

# What They Want (feat. 2 Chainz)

## ScHoolboy Q

This the shit that they need  
Tell me where are you from Drop your pants to your knees  
Yeah, I got the codeine  
Might pull up in my bucket  
This nine holds a good dozen  
Might slide up in your cousin  
Just made a mill and still thuggin'  
Niggas banged on me, but they should've shot me  
See, I hit the corner then spot him, got him  
Court date, but I skipped the bail  
Rather wig myself before I sit in jail  
Need a gang of weed and a pint of lean  
Got a hat say Figg on my gangsta tip  
Don't trust no ho, I might sock the bitch  
I'm apocalypse to your politics  
Might cop the Phantom, get ghost  
I can pay your bills with this coke  
Need an extra band for this smoke  
I can see for miles with this scope, nigga  
Got an oxy-scribed to this dope dealer  
Misses Piggy want a piggyback  
Rock cremation then called it crack  
I'mma keep on eating 'til my ankles fat  
Sell that fix, throw it cross the map  
Push my penis in between her lap Put my semen all down her throat  
'til Tito kilos come off that boat  
This the shit that they want  
This the shit that they need  
Tell me where are you from? Drop your pants to your knees, girl, I'm capital G  
This the shit they gon' buy This the shit why I'm fly, this the shit why I'm high  
This the shit they gon' bump  
This the shit that they want, this the shit that they want  
Annotate Tell 'em, tell 'em  
If you see my watch I might hit it  
If you see my check I might hit it  
If you see my house I might hit it  
This the shit that they want  
This the shit that they need  
This the shit that's from me  
This the shit they gon' bump  
This the shit that they want, this the shit that they want  
Yeah, this that four niggas in a Regal flow

Speeding through the yellow lights  
She want Versace belt like it's a mistletoe  
I put everything over yellow rice, graduated from hella ice  
If I stand on my bank roll, nigga, I'd be scared of heights  
And I'd be dodging the police, when I was poor with no lights  
When I was poor with potential, watch my flow in four inches  
Oh Lord, she in Christians, all gold on my Adventist  
Pull it down and she kiss it, all gold where my wrists is God there's just no convincing  
Just because I got dreads don't get it twisted  
Moving my whip down the boulevard  
Word round town I was selling hard Hard and I'm talking bout the yayo  
Hit her on the floor and then I lay low  
Amigos say "Que pasa with the pesos?"  
Promethazine codeine, caseloads (T.R.U.)  
And when I pull up to the valet  
You know I got the strippers on payroll!  
100k in my trunk, keep that bitch with that dunk  
She gon' pop in them heels, she must heard of my deal  
She gon' roll on them pills, just don't grab on my hat  
This that shit that's Iraq, this that make you climax  
This that shit you just bought, this that Q go damn hard  
This that car that won't park, pedal to the floor, it won't stop  
And just when you thought it won't drop, Oxymoron in stores  
Come in kids, lock the door, knock-knock-knock, hit the floor  
Need my bread off the top, could buy anything off the lot  
This that steel, not the grill, get them slugs off for real  
This that crow with the jail, we go in, smoke the L's  
She love my mic, rock the bell, leave that punani killed  
All them hoes want the Q, spit that truth, make the loot  
Expensive whips we hotbox, spent 2 bills on my socks  
This that make you cockblock, this that make me pop shot  
This that filthy convo, this that must be Figueroa

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