

ScHoolboy Q - Figg Get da Money

{Verse 1}

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 the money, shooting dice what they hitting 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 adding 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 cashing my check for white tees

Don't fuck with Melrose, just Metros... PCS's

You get the message? Good investments in my direction

{Hook}

Figg get the money, yeah, Figg get the money, yeah

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Rain, sleet, snow, turn July into December, yeah

Figg get the money, yeah, Figg get the money, yeah

Figg get the money, yeah, Figg get the money, yeah

Figg get the money, yeah, Figg get the money, yeah

Springtime fall turn summer to a winter, yeah

Figg get the money, yeah, Figg get the money, yeah

{Verse 2}

It's midnight, where the bitches at?

See a ho, pimp a ho, put her on the track

Put her in the gas station, hiding from the white and black

They gotta make a living, so they put us on our back
But why they gotta judge us when we do it back?
Mickey D's and Burger King still make sure that my daughter fat
Close to Christmas on November, best believe I got a jack
Been coming to this store for years, the cops come behind me 'bout a snack
But thanks Ms. Han, Jackie Chan, Sake bomb
Any Catholic different, Wolverine like Michigan
Hover Street know what it be, hanging in front
Of the laundry mat 'til two or three, with like two or three
Uh, everyone asleep so shall we creep
Money to gain up in them streets, shall I preach upon this beat
Puffy ain't got shit on me, better yet this L.A. heat
Figuroa, Figg Side, money block

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{Verse 3}

Jehovah 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 cracking, cracking 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 cooking worse than swine
Lying on their letter signs, but hurry cause they close at nine
But Pisces got it jumping at the taco stand

Rapping on them corners, a.m., p.m., 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 hustling
Rain, sleet, snow, hell and shit uhh, hell

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