

# Gangsta in Designer (No Concept)

## ScHoolboy Q

[Intro:]

Nigga ain't got no concept to this shit  
So I was just on some crazy shit like...

Yeah~!

[Chorus:]

Bad bitch - long hair, skin pretty, curvy ass  
Flat stomach - double D's, please be the berkin bag  
Designer heels - her man's pants how you fit in that?  
(Hehehehe, yeah you feel me right? Heh)  
Look at me - Ray-Bans, I ain't tryin to see you fags  
Jean jacket - different colored pants, I ain't tryin to match  
Smooth watch - tag and see my ass pop the thirty tag

[ScHoolboy Q:]

Okay I'm "energized", say my tunes turn her on  
This ain't "Enterprise" but kick it boo, let's bring it on  
I'm hella high, back to back I smoke alone  
Unless my nigga Soul around then fuck it cause let's blow a zone  
Now carry on, assume you niggaz need a loan  
Quit it with the textin cause and go and make a song  
My foreign ho, bitch call me a maricon  
Always rockin shit I never seen or I never known  
Name grown, overseas fitted  
Sergio Tacchini shirt, real Grippa slippers  
Y.S.L., see the logo on my zipper  
Broad servin me she goin down, yeah I had to tip her  
Uhh, a-ten-hut!

[Chorus]

[ScHoolboy Q:]

#HiiPoWeR bitch! Let 'em know the players here  
I said #HiiPoWeR bitch! Gimme gangster of the year  
This for my holmes on Figg and homies on the tier  
Always keep this shit groovy nigga not sheds a tear  
Black gat, black whip, no tags on it  
Face tats cause for sure gon' throw the mask on it  
Burner on my lap, nigga motherfuck the cops  
DEA and all the feds gon' be my murder plot  
Money cash hoes by the dozen  
Never started crackin bitches started cookin onions  
Uhh; now my weed habit always funded  
And these college broads be fuckin do whatever have 'em flunkin  
Uhh, a-ten-hut! Yeah

[Chorus]

[ScHoolboy Q:]

Bitch say she like my songs, so I do her  
She love a street nigga that done jumped up out the cooler  
Young ass entrepreneur  
In the 40/40 club, trippin like I ain't from Hoover  
No bottles, no tables, I just wanna fuck  
You you you and you, yeah they know whassup~!  
Only one at a time, baby slow it down  
Just wait up in the front and listen to the sounds  
She doin all the things you say she say do  
Swallow evidence her boyfriend never had a clue  
Stickin to the script like motherfuckin glue  
Got your birdie on my wood like the bitches from the Lou~!  
Ohh, a-ten-hut!

[Chorus]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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