anti-freeze, chilling cool-cool with you  
Chilling cool-cool with you  
Pants sagging, rag dragging, do my gangbang with you  
Don't make me put a lean to a nigga spleen  
Shells through a nigga (barriing-riing-riing)  
Stop a dream in its tracks beam down  
Little boy now, dream little boy, dream  
Coke go in the pot, arm and hammer body  
A\$AP.Rocky, want it I could get it  
Onion in my pocket like the booty on a midget  
Diamond on my rollie teach a nigga how to fridge it  
Looking at the time, been winning for a minute  
See my neck co-defendant, what's the problem?  
Seen the souls long gone before I got them

He was dead before I shot him, it's the reaper I'm a groovy type nigga, rather two-step with you  
Pants sagging, rag dragging, rather gangbang with you  
Triggers squeeze, throw a palette, throw them thing-things with you  
Hot degrees, anti-freeze, chilling cool-cool with you  
Chilling cool-cool with you  
Hot degrees, anti-freeze, chilling cool-cool with you  
Chilling cool-cool with you  
Pants sagging, rag dragging, do my gangbang with you Tell me more about it in the gutter  
Where it started with the crippling  
Blue on campus know it happened  
Tell me more about it in the gutter  
Where it started with the crippling  
Then the bloods done got it brackin' (Suwoo!) I'm just an Eastside nigga  
Where them niggas say "Show you what it be like, nigga"  
Roll 'em up, light 'em up like a street light, nigga  
Follow me, I can show you what these streets like, nigga  
Handle bars, ever swing, guns blow like dusty winds  
Spend a band, push his wig back when that revolver spins  
Toe tag 'em, false flagging like it's all good  
Tell niggas tee off like Tiger Woods, where you from?  
We never heard of ya, walking with the murderers  
Niggas that'll murder ya, steal you like a burglar  
Seen the souls long gone before I got them  
He was dead before I shot him, it's the reaper (His & Her Friend Interlude)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>