

The Chill (feat. Curren\$y Spitta & ScHoolboy Q)

Mistah F.A.B.

[Intro: Mistah F.A.B.]

My life's a movie baby
So groovy baby

[Verse 1: Mistah F.A.B.]

Fly mackin', try stackin' if your paper's short
Heard I got his bitch, damn, that's what he hatin' for?
Tell it to the judge cuz, 'cause I ain't the one to take to court
Feeling like I'm Luke Skywalker, can you feel the force?
Chill, with the guys
She ain't feeling your style, when she lovin' my vibe
So please don't kill my vibe
Hat down low, can't see my eyes
All black tint on that Maserati, can't see through my ride
I advise, stay under, 'cause when you over it'll be over
Cut your grass when you deal with snakes or walk with the cobras
Watch your glass when you drink with fakes or like me just be sober
Ain't no luck from no clover, ain't no heaven for no soldier
Boy I told you I was raised by the tricks and jawns, pimps and cons
Born and raised in Oakland, several miles man from [?]
Ooh, man this shit we on, get blown to oblivion
Marvin Gaye with your bae, let's chill and get it on

[Hook]

What you doin'?
Ah man, I'm just chillin'
Lounging in the ghetto and in project buildings
Happy with a 100 thousand if I never make a million
Ask me what I'm doing and I tell you
Man, I'm just chillin'
The chill, the the, the chill
Pay attention, learn the secrets of the chill
The chill, the chill, the the, the chill
Live life, be happy, be honest, keep it real
The chill

[Verse 2: Curren\$y]

Smelling like money in my cousin's stinkin' Lincoln
Thinking 'bout copping the crib right next to his shit
California visiting, New Orleans living in sin
Though I'm blessed, you see the lord keeps sending

Gifts, every day we eat, thanksgiving shit
Fit for a king, everything I get
Top notch broad if I ever hit
Baby girl I could build you into a business
I been here, ride to some of this realest shit
Flow deadly, sometimes I had to conceal my shit
Batteries high, charged up, I can feel it
With one switch we leaning on three wheels quick
Asking if you'll see me again, you will if
You keep the lights hot and the bibles chillin'
If one don't, another chick will listen
I school her how to get rich, and you we double sick
Ill, bitch

[Hook]

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[Verse 3: ScHoolboy Q]

Let's chill, who colder?
Twisting dope, that stank odor
Stripes in these streets, flipping quotas
Tell Spitta bring the doja, tell F.A.B. bring the bitches
Young Q got the Guinness, if you thirsty then it's crickets
Diamonds flashing, they see us
Lamborghini's passing Kia's
Looking like you need to re-up
And that bitch she ain't a keeper
If I want it I buy it
Hot on these records, tonight I'm changing climates
We coolin'
Bumping gangsta shit to keep us grooving
Make some music
I get your bitch in Jacuzzi
Yeah, see it ain't nothing like some ass
No Uber, she gets a cab
Won't love her, we lets her pass

[Hook]

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