

Cartier

Boldy James

Where we at?
Blockworks
Two-way, deuce, siete
Big Creature
Let's get it

I'm on a different type of time, whole hood call me Mr. TEN08
Lay it out on the table, twist it down then take it to the plate
Turn that bag around, then hop right back on the interstate
In and out of town, switchin' up more than my rental plates
Went AWOL; two-hundred eighty-eight eight-balls
In layman's terms, with the thirty-six by twenty-eight
OG knew I was schooled back when I was yay tall
Dumpin' off all these blues, it look like a nigga play ball
From pitchin' base, I'm the one these niggas imitate
Could teach a class on how to beat the glass, let me demonstrate
Just had a blowout sale, it's time to liquidate
The coke numbin' my tongue, I got expensive taste
The G5 come with a fifth wheel like Eliminate
It's Concrete 'til they free all my guys behind them prison gates
Was flippin' cakes while y'all niggas was playin' pencil breaks
My main concern was waitin' for my turn, not what this brick'll take
Cause hit me, said he found a line on some good work
For what it's taken, I had to find out what it took first
'Fore I can hand you this brick, learn how to cook first
I always worked my damn wrist and had some fancy footwork
Fancy footwork
I always worked my damn wrist and had some fancy footwork
Fancy footwork
Tap dancin' all on them bricks, I got foot work

Yo, yo
I used to put in mad work when only one nigga would ride for me
I would've died for niggas but only Mom Dukes would've died for me
I used to tote the .30, now I got the big .4-5 with me (Big .4-5)
They doubted me bad and I made 'em eat they apologies (Hahaha)
Just make sure you tell 'em I'm rich when you acknowledge me (Tell 'em I'm rich)
Shit, I really been that nigga, in all honesty, uh (Keep it a buck)
I switch whips as the climate change (Skrrt)
I keep a lil' bad bitch with good credit that look beyond the fame (She look beyond the fame)
I used to cook dope in Prada frames (Word)
My bro taught me the game at an early age and let me just dominate
That's how we operate

I want the money, not the fame (Keep that)
On the block, we used to sell cocaine (We used to sell cocaine)
I want the money and the finer things (And the finer things, want the finer things)
Rich, so we sip champagne (Rich, baby)
You can't find my shit up in the store 'cause it's sold out (Uh)
You can't find your bitch, you know we bring the hoes out (Where's your bitch?)
I heard he told, man, he took the ho route (Took the ho route)
We don't go 'bout (Go 'bout that)
We don't know 'bout (What you know 'bout this nigga, man?)

I want the money, not the fame (Keep that)
On the block, we used to sell cocaine (We used to sell cocaine)

Why'd you move here?
I dealt with unions, back in Detroit
And politicians
There was a bit of trouble
Came here, for the magic dragon
What kind of trouble?
I killed Jimmy Hoffa
Hahahahahahaha, hahahaha, ha
Ah, fuck!