

# Hell of a Night

## ScHoolboy Q

Get up out your seat, you can have my drink, let me see you dance  
Get up off your feet, you can be my freak, let me see you jam  
When the sun falls, then the moon lights, might be a hell of a night  
Go, go, go, go...Shit's real and I just begun, so many ladies wanna share my tongue  
Uh, man this life of mine, me in the lead being pressed for time  
So the bottle gon' pop, then my record gon' spin  
Then them hoes gon' jock, ain't no telling how my night might end  
Night life in the bright lights, swagging hard in my Concorde  
You at the bottom, we the Top Dawgs, we get high as them elevators  
Take a sip with me, now move your hips with me, now make it dip for me  
Now will you ride for me? Will you die for me?  
Will you jump off a cliff and hit the sky with me?  
Uh, ménage á trois, four titties, no bras and no flaws  
You, me, and her ball with no drawers, get high with a God I am no star  
Feeling good, all this money on my bank card  
10 grand in my pocket, nigga, all ours  
Porsche Panamera, uh, yeah, four doors  
Pedal to the floor, ain't that what it's made for?  
I ain't minding if the world stops  
Said I ain't minding if the world stops, we been living up in Hell's shop  
We been living up in Hell's shop  
So I'ma live it to the top notch, so I'ma take it to the top notch  
I ain't running if the world stops  
Said I ain't minding if the world stops, we been living up in Hell's shop  
We been living up in Hell's shop  
So I'ma live it to the top notch, fuck with me  
Get up out your seat, you can have my drink, let me see you dance  
Get up off your feet, you can be my freak, let me see you jam  
When the sun falls, then the moon lights, might be a hell of a night  
Go, go, go, go...  
Uh, got the whole world tryna figure out Q  
You can never find a nigga do what I do, TDE, I'm the nigga from the crew  
Hit it one time, now she wanting round two  
Ghetto chick, but I love them bamboos  
No lean, but I chopped and screwed  
She want a groovy type, bucket hat dude  
Champagne pop, I'm about that life, molly gon' pop, I'm about that life  
Backwood toke, I'm about that life, living good, might not remember this night  
World might end, so I'm living my life  
Fuck hanging out, I ain't tryna fly kites  
Tryna go to Paris? Nigga hit me on the Skype  
Tryna do a show? Nigga twenty for the hype

Uh, don't touch me, bitch, I'm famous, tryna party and bang my fingers  
Living large, I'm an entertainer, so cold but I come with flamers  
First sex, she up in my closet, whips drawers while I top deposits  
Girl let me see you stop and pause it, fuck around, might pay your mortgage I ain't minding if the  
world stops  
Said I ain't minding if the world stops, we been living up in Hell's shop  
We been living up in Hell's shop  
So I'ma live it to the top notch, so I'ma take it to the top notch  
I ain't running if the world stops  
Said I ain't minding if the world stops, we been living up in Hell's shop  
We been living up in Hell's shop  
So I'ma live it to the top notch, fuck with me Get up out your seat, you can have my drink, let  
me see you dance  
Get up off your feet, you can be my freak, let me see you jam  
When the sun falls, then the moon lights, might be a hell of a night  
Go, go, go, go...  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>