

## B.O.B

**Boldy James**

But even now, I don't think we see what's behind the violence  
It's not just a demand for possessions (Pow-pow, pow-pow, pow-pow)  
For owning things; it's a demand for self-respect (227 ConCreature Gang)  
I've been working for two years, real hard, right  
And now (Mafia) I (What else?) have something else (Uh) to say

Let's make it a moment, you break it, you bought it, you take it, you own it  
But if you get assaulted, this ain't what you wanted (At all)  
I aim in and shoot it, this hundred clip, it came with the cooler (Brrt)  
Love the double-dip, but this what you get for making me do this (Yeah)  
Taking me through it, show me the safe, taking me to it  
On the chase for a hundred mil', feels like they racing me to it (Choom)  
A and B student of the gang, got the recipe to it  
Unlike all of these other lames that used to having 'em blew it (Lame, lame)  
Shit they post to be counting me in on was never included (Never)  
Ten or eight grams, I breakdance the bag and I move it (That icky)  
Racks in my Ksubis, took off on 'migo, half-brick of Scooby  
And a partridge of Cardi B 'cause that bitch bad and she bougie (Cold times)  
Stashing my hoopty, down in Toledo trapping with Druski (Brodie)  
Quick to open that 4-0 up like I'm cracking a brewski (Doo, doo)  
Stacking them oochies by the bag when you asking for Moochie  
Know he want all the smoke, he even want the backs on the loosie  
Let's get it

Uh, standing on big ol' business  
Chopper came with a kickstand and some tig ol' bitties  
What else? (Grrt) This other clip hold fifty  
How you claim you the brick man and you snitched on niggas?  
You know it (Pssh), I spit this shit so vivid  
Don't make a nigga up the stick and flip the switch on niggas  
You heard? Standing on big ol' business  
Sliding down gripping that slam with a big pole in it, it's Blocks (It's Jackson)

Can't let the discos flickers  
On 6-4 grittin', I'm ten toes in it (McNichols)  
Windows tinted, Versace heaven, indo scented (Gang)  
Mike Amiri jeans but the hoodie sweater Kenzo-knitted, it's on  
(Finna whip up) Just give me ten more minutes  
I keep them rack-racks on me, got my wrist on tennis  
The kid on shimmer, my shit don't dim (Bling)  
This big old Kimber'll knock him down, then yell, "Timber" (Pow)  
Maxwell member, breakdancing them fish scale dinners (Eastside)  
Got these niggas sick by my new bitch, hope they get well quicker (Yeah)  
The V12 shifter, blow cutter, B12 mixer  
Got fifty [?] and thirty, forty seashells sniff (Big dummy)  
The seat belt clicker, flow bizarre like that D12 nigga (Money)  
Gray flakes in the cake, bricks that we sell different  
But we still hit 'em and give 'em to my resale flippers (My youngins)  
Popping like you're [?], but I know females richer, for sure

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Don't make a nigga up the stick and flip the switch on niggas (Grrt)

You heard? (Ayy) Standing on big ol' business  
Sliding down gripping that slam with a big pole in it, it's Blocks (You know  
it)