

## Prescription / Oxymoron

ScHoolboy Q

Prescription drugs, show me love  
Percocets, Adderall  
Xanny bars, get codeine involved  
Stuck in this body high, can't shake it off  
I'm falling off, I can't hold a thought  
What's wrong with me? Now the pressure creep  
I'm stressing deep, even in my sleep  
My mommy call, I hit ignore  
My daughter calls, I press ignore  
My chin press on my chest, my knees press the floor  
I'm blanking out, woke up on the couch  
Dinner on my shirt, my stomach hurts  
I had a bust out in the 80's but yo, the karma's worse  
I cry when nothing's wrong, I'm mad when peace is involved  
My senses harmed, sluggish ruggish  
A couple Xannies popped, open my pill box  
Prescription drugs

What's wrong, daddy?! Wake up! Wake up!

Prescription drugs, I fell in love  
My little secret, she gon' kill a thug  
My body numb, she like to give me hugs  
I love her touch, I get a rush  
When she don't come around, I start to go nuts  
My heart erupts, I'm curled in pain  
My phone ring, ring and ring and ring  
If you ain't selling drugs, then I don't hear a thing  
May 7, Ali calls, p.m. of 6: 45, I finally answer this time  
He said "Come to the stu', I'm mixing all your rhymes"  
I don't decline, at least that's in my mind  
Grab the keys, need some wood for the trees  
Dap the clerk 'fore I leave, max on my AC  
Continue right, remember seeing light  
Wise night, but that's my life  
Prescription drugs

What's wrong you tired? You mad? OK I love you daddy

I just stopped selling crack today  
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O-X-Y, a moron  
O-X-Y, a moron

Crazy, got my sex on wet in her Mercedes  
Ladies, get these off new shoes for my baby  
Oxy, I don't know no Pablo or no papi  
What you know about a pill, plus a 8-ball  
You gotta reel 50 times just to get a rack off  
Ungh, I can get a hundred of 'em, make over 3 G's  
Only took two days, only read it one time, with his son, belly shine  
In the rain for about nine months out the year '97 right here  
For Seattle nigga, cheers  
When I look up at y'all city  
Like lookin' in the mirror, damn near had a career  
Just might shed a tear  
Ungh, yo, man this shit right here

For my niggas who ain't make it home, sitting on a tear  
Got a dap to a nigga bright in here  
Feeling life ain't fair  
If I was in your shoes I would've copped, don't care  
Had a scene, had the medics like {clear}  
Ungh, big body cold like a Polar Bear  
Ungh, I done sold more shit than hookers  
Expensive tees, resemble a push up  
Stopped selling crack, cause white don't fuck with niggas  
Vanity slave, got whips and chains  
Dirty money, clean money the same  
Even if I got life, I ain't saying a name

Groovy, when I die tell Spike Lee make a movie  
Oh wee, cops bringing dogs so they don't sniff my bitch booty  
Oxy, O-X-Y, only feel like I could stop me  
Quincy, now how you nigga sliding up every now and then in a Bentley?  
Easy, 60-40-50, you can get one for 30 if you let me hook this titty  
Let a nigga fuck then my dogs see your kitty  
Just stopped selling crack today  
When it get hot, smoke a pill, watch it glide like Dr.J  
I prescribe you I'm your doctor kay?  
You can crush this shit, you can sniff this shit  
You can take this shit, you can smoke this shit  
Do you like this shit, nigga?  
Your brain go numb, synthetic heroine  
Without the injections, do the same love and affection  
How could they say feeling good is an addiction?  
But the world is full of shit so I don't listen  
In fact "we livin' to die" is a contradiction  
So trapping in a Nissan, O-X-Y, I keep 'em, O-X-Y, you need one