

Ab-Soul "Sopa"

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[Intro]

(Soulo taught me...)

See yea my nigga see

See yes this where sci-fi meets swag

Like the Holy Bible in a Gucci Bag

[Verse 1: Ab-Soul]

Oh you the kid, I'm Joseph Kony

Chip off the block, since puffy socks in my Saucony

I touch stock, she suck cock

She dancing Secret Sundays and I'm 'bout to pray

I'm smoking dope, I'm smoking dope

She got that magical vaginal let me hocus poke

Row, row, row my boat gently down your stream

She into Alexander McQueen but she ain't met the king

(Soulo, SOULO, Soulo, SOULO) kiss the fucking ring ho

TDE we got the belt, "hold it down if nothin else"

And this is my new single, cut the cheese it's bout to

melt

Lean in my cup, pinky up like Dr.Evil

Currently we seeing deeds like Adam Sandler

Schoolboy Q, OG, and dirty pineapple Fanta

And I ain't never been a motherfucking lick 'less I'm

right around the clit

Druggys wit' hoes, O's and 4's

[Hook x2]

I'm smokin dope, yo, could smell it on my clothes

SOPA tryna censor internet, we tryna get this dough

I said look back at me when you hit the pole

Swag so mean, on them fucking hoes

[Verse 2: Schoolboy Q]

Oh that's your bitch? Well bruh she on me

I made her lick my sack, then work the top, then fuck
the homies

Got the block hot, 'cuz I set it off

No I'm not Weezy, bitch I'm wheezy from that chronic
cough

Yeah, I'm smoking dope, you can smell it in my beard

Have no fear, saviour of the gangster rap is fucking
here

Word around town, SOPA tryna shut it down
How that sound I'm from the underground
They're gonna make me slang a pound
Figg Row (Figg Row) Figg Row (Figg Row)
Bitch, what you know about Figg Row (Figg Row)
This is original gangster, Uh, uh, uh, yeah
Smoke it, shoot it, sniff it, smell it
Inhale it, sip it, whatever
Just mix dope with your flavor uh, uh, uh, yeah
In interviews they always asking me about a list
Knowing damn well I'm looking like I'm slinging bricks
Ever see an ex-student get a half a ticket
Think I'm lying, just ask Jimmy, that check was mine as
soon as we signed

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: Ab-Soul and Schoolboy Q]

Soulo ho! Groovy Q!
I'm high as fuck, nigga me too
Won't pass the weed, but I'll pass a bitch
Fendi on, I might throw a fit
Deadline, hoodie on like Trayvon
Heard it through the grapevine
We got extra pills, lean and shrooms
Life for me is just weed and brews
Don't stop! (Get it, get it) Don't stop! (Get it, get it)
Don't stop! (Get it, get it, get it, get it)
Don't stop! (Get it, get it) Don't stop! (Get it, get it)
Don't stop! (Get it, get it, get it, get it)

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