

Costco's

Boldy James

Why these niggas so mad at Blocks for?
Shit, I don't know
Is it 'cause a nigga get his bag from Costco's?
You got those from Costco's?
In a kitchen with a bird on a hot stove
I could cook a brick with my eyes closed
Chicken and serve like Roscoe's
My Tahoe, ridin' round servin custos outside blow
Free Baby Pablo, screamin "fuck the Colombos" since Donnie Brasco
Tryna smoke me out the foxhole
They just mad I'm a don like Bosco
I put cheese on your head like a nacho
'Cause a nigga get his bag from Costco's?

We cruise down to El Paso, finna meet me at the Del Taco
Was just in the mountains on the Chavo
Out in Cabo with El Chapo
Me and Hector, no Camacho
At the racetrack with Benny Blanco
Told him "speedboat that shit back to me, ASAP, Pretty Flaco"
Sippin Rose, no Moscato. Castro, that's my Capo
I'm the boss hog, head honcho
But the plug call me "muchacho"
Muchacho, El Gato
Yeah, I get 'em for the deuce cuatro
If them bricks flaky, we'll re-rock those
If them O's shaky, we could swap those
If them bowls stanky, we could pop those
Got that old lady for ya nostrils
I've been known to hail it since a snot-nosed
Tryna bang the hinges off the spot doe
Wolves walkin' on egg shells
Now I'm tippy toein' on hot coals
Moon walkin' into cosmos

Let's get it

Why these niggas so mad at Blocks for?
Shit, I don't know
Is it 'cause a nigga get his bag from Costco's?
You got those from Costco's?
In a kitchen with a bird on a hot stove
I could cook a brick with my eyes closed
Chicken and serve like Roscoe's
My Tahoe, ridin' round servin custos outside blow
Free Baby Pablo, screamin "fuck the Colombos" since Donnie Brasco
Tryna smoke me out the foxhole
They just mad I'm a don like Bosco
I put cheese on your head like a nacho
'Cause a nigga get his bag from Costco's?

You got those from Costco's?
Straight to Trapper's Alley, Alejandro
I'm going going, back back to Cali Cali, nigga pronto
For them marijuana from my vatos
Send that heroina from Morocco
Down to Tijuana, now we outro

To the Caribana in Toronto
Though you knew a couple niggas cop bowls
My Ricans (sp) grab it by the crop load
Duckin long ranger on the desert trail
Strap a mule down, they call her "Santo"
R.I.P. Cecil Bri Santos, you could sell beans off Montrose
Bad bitch remind me of Salma Hayek, said she overheard the nigga convo
When we was checkin into the Heights, she was checkin out my ensemble
Said her father sentence got overturned
Where she come from, it's a lot mo'
Where the coca and the pot grow
We got mo' keys than a locked door
Reppin Brick Life, shouts to Zo Sheeze (sp)
Bo Ski (sp) to Uncle Glasco (sp)

Why these niggas so mad at Blocks for?
Shit, I don't know
Is it 'cause a nigga get his bag from Costco's?
You got those from Costco's?
In a kitchen with a bird on a hot stove
I could cook a brick with my eyes closed
Chicken and serve like Roscoe's
My Tahoe, ridin' round servin custos outside blow
Free Baby Pablo, screamin "fuck the Colombos" since Donnie Brasco
Tryna smoke me out the foxhole
They just mad I'm a don like Bosco
I put cheese on your head like a nacho
'Cause a nigga get his bag from Costco's?