

Consignment

Boldy James

227

Harum
My dude
ConCreatures

It's enticing, just try it
Everybody's doing it, I promise you'll like it
Don't fight it, hurry up and buy it
I weigh it, throw it in the bag, knot it up and tie it
Tight right, high as a kite, you flying
Soaring through the sky and me I'm the copilot (Boldy Blocks)
Bought to put a few Os inside the Pyrex (ConCreatures)
Then cut on the stove and light the pilot (Yeahhh)
Cinder blocks in the kitchen, all white bricks (Yup)
Get the pot, skillet, chisel and the ice pick (Work)
Ready-rock water whipping with the right wrist (Yeah)
Let it lock when I hit it with them ice chips (Yop)
Bro I sold dope on the night-shift
Ice-cold with the flow, Bold you the nicest (Why thank you)
With the politeness, seek and he shall find it
Blinded, they tried to take my weakness for a kindness

Grinded, in the streets I'm reminded
Of times when they tried to throw my peoples in confinement (Hundred years)
Before the fame it was big guns and diamonds
Then came that strong word B.I.G. called consignment (From the block)
Strictly for Lehman with fifties and nine M's (Uh-huh)
As front-line-men, with ghetto Heisman's (Bold)
Criminal minded, take a nigga brick
And sell it back to him after I rob him

For that dirty blonde, call it Dolly Parton
Whole lotta fun, yeah girly awesome
Natural born star, roll out the red carpet
After I swill this jar, then I'mma charge a fortune
Let her flirt with y'all, just for her enjoyment
We split a thirty-ball, I took the larger portion
While you under-bossing, filing unemployment
Is you working hard? Or is you hardly working
That C-O-N-C-R-E-A-T-U-R-E, is who we all reap
Up them splits and zips, get two balls free (That's cash)
But instead of spending you bought three (Eight ball)
Bumped ya head for ten, that's two point three
Short of a half, I shorted you point three (Ten)
Plus the bag get a half of the three (Uh-huh)
That's seventeen and a half short of an OZ (Oh boy)
Man, now do the math with me (Uh-huh)
That would be subtracting half and three (Grams)
And a half exactly (Yeah)
That's at least a half a stack you tweak
That's at least the cash you stack in weeks
If that was me I'd have grabbed the half for three
And put it

In my little teapot short and stout
There is my handle, there is my spout
When I get all steamed up, I just shout

Tip me over and pour me out

Nick with porcelain form when it rock up (Yeah)
If I get caught with this I know I'm getting locked up (For sure)
And just knowing that, is why I remain humble
It's like a jungle sometimes that make me wonder
How I keep from going underneath (Blocks)
Cause I'm from the streets (Uh-huh)
It's ConCreatures I get it from my Uncle Keith

Old habits you know? Hard to break
I went in with a Bachelor's of Marijuana, and came out with a Doctorate of C
ocaine