

## Blocks & Ave's

**Boldy James**

Thug life  
What else?  
227

Concrete  
mafia

"You only live once"  
First time I heard that was out of a fiend's mouth  
Had to put my double cup down, I was too leant out  
Thinkin' back in jail on all the shit I used to dream 'bout  
Sellin' all that blow with lil' bro, but now he out  
Heard the echo from the 'fore he could get the screams out  
Hunnid shot AR, might bump yo' street, then let it clean house  
Live from the house of blues  
Seen a man' intestines spillin' out his stomach  
Shit'll make you vomit and spit out yo' food  
Strapped with a 9 and a splint, stackin' up ninety percent  
Block slappin' harder than the backhand side of a pimp (Slap)  
Hood a lil' colder ever since we lost that family feud  
Got a little older, startin' payin' all my granny' bills  
Spoilin' my sister son  
Soil with a fifty drum  
Soon as I knew there was money to get, I has to get me some  
Think you can out-hustle Jackson? Must be smokin' fifty one  
Smack yo' town and turn yo' city up, now that's a hit-and-run  
What's good?

Yeah  
Yeah, 1655  
Junction sides, you know the vibe  
The revolution will be televised  
Uh

1655, servin' fiends like Boldy  
The side door hot  
Had 'em lined up, the whole hood know me  
My lil ho was on the run, I met her in the city  
Now we in Brooklyn, hittin' tricks, tryna stack, get out the city  
She had two kids at home, I had one of mine  
I was like twenty, goin' on twenty one at the time  
Japenese denim, 'bout twenty thou' sittin' in 'em  
Bathing Apes, acid high, still trippin' on it  
Thirteen years in the game, still flexin' on 'em  
I hope my mom's happy, I see her when I can  
In Heaven smilin' at me, knowin' your son gon' win  
Pull in the circle, I'll be down in five  
That was Flatbush Ave, back at Avenue I  
Made a killin', never snitch so high  
That's your bitch, but that's my bitch too, my guy  
Every other night, I contemplate suicide  
I still do this 'cause there ain't no better feelin' inside