

Man Of The Year

ScHoolboy Q

Bruh, I see, girls everywhere
Titties, ass, hands in the air, it's a party over here
Shake it for the man of the year
Uh, man of the year, man of the... bounce

Home of the party and the trees
Sunny land of the G's, please let a nigga breathe
Tank top top down for the breeze
Burnt lips, got a blunt full of weed, peace, love, enemies
Nigga I ain't come for the beef
You ain't know she came for the skeet? Got pipe for the cheeks
Nigga, I'm the life of the beat
Fuck that, this year gotta eat, bounce for the crown
You be hating and I still hold it down
When you round man the girls never lounge, man I heard you a ho
und
Bruh, man, that bitch need a pound
Tip-tip-tip bounce out her gown, hands high to the sound
Uh, yeah, I'm the rich nigga now
Bitch, I'm the talk of the town, make a bitch run her mouth
Go south for the boy
Pop down to the floor... bounce

Home of the slanging on the curb
Weed cards every corner sell herb, watch ya fly to a bird
Nigga, I could pitch you a curb
Let this real shit occur, make mills from a verb
Nigga cop a crib in the burbs, nigga
You ain't said nothing but a word, smoke something for ya nerve
Home of the paid on the first
Then nigga going broke by the third, bounce for the crown
Fast forward getting real tell me now
Every dog need a cat to meow, every once in a while
I see hands in the crowds
See whites, blacks blazing a pound, jumping around
Tits, ass bump out her gown
Bounce from the ground, hype for the sound
This verse straight from the morgue
Pop down from the floor... bounce