

# TorcH

## ScHoolboy Q

Blank face, blank face, blank face, blank face  
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Blank face, blank face  
I'll trade the noise for a piece of divine  
Uh! This that "Fuck the blogs"  
The afterbell, we hang in halls  
Underage, smokin' weed and alcohol  
Grandma swept shells out the driveway  
One of the homies got slayed so we bang at the King parade  
I can take you spots where gangsters walk  
The real damus and locs, Boyz N the Hood wasn't even close  
Where the girls' kitten show, hit the dope and the pussy soaked  
Now she get you for your change, Captain Save-A-Hoe, mane  
I ain't been right since out the cervix  
I know a M can make it perfect  
It came through more than the one I worship  
You I never lie, the truth be told, the dope, it gettin' sold  
He got the runny nose  
Summertime, we don't trust niggas in winter clothes  
I swear the hood low, as the burner get rolls I follow the city codes  
My money short  
Missin' the days of honey oats  
Dollar bills in mama's coat  
Cartoons and bubble soap  
This be the realest shit I wrote  
This be that ride that hunnid spoke  
Red and blue from head to toe  
Who needs a mothafuckin' friend?  
You see them mothafuckin' rims  
Met the devil in disguise  
Look through my mothafuckin' eyes Look at my eyes, look at my block  
Look at my shit, cold  
Bustin' these nines, true to my life  
Word to my pen so  
Take what you want, get what you like  
Open that window  
That shit raw  
Ain't it? That shit raw  
Look through my mothafuckin' eyes  
Vision impaired by the high  
No cares on my mind  
Couple dares, that is fine

This shit from 'round the back house  
More baggies bagged and that roach  
In granny's plastic suede couch  
Best play cat and that mouse  
A minor pitchin' in major  
Stay servin' dope but we cater  
Take you back to my sega  
Slammin' bones on that table  
Runnin' errands for grams, the paramedics at Tam's  
Forced to grow to a man  
Before L.A. had them Rams  
Went to school for the bitches, where scorin' drugs was the goal  
Lungs black as a crow, got banned from every hood store  
My haters came for the better and money came for the loads  
Concrete where we rose, you wasn't built from this mold  
Fucked up the game with many flow  
I've been a loc since Henry O  
I'm ten toes, you movie role  
I do this shit for lifers way before  
Jehri curls, cut Dickies and sherm smoke  
Got so many bodies the world knows, shit  
Don't worry 'bout no witness, your homies go under oath  
But our dreams were big, homie  
The world done flipped on me, took my soul then clicked on me  
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Couple dares, that is fine  
My picture was in full frame  
But my vision had distort  
My memory is okay  
But my feelings on point  
I could be here all day if you let me go, go, go, go  
Oh lord!  
You don't know the half of what I had to hold, hold, hold, hold  
No lord!  
I see faces at my window  
My patience growin' short  
I had no one to lend on

That's why that chip is so cold  
Kinda like the cool king on my fallen bros  
Oh lord!  
Guess that's my curtain call, my last go  
Ain't this shit what you wanted to see?  
Ain't this shit what you wanted to see?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>