

ScHoolboy Q "Raymond 1969"

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[Verse 1]

They say the gangsters back, kid got a heart attack
Straight out insomniac, let's get this fucker live
Loadin up pistols while gettin high
45 nine, we smoking sitting in nickels and dimes
My little nigga 12 said he with it, yeah
Gave him a sherm stick and watched him while he hit it
Soon as he lit it cause was finished, now cock back the
gat
Little mask and gloves, let's get to buisness
But they worry about Osama
Killed a bitch nigga and get his family manana
Didn't get a coma nor a cent for the karma
Just an imaginary stripe so he can hold his head in
honor
Zombie land a bunch of dead men walkin
Livin abortion they oughta raise the price on coffins
Fucking make a killing but I ain't dying up in prison
Fully loaded clip my brain up to the ceiling
Money-money, hoes, clothes, nigga that's all we know
Murder-murder, kill get your fucking cap peeled
Fear around here, I smell death around here
Don't be snooping 'round here, get dogged around
here
They say 2012 the world gon end
Shit it been over since Raymond recruited soldiers
1969 evolution of devils time
Ain't walking up in no shrine shit I'm living a life of
crime
Pops never gave a chance my mom crying
She can see it in my eyes, I lost my mind
Sneakin out the window with angel dust in my endo
Keys to her ignition new mission ya betta limbo
Fire pits let to eject I hardly miss
Nigga ditch sleep on my dog ain't that a bitch?
And I ain't on my Odd Future tip
But snatch a nigga intestines from his nose and tell his
ass to shit
But they worry about Osama
Blood and Crip niggas lifetime of Jeffery Dhamers
Flashy for the moment I'm on it I pop your collar
Suicidal ain't fucking with these young connivers, we

rivals
Didn't learn to much in school
But out I learned some shit, 36 a kilo 28 grams a zip
Pot brownies and white cookies
Cops'll pat me down but won't touch on my girls tooshi
Fuck they sent the lady cop they tryna book me
All else fails balloon packs tampon that pussy
Back to the set to laugh about it and get it off
Lobster tails and butter sauce same clothes still a boss
On a mothafuckin' robbing spree
Probably be televised, bitch I want the world to see
Now you dumb fuckas heard of him
Sickest nigga out I found out that blood's burgundy
But they worry about Osama
9/11 passengers ain't seen this type of drama
Vietnam wars I'm sending copper galore
Bodies hit the floor god knows I'm playing lord for sure
Make money, make money-money-money
Take money, take money-money-money
Make money, steal money-money-money
Kill money, my money-money-money

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