

Boss

Boldy James

All this ballin' we been doin'
I been pictured that
Too far
Money ballin'
Ties in the heart
Hell yeah
It's the Reggie's back
But it's nothin' to it boss
I'ma get it back

Quick to flip a nigga like a pixie mattress
Countin' all this cash money
I feel like Beatrice
Tall dark-skinned bitch
She look like a actress
Y'all believe in these niggas
Cause they really actors

Dickie suit
Big ranch
And I'm a mechanic
Moon rocks
Cookie crops
I'm on another planet
Niggas say they in the streets
Where we really actin'
Catch him on the E-Way
And hit him up in traffic

Go upstairs on a nigga
Call that shit the attic
Took my wife bitch on Xans
And now she at it
All the tools got extensions
And them bitches plastic
White girl do coke boy
And addy

Purse got me scratchin'
Cut purple as a radish
Caught the midnight train to Georgia
With my baby Gladys
I stashed the work in a cabinet
Cause I'm really havin'
I'm on my way to a play
But I got stuck in traffic

So many pills in your bitch
It fucked up her bladder
Got an iron with a ladder
Call that bitch Stafford
I know a couple snow bunnies
Who be dippin' acid
Fallin' full of paper
Lookin' like a homework packet

Meek Mills said it's levels

But it's really brackets
I'm doin' 90 on the freeway
Droppin' off the packet
Put an X on a nigga
Like his name is Malcolm
See a nigga owe me money
Throw him off the balcony

When my doc write his script
It look like scribble scratch

All this ballin' we been doin'
I been picture dat
Got a glass
Pint of red
And a brick of act
All these clothes in my bag
And they make me mad
Last loss
Send me back 150 racks

Boy there's nothin' to it boss
I'ma get it back
Jacked off another nifty
When they hit the trap
Cause there's nothin' to it boss
I'ma get it back
There's nothin' to it boss
I'ma get it back
To it boss
I'ma get it back

Watchin' for the triple cross
Push it to the max
Had a brick of raw and uncut
I hit it with a lat
Do every fuckin' up the street
No they can't handle that
Swear the whole gang lit
No candle wax

I do everything big
No lumberjack
Touch down anytime
When I play runnin' back
No such thing as an up-duck
It's cause I love the racks
But no amount of money in this world
Could bring my youngin' back

Posted up in the sugar shack
Tryin' to run up a sack
Took that lil' bitch they gave me
And I doubled that
Took some tears
Blood
And a lot of sweat
Every time I took a loss
You know I double back

Don't shake my hand
No I don't want no fuckin' debt
Man I do this shit for my dawgs

Doin' a couple nets
I'm on an odd with the woods
And I'm silverback
Not a bad farmer jack
Started with a 60-pack nick

When my jock write a script
It look like scribble scrap

All this ballin' we been doin'
I been picturin' that
Got a glass
Pint of red
And a brick of act
All this gold's in my bag
And it makes me mad
Last loss
Send me back a 150 rack

Boy there's nothin' to it boss
I'ma get it back
Jacked off another nifty
When they hit the trap
Cause there's nothin' to it boss
I'ma get it back
Boy there's nothin' to it boss
I'ma get it back
To it boss
I'ma get it back