Yay Yay

ScHoolboy Q

Have pistols in my hands Have pockets full of oxy Whole life I've been a G Have bitches on the block Had strippers on the pole Have cocaine in the pot Got fiends at the door

So I turned that to a rockThat yay yay, that yay yay

That yay yay, that yay yay That yay yay, that yay yay That yay yay, that yay yay I'm a drug dealin nigga

Cause the grades ain t get me paid My agenda for today is to make bread or get laid

See my daughter needs some shoes

And my mom work overtime

So I m standin by that stop sign, with nickels and them dimes

Keep that work, got that oxy Need that kilo, call that papi Know my stylo, shrimp with sake

So that heroin look like tuffyKeep my nina, just might off him

Know them boys like me don t play

Most of my life on 51st, went to school on 52nd

Used to fight on 49th

Grandma said be home by nine

But her old-ass sixty somethin

So three hours later I, still I love her R.I.P.

When she died I took her place

And became a fuckin G

Moved my crack across the street

Drug dealin nigga x4

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yo

Have pistols in my hands

Have pockets full of oxy

Whole life I ve been a G

Have bitches on the block

Had strippers on the pole

Have cocaine in the pot

So I turned that to a rockThat yay yay, that yay yay

That yay yay, that yay yay

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That yay yay, that yay yay

I m a dug dealin dealer Roll my cycle on Hoover street Just a year after Pac died We all bumped Suga FreeDidn t know what he was sayin Till them years done jumped to three Learned the game, slangin hoes And every car door need a key Trap them smokers day through night Sellin bozels need a slice Life is crack so shoot the dice Get the cheese but cut the mice Enemies be left to write We don t call our shit the trap Bitch we call our shit the set Unless we alter we in no route After crack was Oxy next But thank god the yay was yay Off the yee like it s the Bay Rock a chain I m kuntake Out in Texas, what s the word Keep them packs and that s for sure Slang to him is slang to her Ask a fiend, they will concur Drug dealin nigga x4 Yeah, yeah, yeah, yo x 2

Have pistols in my hands
Have pockets full of o s
Whole life I ve been a G
Have bitches on the block
Bad strippers on the pole
Have cocaine in the pot
Got fiends at the door
So I turned that to a rock
That yay yay, that yay yay
That yay yay, that yay yay
That yay yay, that yay yay.

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