

Los Awesome (feat. Jay Rock)

ScHoolboy Q

I'm a groovy type nigga, rather two-step with you
Pants sagging, rag dragging, rather gangbang with you
Triggers squeeze, throw a palette, throw them thing-things with you
Hot degrees, anti-freeze, chilling cool-cool with you
Chilling cool-cool with you
Hot degrees, anti-freeze, chilling cool-cool with you
Chilling cool-cool with you
Pants sagging, rag dragging, do my gangbang with you
Groovy nigga, jumped off of the peg
Forced by my third leg
Plead the fifth, no L's, no whips, backyard full of Crips
Barbecues and county blues, this Hoover gangster be the shit
It ain't much up on our list, shoot the killer and hit the licks
Get NUT up out the bitch, gangbangin', fuck a clique
Yup, I'm looking for a scrap
See, my crippling done spread around the world
Well, his top be low, his bottom is the reaper
Looking like the reaper in your driveway
Strays through your living room
Liable to drive-by on a summer day
July 4th will be in June
Block ten block ten block ten bla ba bum
The sound of the drum, the sound that crips and bloods know
Block ten block ten block ten bla ba bum
The sound that the drums seen
I'm a groovy type nigga, rather two-step with you
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Hot degrees, anti-freeze, chilling cool-cool with you
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Pants sagging, rag dragging, do my gangbang with you
Don't make me put a lean to a nigga spleen
Shells through a nigga (barriing-riing-riing)
Stop a dream in its tracks beam down
Little boy now, dream little boy, dream
Coke go in the pot, arm and hammer body
A\$AP.Rocky, want it I could get it
Onion in my pocket like the booty on a midget
Diamond on my rollie teach a nigga how to fridge it
Looking at the time, been winning for a minute
See my neck co-defendant, what's the problem?
Seen the souls long gone before I got them

He was dead before I shot him, it's the reaper I'm a groovy type nigga, rather two-step with you
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Triggers squeeze, throw a palette, throw them thing-things with you
Hot degrees, anti-freeze, chilling cool-cool with you
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Hot degrees, anti-freeze, chilling cool-cool with you
Chilling cool-cool with you
Pants sagging, rag dragging, do my gangbang with you Tell me more about it in the gutter
Where it started with the crippling
Blue on campus know it happened
Tell me more about it in the gutter
Where it started with the crippling
Then the bloods done got it brackin' (Suwoo!) I'm just an Eastside nigga
Where them niggas say "Show you what it be like, nigga"
Roll 'em up, light 'em up like a street light, nigga
Follow me, I can show you what these streets like, nigga
Handle bars, ever swing, guns blow like dusty winds
Spend a band, push his wig back when that revolver spins
Toe tag 'em, false flagging like it's all good
Tell niggas tee off like Tiger Woods, where you from?
We never heard of ya, walking with the murderers
Niggas that'll murder ya, steal you like a burglar
Seen the souls long gone before I got them
He was dead before I shot him, it's the reaper (His & Her Friend Interlude)

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