

Collard Greens (feat. Kendrick Lamar)

ScHoolboy Q

Oh, oh, luxury, chidi-ching-ching could buy anything, cop that
Oh, oh, collard greens, three degrees low, make it hot for me, drop that
Oh, oh, down with that shit, drink this, smoke this, get down with the shit, aye
Oh, oh, down with the shit, cop this, pop this, down with the shit Oh, oh, luxury, chidi-ching-
ching could buy anything, cop that
Oh, oh, collard greens, three degrees low, make it hot for me, drop that
Oh, oh, Smoke this, drink this, straight to my liver Watch this, no tick, yeah, I'm the nigga
Gang rap, X-mas, smoke, shots I deliver
Faded, Vegas, might sponsor the killer
Shake it, break it, hot-hot for the winter
Drop it, cop it, eyes locked on your inner object
Rock it, blast-blast, new beginnings
Lovely, pinky how not I remember, fiending
Give me, give me, give me some
Freak the freckles off your face, frenchy, freaking, swapping tongue
Click my link and spread your buns, loose your denim, make it numb
Blow it baby, no Saddam (Icky-icky, icky-icky)
Fucking in the car service, thank me for the car pool
Chromosome, part full, prolly off a Norco
And gas, not the Arco, popping since the intro
You shopping from the window, play my favorite tempo
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degrees low, make it hot for me, drop that Oh, oh, down with that shit, drink this, smoke this,
get down with the shit, aye
Oh, oh, down with the shit, cop this, pop this, down with the shit
Hold up, bitch, this your favorite song Translation: Ven aqui, mami, ese culo
Tu quieres cojer mis huevos, y papi me desespero
Chuparse puto pendejo, el pinche cabron - let's get it
Nights like this, I'm a knight like this, sword in my hand, I fight like this
And I'm more than a man, I'm a God, bitch, touche, en garde
Toupée drop and her two tits pop out of that tank top and bra
And when I say "Doo-doo, doo-doo," bitch, that be K. Dot
She want some more of this, I give her more of this, I owe her this
In fact, I know she miss the way I floored this, I'm forgis
I know my Houston partners, drop a four on this
And focus, and slow it down, alright, let me blow this bitch
I'm famous, I blame this on you, cash in the mirror
Hang in my penthouse roof, skyline the clearest
Watch it, your optics, popping out, you look the weirdest
Pop my top on the 105, head with no power steering, ah!
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degrees low, make it hot for me, drop that

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Oh, oh, down with the shit, cop this, pop this, down with the shit
Bummy nigga famous, straight from the bottom Broke niggas hate it, still never robbed him
Guns in the basement, out they have a problem
Kush be my fragrance, we love marijuana
Function on fire, burn the roof off this mothafucka
Psych ward is balling, go craze like no other
Weed steady blowing, pass the blunt to my momma
Runs in the family, puff-puff keep a nigga fiending
Faded, faded-faded right
Shot glass super size, she gon' get some dick tonight
Meet me at the W, and no it's not the Westside
Stick it up ya Southside (Icky-icky, icky-icky)
Baller futuristic, groovy gangsta with an attitude
What these niggas make a year, I spend that on my daughter shoes
Smoking weed and drinking, all the college students loving Q
We gon' turn it out until the neighbors wanna party too
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>