

# All Madden

**Boldy James**

Don't wait for her, man  
Conductor

I stir the pot with that thirty-shot pokin' on my hip  
Like I never heard of SWAT  
Another toke, another skid, another murder plot  
For liftin' water weights out of shape on that murder route  
Prosecutor tellin' my mother, "Might as well give it up"  
Hundred-twenty months on a cot, why she not pickin' up?  
Only thing I'm hopin' is the feds don't try to pick it up  
Caught the flux from all of that dust that we was kickin' up  
Still in touch on the outs with the creatures and them real members  
Real apex predator, real laid back  
Every fight I had, it was like a steel cage match  
Don't take much to initiate it, quick to straight snap  
Niggas gang affiliated with ill face tats  
Not me, I'm a lowkey to-myself type  
Playin' chess on the unit, me and old-school  
Got out, ain't have shit to my name but my legal fee  
I think about that shit every blue moon just to keep me free  
What else?

No more food stamps and EBT  
Tired of Mama workin', gotta blow so I can feed the street  
I know they throw dirt on my name, kick me when I'm down  
My fam need me more than ever, gotta stick around  
Can't let these niggas trick me off, can't let 'em off Jackson  
All that lackadaisical shit'll get you caught lackin'  
Stackin' my change while they doin' all that jaw-jackin'  
EA Sports, get in the game, we on all Madden  
It's game time

Everything on my body cost a real bag (For real)  
When I see you in the field, you better have your pads (I ain't playin')  
And my pockets too stiff, I need to cop a bag (Gotta go cop one)  
I don't even want your bitch, she ain't even bad (Not to me)  
Every time I'm in a room, man, these niggas mad (I been peepin' it)  
I got thirty-two bullets stuffed in this mag (Bah bah bah!)  
I got twenty stuffed in this Burberry plaid (This shit stuffed)  
Amiri full of cash (It's Bo Jack)

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