

THat Part (feat. Kanye West)

ScHoolboy Q

Me no conversate with the fake, that part
All my bitches independent bitches, that part
I just want the paper, that part
All my bitches flavored
That part, that part, that part, that partAyy! That part
Bang this shit in the hood one time
Lil bitch I'm back and poppin'
Tell that ugly bitch to move away, I need more options
Broke? Then fix your pockets, all I do is profit
Quarter million, switchin' lanes... that part
Bet my bitch move the same old thing... that part
405 with the gun off safety... that part
Ayy I'm still tryna make that plate
Rich or poor, nigga, choose your fate
Style on top of style, nigga
Five years I've been rich, nigga
Drove Beamers down Fig, nigga
Pushed Porsches down Broadway
I've been doggin' different hoes, nigga
Got a chain that's worth the Rolls, nigga
Got an engine back with the top in it
Nigga drivin' it like it's a bomb in itMe no conversate with the fake, that part
All my bitches independent bitches, that part
I just want the paper, that part
All my bitches flavored
That part, that part, that part, that part
Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay, okay! (That part)
Beggars can't be choosers, bitch this ain't Chipotle
Nigga with an attitude, I feel like O'Shea
Walkin', livin' legend, man I feel like Kobe
I just left the strip club, got some glitter on me
Wifey gonna kill me, she the female OJ
Y'all don't feel me, man this ain't okay
Four Seasons, take a shower, new clothes, I'm reloaded
Rich nigga, still eatin' catfish
That bitch ain't really bad, that's a catfish
If I walk up out of Saks Fifth
Have the paparazzi doin' backflips
If I lay you down on the mattress
Blow the back out 'til you backless
Thick, we already established
She just got 'em done, bra-straplessYeah! Okay, okay, okay, okay! (That part)

Beggars can't be choosers, bitch this ain't Chipotle (That part)
 Nigga with an attitude, I feel like O'Shea (That part)
 Walkin', livin' legend, man I feel like Kobe (That part) Me no conversate with the fake, that part
 All my bitches independent bitches, that part
 I just want the paper, that part
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 That part, that part, that part, that part Ayy! That part
 Bang this shit in the hood one time
 Lil bitch I'm back and poppin'
 Tell that ugly bitch to move away, I need more options
 Broke? Then fix your pockets, all I do is profit Few million made and still ain't changed... that
 part
 Me, my girl got matchin' bling... that part
 I'ma get so blowed, I'ma lose my brain... that part
 Me and XO only thing go straight
 Need me a bitch that'll go both ways
 Style on top of style, nigga
 Since a youngin' I wanted to ball, nigga
 Had a pistol in my drawls, nigga
 When I was broke, I had to sauce, nigga
 Got a Chevy with side to side on it
 Hundred spokes, the dana danes on it
 Got a chopper that stand at 5'2"
 I put your homies down beside you Me no conversate with the fake, that part
 All my bitches independent bitches, that part
 I just want the paper, that part
 All my bitches flavored
 That part, that part, that part, that part
 Ayy! That part
 That part
 That part Walkin' livin' legend, man I feel like Kobe (That part)
 I just dropped 60, man I feel like Kobe
 Lamar was with me, man I feel like Kobe
 Pippen at my weddin', man I feel like Jordan
 Trippin' at my weddin', I be raaa-uh-ayy
 Ain't say shit, nigga
 You was listenin' close though
 You was listenin' to hoes though
 You wouldn't listen to the flow though
 Listen to the Goat
 Listen to a young nigga from the 'Go though
 I'ma freestyle this mothafucka, who knew?
 When I'm with my niggas, nigga, ScHoolboy Q
 And uh, Top Dawg, call Top Dawg
 Get that nigga on the phone
 Top Dawg on the phone!
 Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy! Hah!

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

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