

Druggys Wit Hoes Again (feat. Ab Soul)

ScHoolboy Q

Drugs, drugs, got them hoes again
Comin' down, comin' down, comin' down, comin' down
Comin' down off a pill, see what next we on
Bad little bitch in the driver's seat
Fuck them rappers, should be bumpin' me
Puff on your own, shit, I puff alone
Won't pass the weed, but I'll pass a bitch
Mastermind, the bitch stole my dick
Stuck me up, and didn't hit a lick
Retaliated, had to bust off quick
Uh, let me see, here's some orange juice
You like taking E? Hennessey, yeah, on the rocks
Take a shot and I'll take a bop, uh
Little sarcasm, swag O.D. got 'em all laughing
G Hippy, he gon' orgasm
Leanin' out the 4, now I'm really spazzin'
Hmm, Backwoods, that good, high as hell
YSL, nigga, rack me out, rack me out, I say rack me out!
Just sold it out, then stack me out
Fuck all that shit you be talkin' bout
On the come up and the world can vouch
Been around the world, now my mommy house
Uh, pulled her panties south and I stuck it north
Yeah I fucked, of course
Having intercourse, I can fuck for life
Guess I fucked her right
She keep talking like
You nasty (you nasty)
You nasty (you nasty)
You nasty (see Q you know you nasty)
You know you nasty Bet I got some weed
Bet I got yo bitch
Bet she on her knees
Bet she swallow dick
Bet she love my swag
Bet she leave yo ass
Comin' down, comin' down, comin' down, comin' down
Soulo Ho (Soulo Ho) Soulo Ho (Soulo Ho)
Leaning like a mothafuckin' cholo, ho
Blue chucks on, El Pollo Loc'
Black lip bastard, O.G. master
Off of E, she climax faster
Spread her legs like mayonnaise

Been had game since Sega Saturn (Soul)
I won't pass the weed
But I'll pass your bitch, would you relax a bit?
I'm on Actavis
Them niggas thought I had a laxative, now, ain't that some shit?
Hmm, ain't that some shit?
She suck dick, but she don't give me no lip
I run shit, but I don't be on no field
Bust on hoes, don't need no clip
Now, that's gangsta, bitch
Rolling through the city with my gangsta bitch
I'm a gangsta, bitch! HiiiPower
We on y'all heels like anklets
Q, tell these niggas what we on
Throw a ho away, blow an O a day, carry on
She unzipped these 501 jeans
After that she told me
She told me... You nasty (you nasty)
You nasty (you nasty) SOUL!
You nasty (see Q you know you nasty)
You know you nasty Bet I got some weed
Bet I got yo bitch
Bet she on her knees
Bet she swallow dick
Bet she love my swag
Bet she leave yo ass
Comin' down, comin' down, comin' down, comin' down Marijuana, hydro, pussy ho, ass, titties
Marijuana, hydro, pussy ho, ass, titties
Ass, titties, pussy ho, ass, titties
Marijuana, hydro, pussy ho, ass, titties Ok! Extra pills, extra pills, I got extra pills
2 for the 10, nigga, extra pills, give your bitch some sex appeal
Hey Soul! (extra pills)
Nigga, what'chu want? (extra pills)
2 for the 10? (extra pills)
Well, fuck it then, nigga, give 'em extra pills!
Extra pills! Extra pills!
Fuck that, nigga! 2 for the 10, OD on a nigga! Extra pills!
Uh, uh, I said extra pills!
Still got the baddest hoes, still burn the finest weed, everywhere we go, they still
know who we be
Now, take a picture
Now, let me be, TDE
Got them hoes again, Q, Q, ay, ay, Q, got the weed again
Solo
Comin' down, comin' down, comin' down, comin' down...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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