

# The Purge (feat. Tyler, The Creator & Kurupt)

## ScHoolboy Q

My daddy said drown, nigga(Pow, pow, pow!) Coming in for yours  
Niggas got them choppers and they knocking at your door  
The sirens getting louder when the bodies hit the floor  
Why you look confused? Mothafucka, this is war Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga  
Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga As this G shit begin, put this product placement on  
your chin

The realest nigga breathing, y'all pretend  
Real Crippy since I hopped off the swing  
With my strap, that's my peace offering (Yo, yeah, uh, yeah)  
Five shots get rung out, five bodies falling  
Come put your lights out, I spark your apartment  
Deadline my clothing, don't fuck with Pink Dolphin  
Strap on his hairline, his forehead gets softened  
Send extras through his chest bones, shit, he don't need that coffin  
Most niggas would've run away, but me I'm out here walking  
Bucket hat with my shades on, my wardrobe look awesome  
Now nah, I ain't on no dolphin, fuck rhyming, I'm Crippling  
Niggas rap about what I'm living, all this false claiming, I'm marring  
Doing drive-bys I ain't steering, white Peter Rose, I ain't tearin'

Fuck your bitch in front of your children  
Steal your whip side of my building, yeah  
Put my dick and nuts in her mouth, bust in her hair  
I'm very rare, got my trigger on top of my underwear  
Bitch, I'm everywhere and over there  
You die here, let off a pair (YAWK, YAWK)  
(Pow, pow, pow!) Coming in for yours  
Niggas got them choppers and they knocking at your door  
The sirens getting louder when the bodies hit the floor  
Why you look confused? Mothafucka, this is war Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga  
Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga House full of kilos, sold pound to zeros  
Cocaine my hero, you in Figg Side, getting Deeboed  
Always asking for the burner light, young niggas still free load  
Heart big as my ego, don't fly around my signal  
I'll rearrange your dental, Crippy my house shoes  
Blue rag disciples, murder I'm liable, you get the Eiffel  
Aim out the eyeball, I'm getting violent, I got the strike once  
Won't get the strike twice, you niggas half price  
Which means you half off, I'm going Adolf  
I'm smoking bath salt, two sherm sticks, burn this, ooh  
Knock-knock through the condo's, Schoolboy from the five deuce  
But Hoover respect to you unranked, don't fuck around, get that chin banged  
Groovelining, Crip walk the whole mile

Blue Belts, still my pants down, Chuck Taylors, Cortezes, hush puppies  
My Glock, yeah, fuck buddy, make money, take money  
Earn crack money, drug money, bail money  
Heard they got life for me, but how they got life for me  
When they took that from me, since I had my nose runny  
I was out past sunny, had the strap by my tummy  
You can go and ask mommy, grab a body bag, homie, yeah  
(Pow, pow, pow!) Coming in for yours  
Niggas got them choppers and they knocking at your door  
The sirens getting louder when the bodies hit the floor  
Why you look confused? Mothafucka, this is war Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga  
Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga Bust my gun all by myself  
Rock cocaine all my myself  
Poured propane all on myself  
Go so hard might harm myself Yeah, nigga, uh, yeah, nigga  
Yeah, nigga, yeah, nigga Yeah, it's Kurupt young mothafucking Gotti  
Still rolling in a 6, I don't fuck with the Bugatti  
Come up in this mothafucka looking for a bitch  
Probably sucked on my dick then you kissed it on the lips  
The integral, South Central sentinel  
Get roped and choked, poetical tentacles stretch  
Get roped and choked and rope-a-doped  
Extra overdose of the oki-doke  
Get a nigga smoked, I ain't no joke  
Tired of this bullshit and everything y'all talk about  
They walked 'em in, I walked 'em out  
They talked 'em in, I chalked 'em out  
Now cock back that Oxy (Pow-pow, pow-pow)  
Walking in South, pistols popping, top is popping off  
Pop a tab in this neighborhood, rode it 60 bars  
Ghetto tribalist, squeezing pussy like octopuses  
Show me where the money at, show me where the kush is  
Next time you see me I'll probably be in the bushes  
This is the reasons why I won't be fucking with pussies like you  
Me, Tyler, and Schoolboy Q, we told them (Pow, pow, pow!) Coming in for yours  
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