

ScHoolboy Q - Birds & The Beez

{Verse 1: ScHoolboy Q}

Straight to the block, to the hood, to a spot

Cocaine to a rock, deuce deuce in a sock

Every dollar closer to a drop

Every drop is closer to a cop

Every cop is closer to a cell

Hit the cell, your ticket right to hell

No job, no bail

No fam, no meal

Institution another nigga, fail

Go from pussy to a prison tale

Fuck that, I quit while I'm ahead

Ship my music off like Amistad

Turn it up and hear the ghetto pledge

Live righteous, nigga, like my brother said

King Tut, Martin Luther

Malcolm X, but I'm the shoota'

Top ramen, knowledge for the noodle

Finally gettin' praised, yeah, kudos

Doing bad, still love and need

Connect said it's something up his sleeve

Said, I rather bust off them keys

Yeah, nigga, Birds And The Beez

Birds And The Beez

Birds And The Beez

{Verse 2: ScHoolboy Q}

Wanna do a song, but it's hard to carry on

And my daughter hungry, sitting home

And my girl, she said she feeling lone'

I can tell it's over in her tone

Only time I call is for a loan

She be stressing, so depressing
Always worried every time a lil' nigga gone
Stay strong for the future, stick together, yeah suture
Get a couple whips, yeah Kunta
Schoolboy, but gangsta was his tutors
Say the money be the root of evil
Look around and see what it do to people
Veins full of heroin using PCP inject the body with a needle
Lord help us, swear to God
Dope dealers, get a job
Keep it real, this shit ain't really cool
Being in a cell, you ain't alive
Niggas quick to show out over cheese
Love to help the devil do a deed
So I rather bust off them keys?
Yeah, nigga, Birds And The Beez
Birds And The Beez
Birds And The Beez
Birds And The Beez
{Chorus: ScHoolboy Q}
Tired of the same ol' shit
Niggas they faking it
Niggas out here living foul
Better yet they flagrant
Keep these niggas right up out the game
Get these niggas right up out my lane
I just wanna do this fucking music, boy and leave this dope alone and count
my change

{Verse 3: Kendrick Lamar}

Q, I wanna see you do your thang
Entertainment business living limelight
Hop on every track and move them trains

Show these motherfuckers that you been tight, then they ever been
It's evident that you intelligent, but you can't escape that life
And for you, my nigga, I would sacrifice myself to make it just to see you
hold the mic
And hit the stage and rock the set
But it's hard to change when your from the set
Won't you think about it nigga, life or death
Life of a cracker, I'd like to hang you by the neck
Do you wanna see the boys in jet, or you wanna see them runway jets?
Fly to Singapore, one way that, tell the pilot we got stacks on deck
Swear to God, its hard out here for a young black man to live
If you don't do it for yourself, then please do it for your kids
My nigga, won't you tell Michelle, I love your daughter?
Please don't let her grow up life without a father
Look at what you bought her, money couldn't buy
All she need is love, put that shit aside
At the same time, know they got to eat
Know you got to hustle, make ends meet
Gotta make time, gotta get a grind, gotta push the line, HGC, no A/C
Got the block hot, you keep runnin', cops say "freeze"
Blue pill, red pill, choose now, Birds or the Beez
Birds or the Beez
Birds or the Beez
{Chorus: ScHoolboy Q}
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{Outro: ScHoolboyQ}

Count my change

Count my change