

# Kidz With Gunz (feat. scHoolboy Q)

## Skeme

Look, pledge allegiance, my middle finger up like fuck polices  
Duke back better hide your nieces, cause I'm zoned out  
Tripping on purps and lean  
When I was 13, I could work the nina  
Just a young nigga tryna fuck Selena  
I done did dirt just to bring the team up  
So now I bring the team just to fuck the scene up  
Niggas know what's up, I'm in a rover truck  
And with a roll of sluts, she tryna pour me up  
And when she throw me up, bet I'ma hold her butt  
I bet that's why niggas wanna clone me, huh  
Bet that's why hoes be all on me, huh  
Best that you walk up slowly, because I got it on me  
And niggas don't know me bruh  
I'm stunting on these niggas like I'm Dana Dane  
Swerving lane to lane, my niggas banging gangs  
You niggas claiming gangs, you niggas claim the game  
But never came to hang, so shit just ain't the same  
And now we claim you lames, huh?  
See man I came up flames, and try to gain a name  
And then I made the name  
Bitch I ain't even wanna change the game  
These niggas telling me the rules have never played the game  
Now I'm looking like what the fuck?  
I told you bitch niggas not to fuck with us  
Cause if you fuck with us we got to fuck you up  
Pull out the bucky buck and leave you buttoned up  
Bunch of kids, with fucking guns, big fucking guns  
Bunch of kids, with fucking guns, big fucking guns  
Bunch of kids, with fucking guns, big fucking guns  
Bunch of kids, with fucking guns, big fucking guns, bang  
Big, fucking guns, big fucking guns, bang  
Big, fucking guns, big fucking guns, bang  
Real motherfucker from the set like whoa  
FIGSIDE FIGSIDE  
I'm yelling out grove, got your homies off  
Shit will prolly make the news  
Everybody dead, this ain't April fools, nigga  
Playing with your life, flossing all morning, we ain't get them tonight  
Soon as everything is cool, green light on sight  
Creep so hard, think god did  
I'm a fucking loc, you ain't getting money, you's a fucking joke  
Nigga, what the fuck you mean, TDE bitch, motherfuck your team

Knock, knock, knock, nigga clear the scene  
Everybody gone, only took a minute, I had the nina Glock  
And held 9 to pop, I got 9 to drop, around 9 o'clock, uh, nigga  
Yeah, like the odds, steal your granny shit keep the foil hot  
I'm looking for the fiends with the grimy socks  
With the dirty nails and the girly tops  
Yeah, I'm getting rich tonight  
Sell your pussy bitch you're getting pimped tonight  
Yeah, make a right on Fig, get your dick sucked, hundred bucks, right on trick  
Get guns, split wigs, yeah, a kid  
This world ain't give you shit  
But pussy till you dead, the signature stack  
Cause you might get sick  
Cotton candy sweet as gold, let me see your pussy ho  
Throw it back, clap it slow, show me why they call you ho  
Bitch I'm up I know you know, tell me what you playing for  
Bitch I ain't fiending, what is you feeling  
Bitch is you with it, bitch, I am with it Now bitch just chill, this how it is when the shit get real  
Pistol grip and an eggman whip, with a distant bitch  
On some pimping shit  
Bars R us, now tell them fuck niggas don't bother us  
I rap with the strap, no robbing us  
And we ball like ain't nobody guarding us  
Start back nigga, chopper to your head line, park that nigga  
You a bitch boy, where your heart at nigga  
Small fish in the water where the sharks at nigga  
Touch this, touch that, I bust first, you can't bust back  
Racks on racks yeah I touch that  
I ride henny while you walking with your butts back  
Nigga fuck that, fuck this, no fuck shit, cause I'm a YG  
I be, getting money, swear the dollar sign is my ID  
Say my nigga, I know you niggas heard, I don't play my nigga  
Next up, out the C.A, my nigga, I can shit on these rappers all day my nigga  
Ye, ye, my nigga, money team flow Ray J my nigga  
That's a joke nigga, laugh, dirty money show we putting hundreds in the back  
Diss about mine and we running in your lap, have 10 for a line  
Niggas coming for your ass  
Got a groove nigga with me, that's a whole front of 50  
Single wood door F's in the room from the biddy  
Make a diss about mine and we running in your lap, have 10 for a line  
Niggas coming for your ass  
Got a Groove nigga with me, that's a whole front of 50  
Single wood door F's in the room from the biddy  
Whoh, bitch

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

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

