

Yeah, it's ConCreatures
Boldy Blocks
227, yeah, uh-huh

Brave and courageous in Detroit, Michigan
His grades is abrasions and 8ball hemorrhages
Straight shell cases, ARs, Remingtons
Spray fields and gages, tear apart ligaments
Separatin' them gang stars from gentlemen
Redecoratin' paint jobs and interior
It's serious, put the pipin' on this leather seat
Let his mirror tints spider-webbed in his V
Taco meat on your driver seat, split your lima bean
The four pound llama beamin' down him and gut him clean
When they visit him in trauma, full-body sling
His baby mama and his mama hollering, screaming
"My baby never hurt nobody, why that fucking heathen
Boldy shoot him?" Now them bullets bothering his breathing
Now every time that it rains, he thinks about that evening
For heartache and painkillers, blame ConCreatures

Bold, my trigger finger is itchy-scratchy
Right, my middle finger, it grip that maggy
Tight, my ring fingers embrace my gun
Yikes, and my pinky fingers anchor my thumbs
Strike, the thumb on my other hand click the hammer
Yup, my left index is ambidextrous
Left fuck you finger, the reason I squoze
Put them gloves on, I'll teach you the meaning of Bold

I ain't superstitious but somethin' is fishy
I keep havin' dreams them officials comin' to get me
At night I can't sleep, keep switchin' to where my chips be
'Cause they'll break the bank, take it all, leave you on empty
Can't make a call, they tap all into your frequencies
Invade your privacy, put the wire on your team
Can you survive the heat, indictment sheets or affidavits
Or make a statement, ratting for an occupation
Cracking under the pressure, you less than a man
Banned from the street, your best friend in the Fed
Pen out of ink from all the shit you wrote and writ
In the pens out them clinks talkin' like you on a writ
Ain't that a bitch? You done snitched, got your partners a bid
Took and cop twenty years, still do about ten
None of his men said a word, stayed true to the end
Because he sang like a bird, they doing Jupiter years
Bold

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