

Figg Get Da Money

ScHoolboy Q

The flow-- is in the pocket like wallets
I got the bounce like hydraulics
I can't call it, I got the swerve like alco-fuck that
Figg get da money, shootin dice what they hittin' for?
Hookers out to sell the pussy
Money trade for intercourse
Every corner, liquor store
Laundromat, liquor store, laundromat, liquor store
EBT accept 'em more
Churches 'cross from motels, Lord knows pussy sells
Churches 'cross from motels, Lord knows pussy sells
Domino's, Pizza Huts, Colt 45 cans, the old heads drunk enough
Dollar after dollar on lottery, that shit be addin' up
Schizos from Vietnam, better yet the drug era that used to be a ball player
See how things evolve later
4 Lokos for the young locos
Niggas cashin' my check for white tees
Don't fuck with Melrose, just Metros--PCS's
You get the message
Good investments in my direction

Figg get da money, yeah! Rain, sleet, snow, turn July into December, yeah!
Figg get da money, yeah! Springtime fall turn summer to a winter, yeah!
Figg get da money, yeah!
Uh, it's midnight, where the bitches at (Schoolboy)
See a ho, pimp a ho, put her on the track (Schoolboy)
Put her in the gas station, hiding from the white and black (Schoolboy)
They gotta make a living so they put us on our back (Schoolboy)
But why they gotta judge us when we do it back? (Schoolboy)
Mickey D's and Burger King still make sure that my daughter fat (Schoolboy)
Close to Christmas on November, best believe I got a jack (Schoolboy)
Been coming to this store for years, the cops come behind me 'bout a snack B
ut thanks Ms. Han, Jackie Chan, Sake bomb (Schoolboy)
Any Catholic differ-an, Wolverine like Michigan (Schoolboy)
Wolver Street know what it be (Be)
Hanging in front of the laundry mat til 2 or 3 (3)
With like 2 or 3 (3)
Uh, everyone asleep so shall we creep
Money to gain up in them streets
Shall I preach about this beat
Puffy ain't got shit on me
Better yet this L.A. heat
Figueroa, figg sa money block

Uh, Jehovahiah coming let me close the blinds
So I can get high, nigga free my mind
Write my niggas doing hella years past time
Ballers got it crackin', crackin' at the crack of dawn
Ice cream truck stop for my mom but me, he won't respond
Gotta read between the lines
Best believe I'm off of crime
This must be the longest line, where they cookin' worse than swine
Lying on their letter signs, but hurry cause they close at 9
But Pices got it jumpin' at the taco stand
Rapping on them corners (Aye!), AM, PM like the Taliban
Camping out, your daddy selling money he can understand
Drizzle riding through the hood, Junkies love the avalanche

Homeless person gotta shuffle cans, take 'em up to the recycle bin
Take his bread to the candyman, but still he eat
Tell me if that ain't hustlin'
Rain, sleet, snow, hell and shit uh-hh, Hell!