

Californication

ScHoolboy Q

Hop up out the bed, turn my swag on
Trust me bruh, your bitch is weak, something I would pass on
Fuck her with a mask on, ooh, I be tryna chill
And your ho be in the front row look like she off a pill

Just gimme that bass I need that 808
Sipping on that syrup, worries fade away
Got on my chains, I just got off a layaway
Do it the player way, okay-okay, okay-okay (Okay-okay)
Just know that ASAP be that TDE
We got the game in headlocks; I'm talking DDT
She on my TV screen; I'm talking DVD
British bitches love my cock; I'm talking BBC
I'm in that BBC, niggas know I Bathing Ape
I'm sleeping with my Nina and I never put my blade away
Silly nigga fix your face, you drinking all that haterade
My candy paint your favorite shake, okay-okay, okay-okay
My baddest bitch your favorite shape
I spray the gauge that's race and gay
So fuck your sex, your race and age
Most sickest since the plaguing age
Different shit, this day and age
They raise the bar now raise the stakes
I'm eating off that paper chase
Bread and butter, bacon eggs

Ca-ca-ca-californication
Cali-for-fornication, fornicating

Quincy, where you been? I been grooving with my team, ho
I seen your bitch staring, I was on stage blowing Indo
Let me put it in though, fuck you and your friend ho
Trust me bruh, your bitch is weak but booty got potential
Every state I go now rack it up
Everything I wear now stacking up
Jeans Dior, no a nigga ain't poor
These mothafuckas be a stack and up
These new niggas can't fuck with us
Yo, Flacko why they wanna dress like you?
Hey, wanna rap like Q?
Hey, wear they bucket hats like Q?
Hey, probably be the reason why I fucked your (ooh)
Only had one condom and I fucked them too
Nigga gon' do what a nigga gon' do
I'm a real nigga from around the way, okay-okay
Do it the player way, ASAP, TDE here to stay
You fade away like Jordan J, okay-okay-okay
Still gangsta of the year, I'm in your favorite gear
Whispered in her ear, then drove it in her rear
Wipe my dick off threw my hoodie on and disappear
See this is very-very, very rare, young listener

For sure, I bring the baddest through, I sold dope on your avenue
The white girls call me radical, the black girls say I'm mad at you
The illest gangsta, no debate, a natural you must concentrate
I came in this unorthodox with two left shoes, no matching socks
But now my Glock will never stop, and now my stomach always show

I'm eating look my tummy swole, I guess thats where my money go
Eenie-minie-minie ho, I wrap my dick with mistletoe
Come pull it out and kiss it ho, there he go
G shit through ya stereo, all my shit historical
Your shit need a miracle, toss that out my vehicle
Make you feel some type of way, make you feel some type of K
That body guard won't work today, yawk-yawk-yawk, what more can I say?
Money I make that shit replay, rewind, stack it up, moving freight
Rewind back it up no mistake, bitch come right on my hanky pank
All my niggas be balling bitch, all y'all bitches be calling bitch
Y'all niggas can't control a bitch, hope my young niggas notice this