

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 rock That 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 tuffy Keep 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 rock That yay yay, that yay yay
That yay yay, that yay yay
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I m a dug dealin dealer
Roll my cycle on Hoover street
Just a year after Pac died
We all bumped Suga Free Didn 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
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