

Brick James

Boldy James

Who the hell is Carlo?
Yeah, it's the Jacks
Where we at with it?
Let's get it

I'm on Santa Maria, flashin' back to me, Danny and me and Marik
o's alike
Cubs were so bad, I believe if he would've lived, niggas still
would've died
Lucky we was too young to shoot a gun, would've let off a big f
ifty
And came back with the clip empty, same way they left a niggas
feelin' inside
Whole hood on my collarbone, knock-knock, ain't nobody home
Servin' knocks, playin' hopscotch, sippin' Wock'-Wock' out of S
tyrofoam
Glock on me, this a double-
decker, junkie with me smoke, but he love to toot
Pockets chunky like the checker, but this big four, Nicki chunk
y like the suit
Keep campaign, he gon' win arrest and end up upstate tryna chea
t the system
Free Smurg, long live Von, can't even lie, they left the street
s hurt from this one
Even wine on first, so gone in the fast lane like a hubcap
Tryna hold on, I don't talk much, certain shit just ain't to be
spoke on
Still tryna tame the dog like I gotta potty-
train it on the pee pad
Wifey piss me off damn near every night, still be tryin' not to
go to sleep mad
Turn a whole slab into three halves, sometimes I wish that it w
as two of me
And the honey come with the brewery, all these ice bars, I got
jewelry

Built Ford tough, but the rims on the car still Forg'
Comin' through the gutter, long live my brother, he probably ki
lled yours
Might just have my youngin's spin they strip every time I get b
ored
Know them peoples got a niggas picture top of they clipboard
But I'm built for it, Major Payne, niggas, I'm the drip lord
Get you Chip Ahoy, make it rain, tell that niggas strip for us
Livin' in Detroit, might have to take a life before they steal
yours