

# Consideration

**Boldy James**

My 1st Chemistry Set  
Blocks, Chemist  
Cook up  
Yeah

Finished with this last hundred thou' through the money counter  
Movin' the bag and I'm runnin' out in record timin'  
Geneva band bright, with excessive diamonds  
All you can move is puppy chow and New England clam chowder  
You mismatchin' designers, I'm V12 and Impala  
And V12's and problems, and never had a license  
As I multiply and divide addin' money  
I never paid attention in class except for math and science  
Live in the lap of lux, smokin' on Cali's finest  
These niggas so puss you'd have thought that they had vaginas  
That's why we clap 'em up, ten packs, bloodclot 'em  
I got ninety nine problems and a brick ain't one  
I got thirty five shots, yeah the clip that dumb  
And my handgun it look retarded as a chopper  
We built this from the ground up, started from the bottom  
It's Concreatures, game time, money ain't a problem

Pocket full of stacks  
I had to take into consideration  
That when you gettin' money, ain't no limitation  
To what niggas'll do to get they hands on this paper (better tell 'em)  
Have my critters come and lay down that demonstration  
187  
Cause niggas hate it when you get they bitches naked (bold)  
And your chain made out of a bunch of tennis bracelets (cold)  
And your closet full of fresh, put one in the sky (do it)  
We're talking nothing but the best that money can buy

I got real expensive taste and I live an extravagant lifestyle  
My left pocket: six G's, the other one: ten bands  
And my watch on Swizz Beatz: I'm the one man band man  
Four in my right palm, two in my left hand  
In the back of the club doin' the band dance  
All around the board, I was born in the USA  
Guess you could say this an American Band Stand  
Three hundred eighties got my man jammed  
Now it's meet me at the Little Caesars my baby  
I got them pan pans  
Half assed think you slick, with a bag full of tricks  
While you try'na penny pinch, I'm try'na cram jam  
Twenty two grand in my True Religion brand pants  
I sold a hundred grams, that's another ten bands  
Put a one on it, that's an extra ten grams  
I cook so much dope, I need two wristbands  
And I ball so hard, I need a headband  
It's Concreatures till I'm dead or in the fed pen

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