

Hell of a Night

ScHoolboy Q

Get up out your seat, you can have my drink, let me see you dance
Get up off your feet, you can be my freak, let me see you jam
When the sun falls, then the moon lights, might be a hell of a night
Go, go, go, go...Shit's real and I just begun, so many ladies wanna share my tongue
Uh, man this life of mine, me in the lead being pressed for time
So the bottle gon' pop, then my record gon' spin
Then them hoes gon' jock, ain't no telling how my night might end
Night life in the bright lights, swagging hard in my Concorde
You at the bottom, we the Top Dawgs, we get high as them elevators
Take a sip with me, now move your hips with me, now make it dip for me
Now will you ride for me? Will you die for me?
Will you jump off a cliff and hit the sky with me?
Uh, ménage á trois, four titties, no bras and no flaws
You, me, and her ball with no drawers, get high with a God I am no star
Feeling good, all this money on my bank card
10 grand in my pocket, nigga, all ours
Porsche Panamera, uh, yeah, four doors
Pedal to the floor, ain't that what it's made for?
I ain't minding if the world stops
Said I ain't minding if the world stops, we been living up in Hell's shop
We been living up in Hell's shop
So I'ma live it to the top notch, so I'ma take it to the top notch
I ain't running if the world stops
Said I ain't minding if the world stops, we been living up in Hell's shop
We been living up in Hell's shop
So I'ma live it to the top notch, fuck with me
Get up out your seat, you can have my drink, let me see you dance
Get up off your feet, you can be my freak, let me see you jam
When the sun falls, then the moon lights, might be a hell of a night
Go, go, go, go...
Uh, got the whole world tryna figure out Q
You can never find a nigga do what I do, TDE, I'm the nigga from the crew
Hit it one time, now she wanting round two
Ghetto chick, but I love them bamboos
No lean, but I chopped and screwed
She want a groovy type, bucket hat dude
Champagne pop, I'm about that life, molly gon' pop, I'm about that life
Backwood toke, I'm about that life, living good, might not remember this night
World might end, so I'm living my life
Fuck hanging out, I ain't tryna fly kites
Tryna go to Paris? Nigga hit me on the Skype
Tryna do a show? Nigga twenty for the hype

Uh, don't touch me, bitch, I'm famous, tryna party and bang my fingers
Living large, I'm an entertainer, so cold but I come with flamers
First sex, she up in my closet, whips drawers while I top deposits
Girl let me see you stop and pause it, fuck around, might pay your mortgage I ain't minding if the
world stops
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>