

2 Left Feet

Boldy James

That one-way trip, I foot it, It's Mr. Gun-Wrench
Pulled it off by the skin of my teeth, I had to push it to the limit
Niggas playin' with that bag when you send it
Comin' up shorter than Bushwick, all these broke niggas need some [?]
Stepped on the work so good that it left a footprint
Just ran out of baggies, we need another box of Good Sense
It ain't no better place on earth that we could've took this
Why he be spendin' all his money tryna look rich?
Cuttin' up a G-pack, name buzzin' on the T app
Now all these bitches know a nigga just a dope dealer with some good dick
Seen me with dual clip, you can tell this ain't my first time
He good at makin' words rhyme, I'm really with the bullshit
Can fix it with a tool kit, a pistol was my first purchase
Love was at the church service, reverend in the pulpit
Sign on the gate said, "Beware of dog," niggas better keep away
Now we put BTA, somethin' like a leather bullwhip

Revenge is bittersweet 'cause I been in the street hustlin'
Can't walk a straight line for nothin', guess I got pigeon feet
I still ain't missed a beat, this industry don't mean nothin'
It's constant and repercussions, gotta learn to live with grief
Revenge is bittersweet, got a .23 with a buddy
In the sleeve of my Louis Vuitton, for when this shit get deep
Revenge is bittersweet, but, that's not even up for discussion
It mentally got me blushin', been on a winnin' streak

When you cop it, your main bitch can't come
It's like I got ninety-nine problems and a brick ain't one
Had a insane run
Don't want this shit if it's them same ones
Playin' ball 'til the championship game won
For them big-face hun's, been ridin' dirty like my nickname Bun
Shout to West V', I got love for the whole 6-8-1
When them ship crates come I know where to get a fish plate from
Down in the land of milk and honey where all the bricks A1
Niggas askin' when I'm gonna drop, but, I got the big [?]
I remember tellin' niggas soon as my mixtape done
Rep a set, H1, all my friends' day-ones
If I never dropped out of Cooley nigga probably could have been Trae Young
Duckin' Federalies in that grape [?] for the twenty-fifth straight summer
Them niggas too broke to fix, they bums
Stuff they said about me, how could they ever fix they gums?
If you cut his tongue out his mouth then his lips can't run
That's Mafia

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