

Lyrics: Blind Threats By Schoolboy Q

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Right, uh, same shit every day, homie
Lord please forgive me for all my sins
Yeah, nigga wake up to the same shit everyday, homie
Walking in the valley of the shadow of death
No rules, right

Washing my sins off in hell's water
Feel like the Bible told me lies as I pray to 'em
Kneel down, put my faith in 'em, will you answer me?
But if God won't help me, this gun will, I swear I'm gon' find my way

Uh, four corners, cat and mouse chase, got cheese to catch
High on on some drug, I'm Space Cadet
Dreaming I don't live up on the block no more
Trapping trying to make it out this obstacle
Life on the edge, hell a block away
Pretty Snow White turned eight today
Selling that base, no Dr. Dre
Uh, guess who in the building?
Bucket hat with a strap like a pilgrim
Uh, kneeling down with some questions to address like
Why the ones who commit the worst sins live the best?
The 10 commandments, I can mark five checks
But I sense flaws, the Bible preaching blind threats
Streets held me down, got faith in a Pyrex
Faith in a four-five, I call it the clarinet
Sewer full of drugs when the toilet digests from the cop raid
All can relate, from the streets to the wall from niggas to compadres
When the sun go down, I'm predictin' a heatwave, forecast your whole body
Heat on, room full of homi's, I just pray that the Lord got me

But if God don't help me, this gun will, I swear I'm gon' find my way
Mic check (La-la, la-la, low-low, la-la, la-la, low)
But if God won't help me, this gun will, I swear I'm gon' find my way

Aim that, shoot that, pledge allegiance
Kill mine, kill yours, make it even

Soul need saving, Mr. Preacher

I know I only come around when it's Easter

Funerals, Thanksgiving, Christmas time

When I'm in jail or when my card declined

Uh, will you answer me?

Take me out of Hell and make plans for me?

Misery loves company, ain't a surprise

It was just me and my niggas, we was trying to survive

But we would never make it out alive

We living to die, oxymoron

Hope to get to heaven 'til that day arrive

Running through the ally, hope the bullet don't collide

Car window shattered, glass on my right side

Dogs bark in the backyard, root for me

Out of shape belly, courtesy of 40

Spoiled only child, baby boy Jody

Same jacket on from back in the day

Praying that the Lord come and take me away

But if God don't help me, this gun will, I swear I'm gon' find my way

Mic check (La-la, la-la, low-low, la-la, la-la, low)

But if God won't help me, this gun will, I swear I'm gon' find my way

It go tuna fish sandwiches bread, dry snaking

Black Lincoln, burgundy Mac, I clap a king-pin

Caught me in the airport gust that I was thinkin'

On how to stay rich and get bills with my acquaintances

Yeah, money is the issue, I diss you

It's no problem at all, yo, the bunch on the pistol

Cause I'm a suit case king

Cooling at the gambling spot with a screwed face grin

No wage bet, we stay winning, play it again, yo

Put the bone in your jaw, now say it again

Round knife, fork, under the tents, coming to rents

Get out the way or let the shotty dispense

Revenge killers who make the events iller

This is more realer, snatch you right up out of the Benz

The Wu wheelers who huddle up, coupes knows the truth

You know the woopy-woop, solo or group I kill niggas

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