ScHoolboy Q, What They Want (feat. 2 Chainz)

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 of 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 till 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 Till 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' want, this the shit that they want
This the shit that they want (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' want, this the shit that they want
This the shit that they want

[2 Chainz:]

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 po' lights 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 I may say "que pasa" with the pesos Promethazine codeine, caseloads (TRU!) And when I pull up to the valet You know I got the strippers on payroll!

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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 all 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 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 Figg Road

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