

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/>