

## 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