

## ScHoolboy Q

### "6'7"

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Said I'm a fuckin' monster  
A massive attack I haunt 'ya  
Mastered the rap then fucked up the monitors  
Mastered that after that I went for thermometers  
Popped em all, then popped in the jaw of Tracy  
Veronica  
Holla back they promised us  
No pajamas insomnia will attack I attack like piranha  
does  
Hit yo block like a comet, BLAHH! and you all know  
what time it is  
2012 mark 'ya calendars calisthenics and silencers  
exercisin' that trigger strip  
Rock with us Metallica; competition no talented  
I'm in a jungle what's wild enough  
Just might stumble upon a pack of lions  
No lyin' my soldiers dyin' this is Iraq  
Alliances lining wit stars and bars of a prison wreck  
My science applyin pressure her stretcher is needed  
pay the proceeds  
Or your livin' debt y'all soft as a giga-pet  
You niggas can't see me unless you watchin' the tv or  
ultra huggin' my silhouette  
My flow got the ceiling wet  
I spit til I feel my breath  
Who sinkin' my fuckin' chest  
She fuckin' the fuckin' best  
Mean my dick is the dick of death  
Means I'm killin' that pussy  
Like Spike whenever that Jerry slept  
Yaaa Dre  
Me and Andre the Giant 6'7 and climbin'  
Whether you storm to your climate  
Whether your beat makin' or rhymin'  
Bumpin' some Phyllis Hyman  
Hand full of diamonds like Jay fans  
On a island wit Ray Bans  
Glasses palmin' asses that probably came wit a great  
tan  
{laughs}  
I be the mother fuckin' mecca of these hub city

spectrum  
Where they at I will dissect them like a fucking frog  
rectum  
Why you wreckin wit a reticle my word flow incredible  
They probably call the federal after I slaughter several  
Etcetera etcetera Bentley passin up Celicas  
They tellin us about shit, high power in ya mouth bitch  
And Top Dawg can vouch bitch  
Nigga what you bout , about face wit army outfits  
The generals here  
That mean the hustlers and the criminals here  
Penitence reachin pinacles of life and despair and  
me I solemnly swear to handle mine like a Taliban and  
die for it  
Only difference is I ain't never askin Allah for it  
Only difference is I be spazzin and still apply for it  
Put me in a category  
I don't know what's a sadder story  
Guts and glory  
Your pain bore me you ain't really lived it  
I take you to a block where they Crippin  
Or Piru that 5'2 gun bigger than the torso of Pippen  
Bitch I been doin before you niggas ruined it  
Show me somethin different  
You either kissin dick or givin me distance  
You live in a disrict of dimebags and dummys I know  
your statistics  
Who ya boss he more like my assisstant  
Get lost have a egg and a biscuit  
Break fast when we aimin them biscuits

Pay cash when ya chain come up missin, Q..Q  
[Verse 2: ScHoolBoy Q]Double up, shit, what the fuck?  
Get me some my promo poppin  
Setbacks droppin  
Soon they watchin  
I jus lock and load explode  
Target flowed im somewhere blowed  
Mary got some swishers sweets  
LA nigga proolly east  
Cheerin for the ragin beats  
X O henie scrape the keys  
Bangin C im bangin B  
Put them niggas next to me  
Stop and focus get the lead  
Im hear now let the hardest be  
Ya all them dudes got ovaries. PERIOD  
Run on sentin still im ventin  
Air conditionin coolest breeze  
Ill diseases  
Grip my panties shoot my semen

Still im cumin miles a runnin  
I was learnin getting knowledge  
Head is throbbin shes a goblin  
We be mobbin over bitches  
Stick and miss and she the business  
Get a witness pussy frenchin  
Yes a mission  
Poppin off like a mission  
Proposition  
Getting money  
Drop a nigga  
Rush a nigga  
Stomp a nigga  
Crush a nigga  
Dust a nigga copperhead gon thrust a nigga  
Heatin up the winnnin nigga  
Somethin to remember nigga  
Hella sick I got a spit  
Curse wit a verse like god told me to kill the shit  
Load the clip hecklin cops  
The hoover king  
Bada bing by the ding a ling  
Natural hoover  
Fing ring wit a vision clearin it wit visine  
Asing from bejing  
Money maker cum she cream  
Feed the weak that's wing stop  
At the start wit rain drops  
Autobot  
Space shuttle shittin on your car lots  
Boy stop  
Could at least got a saturn huh?  
HiiiPoWer see our patent huh  
Workin on tracks like we never been free  
22 squeeze niggas shootin off C's  
Please thought a nigga shot 16's  
Rhyme 16's  
Bieda bing, bing, bing, bing.... bing

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