

2.2 Lbs

Boldy James

Where we at? (Detroit City live)
Bo Jackson (The big Creature way, what else?)
Let's get it (Mafia)
Uh (227)

2.2 pounds, I had to Louis V the apron
From the same hometown as Miss Aretha Franklin
Boy, you can't put your strap down or they gon' leave you stinking
Quick to lay the smackdown when niggas need a spanking
2.2 pounds in blocks, you know we lead the nation
2.2 pounds, respect, no Aretha Franklin
2.2 pounds, couldn't let these niggas leave me stinking
2.2 pounds (Ayy, let's get it)

You know I live for the love of the street
'Ll kill for my brother Jariq, them quails ain't comin' from Greece
Took off the whole summer, spent a couple months on the beach
My block a fish fry, was ten when I jumped in the grease
F&N in my Slim Fits up under my fleece
For niggas tryna snatch the ground from right up under my feet
Thanking God for every day he wake me up from my sleep
I could be rottin' in a cage, I could be restin' in peace
Takin' time out my day to spread the love with my peeps
What if my BM was Tasha? What if my son was Tariq?
What if my missus was Ang and undercover police?
What if my right hand was Tommy and it's a gun in my reach?
Shit, if it was, then I'd have Weston bring one through
Benny rollin' with me, so, shit, now that's three guns drew
Any time I'm in a jam and can't come up with the right ends, I ask myself, "
What would 'Chine Gun do?"
Two-steppin' on the blow, I got a mean one-two
He rollin' with a snitch, that must mean that he one too
Heard it's some money on my head, but when it's all said and done, I ain't d
one yet, so just make sure he refunded
We gon' cook your man's beak off after we hunt you
After we hunt you
We gon' cook your man's beak off after we hunt you
Know some hitters from 213 to the 312 (Respect it)

2.2 pounds, I had to Louis V the apron
From the same hometown as Miss Aretha Franklin
Boy, you can't put your strap down or they gon' leave you stinking
Quick to lay the smackdown when niggas need a spanking
2.2 pounds in blocks, you know we lead the nation
2.2 pounds, respect, no Aretha Franklin
2.2 pounds, couldn't let these niggas leave me stinking
2.2 pounds, 101 Dalmations
2.2 pounds

Ayy, blockworks
Bully boys
It's game time
Drug zone to the 50
Big one
LV block