

1st & 15th

Boldy James

(You ready? Yeah, go)
(Crack House)

Talkin' 'bout you, I saw
Am I sound you want us?
You never know that when it come to championship
It's we that have the management
That correspond with good youth to sing for good crew
(Lil' N)

Thirty-six chambers, peace inna the unit, we be Wu-Tangin'
Slidin' out in Cali with my shooter, he be who bangin'?
Budangin', lil' cuz Crippen, he be flu flamin', blue flamin'
Titties on the yacht, we be 2 Chainz, Usain, and
Old School Jammin' 'cross the train track
Caught your brother slippin', tell that boy to get that pain back
Never pullin' over for the hook, I got all type of warrants
Speed racin', NASCAR drivin', Mr. High-Performance
Clip full of cop killers, no pop shots or warrants
Woke up to a play for ten or better, my type of mornin'
Lil' Mike double back on me for roof and stuff
So how the fuck he got a problem with me swipin' lawn?
Let 'er get pick of the litter, innie minie mo'
Just opened up a new Spitz, he shippin' kinda slow
Beans comin' to me for credit with the highest hoes
Still get it goin', movin' faster than a lightning bolt
Who supply the coke? Move the bag, front the merch
From the first through fifteenth through the thirty-first
Me, that's who, pullin' up in S-Classes
Catchin' all the beans, runnin' fiends up to the check cash
Me, that's who, never ever took a front
Still don't wear no mask or no gloves when I'm hookin' up
Me, that's who, let's get it

You know me, I don't need no introduction to this

Made bags park in Manhattan while we at Carbone
My niggas in the cell, I sent him twelve-fifty for a phone
Bring the bill to me 'cause I know what to do like Puffy Combs
I know niggas that was buyin' bricks, now they buyin' homes
Touchdown, one day in town, made a dub again
Sittin' so close to the coach, he can suck me in
Buyin' plain watches with the dirty money, that's how you clean it
I still do real niggas shit when it's not convenient
High five Durant mid-game, boy, this shit insane
Two-ser dinner over half a meal just to pick his brain
Burn more money than I save, I still feel ashamed
What advice you got for a young niggas switchin' lanes?
Gotta move careful like an old man with a cane
Everybody fall, but who fallin'? Don't feel a thing
I can score sixty on a twisted ankle when it's spring
Mayweather so dope, would his record be the same?
I don't leave nothin' on the table, I'ma get it all
It's counterfeits in the safe, the real money in the wall
It's gotta be Shaquille O'Cripp 'cause the ceilings tall
You never know who gon' ball hard 'til they get the ball
We used to battle on the roof, the loser had to cook to work

Twenty-five hundred dime rocks, tell me what that's worth
She the type of bitch to buy a card 'cause it match her purse
No money down, make the plugs, send the package first
Ask the question backwards just to see if niggas that alert
Coulda bought another Rollie, spent it on a batch of Percs
Ten years ago, I had bags of Granddaddy Perc
Stack enough racks so you won't have to come back to Earth
Most anticipated streets waitin' like I'm Bigavelli
Bought clay and sent it home with Vito, baby face and Eddie
Call me when niggas wanna die, I kill 'em when they ready
Shawty got a body like Beyoncé, I bought her a Kelly
Raised the price of the narcotics like Mart Shrelly
Thousand Gram, Cuban link on, niggas, hard as heavy
Text message from the dealership, they say the car is ready
Stars in the double R, Stéphane Marbet

Who supply the coke? Move the bag, run the merch (my words)
From the 1st through 15th, do the dirty first (he done)
Me, that's who, pullin' up in S-Class (yeah)
Catchin' all the beans, runnin' fiends up to the check cash (skrirt)
Me, that's who, never ever took a front
Still don't wear no mask or no gloves when I'm hookin' up (track, track, track)
Me, that's who, let's get it
You know me, I don't need no introduction to this
Where we at?

Yeah, just like that

Yo, let me say something