

Chilly Moe

Boldy James

Tryna catch this bitch, Ju
This shit like catching lightning in a bottle
What else?
Royal House on the beat

Got my mind right, but my money right-er
Tryna stay out of the limelight
Lookin' back in twenty-twenty hindsight
Five-mic award right from the Source
Jumped off the porch
Auntie walkin' back from the store
She need another lighter
Bully boy like a matador, hook up a whole brick
Fuck I look like going back and forth? This ain't no road trip
Girly all up in my face, stay bringin' up old shit
Glock like a heated blanket laid up with a cold bitch
Toastin'
Ballin' on these niggas like I'm Jokić, got motion
Satchel full of pills, but this ain't Motrin
Soakin' in my thoughts, tryna land on my feet, ain't bring no sand to the beach, but I brought drip to the ocean
You know the slogan, it don't make no tokens, it don't make sense
I need a bigger scale 'cause this one broken, it don't weigh temps
Anted up on a thousand grams of the Babe Ruth
My youngin know he caught in that jam, he better stay mute
Let's get it (Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang)

My niggas really on
Drug Zone 7-6 to the 50 Zone
Buck sixty-five wet, all skin and bones
Double Ds on the TEC, this ain't no silicone
Shit, you already know what the fuck is goin' on
You know we pay an extra ten, you catch him in the dome
Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang
We quick to get him gone
Was praying for a plug, but now my cousin Chilly home
What else?

Playin' my hand, I ain't dealing cards
Warning, lookin' at an El Debarge and I'm still at large
Thirty-six stamped with a Playboy Bunny
Your own fam'll turn you in for the reward money
Made a million out the sink, a trap star legend
No major, niggas ain't get deals with Cap Star Records
Niggas ain't moving right if they can't make the money move
Ran it up, went on the run without no running shoes
After you turn the bag around, then bust another U
Fifty an R, that's five K for a hundred blues
Seats givin' me a massage, 75 to Flint
I'm undefeated on the lodge, it's 696
Catchin' pops off the glass like I'm Tayshaun
Back when you took a loss, you made it up like it was Avon
Might bust my wrist down after I bust a brick open
Bubble 'Cler, Balenciaga Chucks, these ain't no Rick Owens
Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang

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