

B.B. Butcher

Boldy James

These niggas ain't built to last (Nah)
You gotta be built for this
Born alone, die alone, you can't count on nobody but yourself
You all you got out here, man
What profit a man to gain the whole world
And don't have control on his soul? Oh, God
You wanna change from the way you've been livin'
It hasn't been easy for you
Prepare us, prepare us to walk the streets of Detroit
We don't need to go no place else
Oh, we can see you with the pots that ain't never seen the stove

If I don't scale this 'bow, if I sit on my bag
Then I'ma be flat broke, so I sit on my ass
If I can get cash flow, so I be 'bout my bread
Watchin' for task force and SWAT on my Launchpad

And I'm back for more, Detroit's ambassador
Chancellor of the Ambassador Bridge
To Canada, in the back of that rig
With some dust cancerous enough to get us maximum bids
Lookin' at addin' a brig
I'm never satisfied like my mammy, she said
"Jay, babe, just like your father, bold and cold"
It's Detroit, Michigan in December, sold my soul
To the concrete, Devil in a blue dress
Got me doin' life in the ghetto so the music
That I write's for the ghetto-ous hoodlums
Tryna make a way out of no way
Down with heavyweight, tre four-way, John C. James' cousin
I pack pistols on that block boy tip
Boldy McNichols on some Lodge boy shit
Six Mile, Brick Mile, Southfield Freeway
I'm in that brick house on Archdale and PA
'Cross the street from that church
Across the street from where my work is
What do this cross mean on my Turkish? (Link)
Why do I talk street with a slur?
Is it 'cause I'm from Detroit? Where you don't eat, you don't work
Got the fiends' mouths waterin' for a piece of dessert (Crack)
Beggin', "Let me get a taste", you don't eat 'fore my thirst
Get quenched, 'til I clench tender legal reserve (Money)
Federal commissary notes (Cheese)
Man, I'm tellin' you, I'm tired of sellin' dope
'Cause ain't shit worse than when you gotta sell this dope (dope)
Gotta tote this mag (Bloaw!)

If I don't scale this 'bow (If I sit on my bag)
Then I'ma be flat broke (So I sit on my ass)
If I can get cashflow (So I be 'bout my bread)
Watchin' for task force (And SWAT on my Launchpad)

'Cause I done got cash on all the blocks on the Westside
Stood on every slab, caught a hot one and didn't die
Witnessed my mans get shot dead and didn't cry (Nah)
Seen my folk get murdered, I was just eleven
They say it only get worse 'fore it get better

I pray it don't get worster than it been lately (No)
If it get any worse, dude, what's worse than crazy? (What?)
Besides pistols when they shootin'
My street shit'll clink me in a mental institution
Been thinkin' how I think, man, I think I'm finna to lose it
Reachin' for my piece when I feel the slightest movements (SK)
Or hear the slightest noise (Brr) I'm off a Skittle and I'm 'noided
They got me 'noid but I ain't paranoid
Always feelin' like I'm bein' watched, too paranoid
I can't sleep, I'm in the dope game, Nina Ross
Me and my girlfriend
I think these niggas and these bitches out to get me
Rise and fly, wanna leave me hangin' out to dry
Set me up for failure, just to let me down and die
When they need to dig deep down inside themselves to find themselves
Instead of always tryna lose their lives, I read y'all
Negativity is what I feed off (Sucka)
And relatively speaking, I think y'all
Niggas is a bunch of egotistical fake thugs with foolish pride
On McNichols, we crave blood
Can you rely on them goons that's with you? (No)
'Cause you and I, we can use them pistols
Will you survive? 'Cause I do's this shit, dude
You a lie and the truth ain't in you
Get crucified, I'll shoot him and you
Mummify you like Snoop and Chris do

ConCreatures

Baby Blocks (Yeah, ConCreatures)

King James

When I die, lay me face down in the fresh green grass

And tell the whole damn world to kiss my goddamn ass