

Hell Of A Night

ScHoolboy Q

Get up out your seat
You can have my drink
Let me see you dance
Get up off your feet
You can be my freak
Let me see you jam
When the sun falls
Then the moon lights
Might be a hell of a night
Go, go, go, go...
Get up out your seat
You can have my drink
Let me see you dance
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Let me see you jam
When the sun falls
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Might be a hell of a night
Go, go, go, go...

Shit's real and I just begun
So many ladies wanna share my tongue
Uh, man this life of mine
Me in the lead being pressed for time
See the bottom, gon' pop
Then my record gon' spin
Then them hoes gon' jock
Ain't no telling how my night might end
Night life in the bright lights
Uh, swagging hard in my Concords
You at the bottom, we the Top Dawgs
We get high as them elevators
Take a sip with me
Now move your hips with me
Now make it dip for me
Now will you ride for me?
Will you die for me?
Will you jump off a cliff and hit the sky with me?
Uh, ménage à trois, four titties, no bras and no flaws
You, me, and her ball with no drawers
Get high with a God I am no star
Feeling good, all this money on my bank card
10 grand in my pocket, nigga, all ours
Porsche Panorama, uh, yeah, four doors
Pedal to the floor, ain't that what it's made for?

I ain't running if the world stops
Said I ain't minding if the world stops
We been living up in Hell's shop
We been living up in Hell's shop
So I'm a live it to the top notch
I'm a live to the top notch
I ain't running if the world stops
Said I ain't minding if the world stops
We been living up in Hell's shop
We been living up in Hell's shop

So I'm a live it to the top notch
Fuck with me

Uh, got the whole world tryna figure out Q
You can never find a nigga do what I do
TDE, I'm the nigga from the crew
Hit it one time, now she wants round two
Ghetto chick, but I love them bamboos
No lean, but I chopped and screwed
She ain't the groupie type but I had to
Champagne pop, I'm about that life
Molly gon' pop, I'm about that life
Backwood toke, I'm about that life
Living good, might not remember this night
World might end, so I'm living my life
Fuck hanging out, I ain't tryna fly kites
Tryna go to Paris? Nigga hit me on the Skype
Tryna do a show? Nigga twenty for the hype
Uh, don't touch me, bitch, I'm famous
Tryna ball, then bang your fingers...
Living large, I'm an entertainer
So cold but I come with flamers
First sex, she up in my closet
Whips drawers while I top the paws...
Girl let me see you stop and pause it
Fuck around, might pay your mortgage