

What They Want (feat. 2 Chainz)

ScHoolboy Q

This the shit that they need
Tell me where are you from Drop your pants to your knees
Yeah, I got the codeine
Might pull up in my bucket
This nine holds a good dozen
Might slide up in your cousin
Just made a mill and still thuggin'
Niggas banged on me, but they should've shot me
See, I hit the corner then spot him, got him
Court date, but I skipped the bail
Rather wig myself before I sit in jail
Need a gang of weed and a pint of lean
Got a hat say Figg on my gangsta tip
Don't trust no ho, I might sock the bitch
I'm apocalypse to your politics
Might cop the Phantom, get ghost
I can pay your bills with this coke
Need an extra band for this smoke
I can see for miles with this scope, nigga
Got an oxy-scribed to this dope dealer
Misses Piggy want a piggyback
Rock cremation then called it crack
I'mma keep on eating 'til my ankles fat
Sell that fix, throw it cross the map
Push my penis in between her lap Put my semen all down her throat
'til Tito kilos come off that boat
This the shit that they want
This the shit that they need
Tell me where are you from? Drop your pants to your knees, girl, I'm capital G
This the shit they gon' buy This the shit why I'm fly, this the shit why I'm high
This the shit they gon' bump
This the shit that they want, this the shit that they want
Annotate Tell 'em, tell 'em
If you see my watch I might hit it
If you see my check I might hit it
If you see my house I might hit it
This the shit that they want
This the shit that they need
This the shit that's from me
This the shit they gon' bump
This the shit that they want, this the shit that they want
Yeah, this that four niggas in a Regal flow

Speeding through the yellow lights
She want Versace belt like it's a mistletoe
I put everything over yellow rice, graduated from hella ice
If I stand on my bank roll, nigga, I'd be scared of heights
And I'd be dodging the police, when I was poor with no lights
When I was poor with potential, watch my flow in four inches
Oh Lord, she in Christians, all gold on my Adventist
Pull it down and she kiss it, all gold where my wrists is God there's just no convincing
Just because I got dreads don't get it twisted
Moving my whip down the boulevard
Word round town I was selling hard Hard and I'm talking bout the yayo
Hit her on the floor and then I lay low
Amigos say "Que pasa with the pesos?"
Promethazine codeine, caseloads (T.R.U.)
And when I pull up to the valet
You know I got the strippers on payroll!
100k in my trunk, keep that bitch with that dunk
She gon' pop in them heels, she must heard of my deal
She gon' roll on them pills, just don't grab on my hat
This that shit that's Iraq, this that make you climax
This that shit you just bought, this that Q go damn hard
This that car that won't park, pedal to the floor, it won't stop
And just when you thought it won't drop, Oxymoron in stores
Come in kids, lock the door, knock-knock-knock, hit the floor
Need my bread off the top, could buy anything off the lot
This that steel, not the grill, get them slugs off for real
This that crow with the jail, we go in, smoke the L's
She love my mic, rock the bell, leave that punani killed
All them hoes want the Q, spit that truth, make the loot
Expensive whips we hotbox, spent 2 bills on my socks
This that make you cockblock, this that make me pop shot
This that filthy convo, this that must be Figueroa

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