

# ScHoolboy Q, Collard Greens (Ft. Kendrick Lamar)

[Hook]

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  
Hey, oh, oh, down with the shit  
Cop this, pop this, down with the shit

[Verse 1]

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, proly off a Norco  
And gas, not the Arco, popping since the intro  
You shopping from the window, play my favorite tempo

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar]

Hold up, biatch, this your favorite song  
Translation: Ven aqui, mami, asi culo  
Tu quiero coger mi huevos, y papi molestes pero  
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!

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

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

[Hook]