

The Purge (feat. Tyler, The Creator & Kurupt)

ScHoolboy Q

My daddy said drown, nigga(Pow, pow, pow!) Coming in for yours
Niggas got them choppers and they knocking at your door
The sirens getting louder when the bodies hit the floor
Why you look confused? Mothafucka, this is warYeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga
Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, niggaAs this G shit begin, put this product placement on
your chin
The realest nigga breathing, y'all pretend
Real Crippy since I hopped off the swing
With my strap, that's my peace offering (Yo, yeah, uh, yeah)
Five shots get rung out, five bodies falling
Come put your lights out, I spark your apartment
Deadline my clothing, don't fuck with Pink Dolphin
Strap on his hairline, his forehead gets softened
Send extras through his chest bones, shit, he don't need that coffin
Most niggas would've run away, but me I'm out here walking
Bucket hat with my shades on, my wardrobe look awesome
Now nah, I ain't on no dolphin, fuck rhyming, I'm Crippling
Niggas rap about what I'm living, all this false claiming, I'm marring
Doing drive-bys I ain't steering, white Peter Rose, I ain't tearin'
Fuck your bitch in front of your children
Steal your whip side of my building, yeah
Put my dick and nuts in her mouth, bust in her hair
I'm very rare, got my trigger on top of my underwear
Bitch, I'm everywhere and over there
You die here, let off a pair (YAWK, YAWK)
(Pow, pow, pow!) Coming in for yours
Niggas got them choppers and they knocking at your door
The sirens getting louder when the bodies hit the floor
Why you look confused? Mothafucka, this is warYeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga
Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, niggaHouse full of kilos, sold pound to zeros
Cocaine my hero, you in Figg Side, getting Deeboed
Always asking for the burner light, young niggas still free load
Heart big as my ego, don't fly around my signal
I'll rearrange your dental, Crippy my house shoes
Blue rag disciples, murder I'm liable, you get the Eiffel
Aim out the eyeball, I'm getting violent, I got the strike once
Won't get the strike twice, you niggas half price
Which means you half off, I'm going Adolf
I'm smoking bath salt, two sherm sticks, burn this, ooh
Knock-knock through the condo's, Schoolboy from the five deuce
But Hoover respect to you unranked, don't fuck around, get that chin banged
Groovelining, Crip walk the whole mile

Blue Belts, still my pants down, Chuck Taylors, Cortezes, hush puppies
 My Glock, yeah, fuck buddy, make money, take money
 Earn crack money, drug money, bail money
 Heard they got life for me, but how they got life for me
 When they took that from me, since I had my nose runny
 I was out past sunny, had the strap by my tummy
 You can go and ask mommy, grab a body bag, homie, yeah
 (Pow, pow, pow!) Coming in for yours
 Niggas got them choppers and they knocking at your door
 The sirens getting louder when the bodies hit the floor
 Why you look confused? Mothafucka, this is war Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga
 Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga Bust my gun all by myself
 Rock cocaine all my myself
 Poured propane all on myself
 Go so hard might harm myself Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga
 Yeah, nigga, yeah, nigga Yeah, it's Kurupt young mothafucking Gotti
 Still rolling in a 6, I don't fuck with the Bugatti
 Come up in this mothafucka looking for a bitch
 Probably sucked on my dick then you kissed it on the lips
 The integral, South Central sentinel
 Get roped and choked, poetical tentacles stretch
 Get roped and choked and rope-a-doped
 Extra overdose of the oki-doke
 Get a nigga smoked, I ain't no joke
 Tired of this bullshit and everything y'all talk about
 They walked 'em in, I walked 'em out
 They talked 'em in, I chalked 'em out
 Now cock back that Oxy (Pow-pow, pow-pow)
 Walking in South, pistols popping, top is popping off
 Pop a tab in this neighborhood, rode it 60 bars
 Ghetto tribalist, squeezing pussy like octopuses
 Show me where the money at, show me where the kush is
 Next time you see me I'll probably be in the bushes
 This is the reasons why I won't be fucking with pussies like you
 Me, Tyler, and Schoolboy Q, we told them (Pow, pow, pow!) Coming in for yours
 Niggas got them choppers and they knocking at your door
 The sirens getting louder when the bodies hit the floor
 Why you look confused? Mothafucka, this is war Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga
 Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga

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